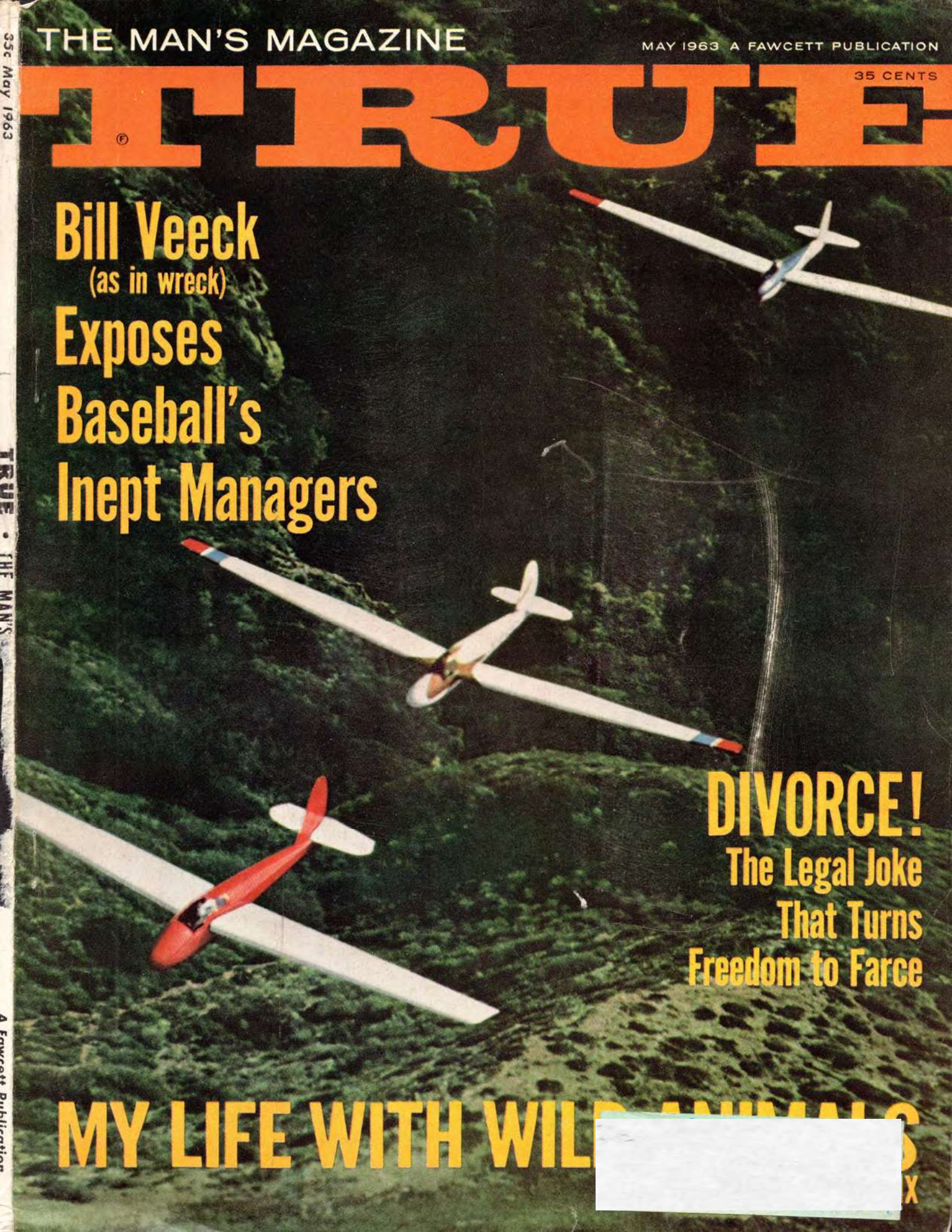
THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

MAY 1963 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

35 CENTS

TRUE



Bill Veeck (as in wreck) Exposes Baseball's Inept Managers

DIVORCE! The Legal Joke That Turns Freedom to Farce

MY LIFE WITH WIL[redacted]S

35c May 1963

TRUE • THE MAN'S

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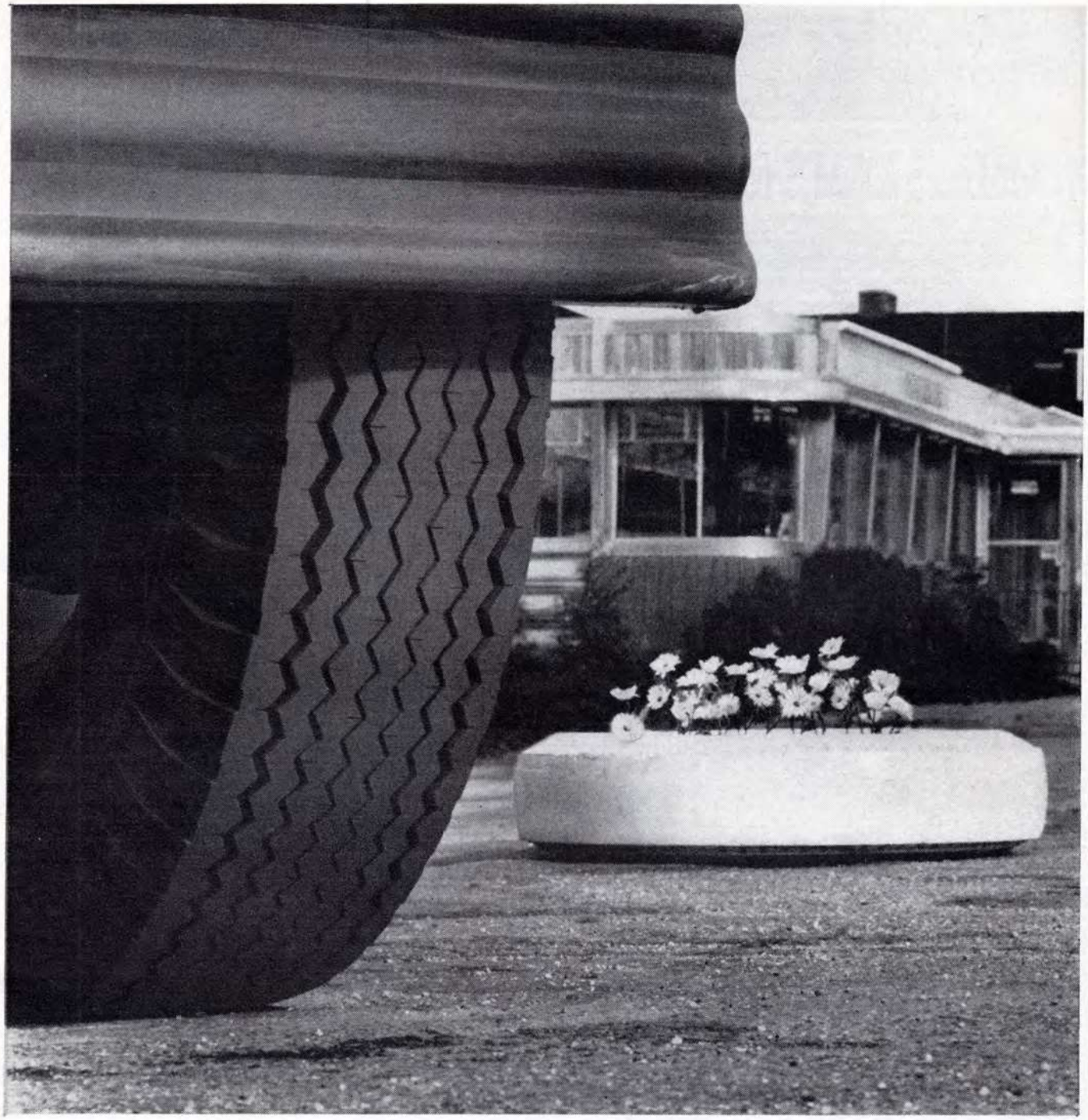

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CANSHAKERS' SHAKING

I was much disturbed to read the article on charities by Ralph Lee Smith in your March issue *(Stop the Canshakers' Shakedown)*. Who is Mr. Smith? I searched the magazine and could find no mention of him. Could you please tell me what qualifications Mr. Smith has to write such a piece? I would appreciate any information you can send me on the authenticity of the article and of its author.

—Mrs. J. M. Tewinkel
Spokane, Wash.

Facts in the article are a matter of public record and can be verified by any reader who wishes to check them. Mr. Smith is a well-known free lance writer, author of several books, and a former investigator for the National Better Business Bureau.

A man like Smith can do a lot of damage either inadvertently or intentionally. I'm through with TRUE.

—Thomas G. Gorman
Utica, N. Y.

Your Ralph Lee Smith seems to have a personal malice against victims of polio, cancer, Muscular Dystrophy, heart disease, tuberculosis, the lame, the blind, and the mentally retarded.

—Steven C. Stasko
Ambridge, Pa.

Only against the misuse of public funds collected in the name of charity.

We of the Tuscaloosa Appeals Review Board are sympathetic with the message that you are trying to present to the public. Our organization is striving to awaken the public to the same misuse of funds as was mentioned in Mr. Smith's article. Could you please inform us of your price list for reprints.

—Harry Lee, Chairman
Tuscaloosa Appeals Review Board
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Reprints of this article can be obtained at $10 per hundred, $95 per thousand.

I am enclosing a check for $10.00 for which please send me as many copies as possible of your March issue containing Mr. Smith's article on charities. I plan to get the great satisfaction of mailing a copy with my refusal to several of the solicitors who have been and will probably continue to make me a target for their shotgun mailings.

—R. H. K. Walter
Los Angeles, Calif.

We'll send you 100 reprints instead. They'll go further.

WASHINGTON'S HALO

Well, you've done it again—bombed another great American hero *(George Washington—Hero Without a Halo*—Mar.). So old George did more than chop down that cherry tree. Let's not be naive. If he weren't a man—a real man—chances are he'd never have fathered our country.

—Thomas Liner
St. Joseph, Mo.

The Communists sure love to see such rot in print, belittling our first President, and TRUE deserves no praise for publishing it.

—Leo E. Kirsch
Chase, Kans.

Congratulations. Your story on George Washington reveals that besides being a hero he was also a man of human emotions.

—Mrs. J. Weber
Pittsburgh, Pa.

I must take exception to Gene Caesar's statement that "More places in the world bear Washington's name than that of any other man." It is not within my power to detract from the name of George Washington, whom I have always respected and ad-

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TRUE is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

ADDRESS ALL MAIL: Subscriptions, change of address, Form 3579 to Subscription Dept., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn., and all editorial and advertising to Fawcett Publications, Inc., 67 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y.

Second-class postage paid at Greenwich, Conn., and at additional mailing offices.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y. ADVERTISING OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y.; 612 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.; 1532 Guardian Bldg., Detroit 26, Mich.; 2978 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 5, Calif.; 681 Market St., San Francisco 5, Calif.; 123 S. Broad St., Philadelphia 9, Pa.; 1430 West Peachtree St. N.W., Atlanta, Ga.; Hale Printup & Associates, Langford Bldg., Miami 32, Fla.

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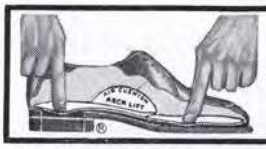

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[*Continued from page* 2]

mired. But my own name (Livingston) appears more places than any other name in the world. From the "Declaration of Independence" to "Livingston Street" in Brooklyn and "Livingston, Alabama," you will find more substantial representatives of the name "Livingston" than any other name in the world.

—Eddie H. Livingston
Dothan, Ala.

And, do you claim you never told a lie?

Is Gene Caesar any kin of Sid?

—B. Clark
Houston, Tex.

Stirling Thoughts

I was most interested to read an article in your January edition, especially since it was about me. (*Stirling Moss: His Life Begins at 140*). I found it extremely well-written; in fact, it was so well-written in places that I am rather sick that I can't write that well myself. It was a little out of date, however, because I have changed much since my accident. One thing, I never wanted the world championship. This fact wasn't brought out in the article, and although I'm sure it is difficult for some people to understand, it is quite true.

—Stirling Moss
London, England

Hot War In Berlin

I have just finished Geoffrey Bocca's article (*Red Rape: The Final Agony of Berlin*—Mar.). According to the author's account, one could hardly call it either a rape or an agony compared to Lidice, Rotterdam, Coventry, Auschwitz, Dachau, or a hundred other places for which the people of Berlin shared the responsibility. It is hard to say they deserved what they got, for mortal men would find it impossible to give them what they deserved.

—Charles H. Schulman
Orlando, Fla.

I feel it a pity that a magazine which is usually a pleasure to read should publish such trash. If there was ever an army in the whole history of the world which had a moral right—if not a moral duty to exact vengeance upon a conquered nation—it was this same polyglot army which stormed Berlin. I for one longed then for the complete conquest of Germany by the Russians and I have always felt it a pity that they (the Russians) were not able to storm all the way to the Rhine. That would have solved the problem of German militarism once and for all time. As it is, the problem is still with us and the poor ever-suffering U.S. taxpayer is bearing the burden.

—Helmut Rosenhain
Arkville, N. Y.

Following your logic, Helmut, the Commie East Germans are good guys—and the free West Germans, now our allies, are baddies.

Pearl Harbor Puzzle

Your Bonus book condensation (*New Clues To The Pearl Harbor Puzzle*—Mar.) was well written and had a lot of truth behind it. But what puzzles me is that throughout the week of December 1st, through the 6th in 1941, Pearl Harbor had plenty of warning of a probable attack. Then why, when the battleships were at anchor, weren't the anti-torpedo nets placed for their protection?

—J. Marciano
Topsfield, Mass.

I think it noteworthy that although Admiral Kimmel and General Short did what they could on the information they were given, they were both made scapegoats and relieved of command. Neither man was ever

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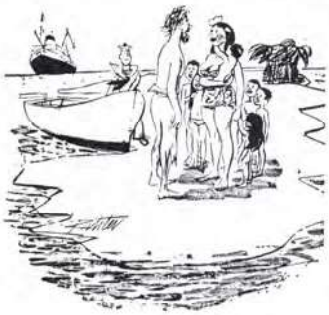

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange —stranger than fiction. **Byron**

MAY ◆ 1963

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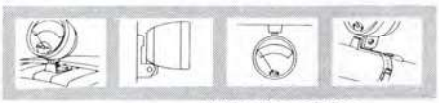

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[*Continued from page* 4]

formally charged with anything, but had to take the blame for what their superiors, including the Commander In Chief, had done to the American people.

—*William Bowen*
Bakersfield, Calif.

Hollywood Safari

Your *Safari With A Hollywood Hero*—(Feb.) read like typical Hollywood press agent stuff. For a guy who never fired live ammo in a rifle before, much less some of the big-bore stuff used on this safari, Kirk Douglas' shooting stick must have been a real magic wand. The head shots on fowl with the .22 rifle was really for the birds. Maybe Kirk Douglas didn't get his bull (elephant) but the author of that article sure shot his share.

—*J. V. Prenger*
Baltimore, Md.

Author deponent does swear Douglas shot as stated. Hunter was not a Hollywood stunt man or double. Head shots on fowl were not in-flight shots. All shots witnessed.

Sure looks like Kirk Douglas had a wild time on his hunt, and it couldn't have happened to a nicer guy. But if he keeps pointing that rifle that way (after he shot the impala buck) I'd like to request the remains for my trophy bag.

—*J. J. Cassidy*
Philadelphia, Pa.

Muzzle over shoulder is approved safety method, placed there by white hunter for picture taking.

I was greatly disturbed by your account of "dead-game Kirk Douglas fingering the marfi" in your February issue. Not because of sympathy or revulsion, you understand, but because of the realization that here is another example of crude primitive methods which cry out for the benefits of modern technology. The very thought of coarsely estimating the time since the animal's passage (no pun intended) in such a manner should stir the searching spirit of any true scientist. It certainly stirred me. After a brief but thorough study of the problem, I initiated a research and development program which is now nearly complete. You may consider this an interim final report. The prototype model utilizes a sanitary teflon probe and a reliable balanced-bridge indicator calibrated in hours. A built-in slide rule computer facilitates the accurate and convenient introduction of compensating factors for weather, size of deposit, estimated speed of the animal, and so on. The final readout is a probability versus distance from the sign. The device is pocket-portable, battery-powered, and easily operated. Its usefulness is not restricted to elephant and other big game, but it may be of utility under certain other conditions—say, rabbits on a cold day.

—*Gene A. Egler*
Huntington Station, N. Y.

Killjoy!

Jottings On Johnson

Read the article, *The Rowdy Reign of the Black Avenger*—(Jan.) and feel it was the greatest I have ever read about a fellow Negro in a man's magazine. I am sure such articles, short stories, etc., pertaining to minorities, especially Negroes, are very helpful and educational in our society with our racial situation. Also, Liston, like any other American, deserves all he earns. Hats off to author Al Stump. I would like to see more of his work.

—*C. F. Williams, Jr.*
United States Naval Air Station
Pensacola, Fla.

Why keep picking on the Negro? Your Jack Johnson article was slanted, bigoted, and completely misleading.

—*George H. Simmonson*
Atlanta, Ga.

More On Spiders

Please! Please! Please! Show us a picture of the man who is brave enough to live with two pet tarantulas. (*My Love Affair With A Tarantula*—Feb.). I saw a spider about the size of a fly-speck in my basement a year ago and I still won't go down there unless I'm armed with my bug-bomb. I'll probably have nightmares after that Dan Mannix story, and you can tell him so.

—*Mrs. Robet MacMain*
Flint, Mich.

Congratulations to Dan Mannix for his exceptional story on tarantulas. To me Mannix means True and True means Mannix. To top off his good work there ought to be a Dan Mannix Anthology condensed in your magazine.

—*Joseph Lemah*
Watkins Glen, N. Y.

See page 54, Joe.

Contest Winners

More than a year ago I entered your big $100,000 Buildwords Contest. I never found out who won or what the top score was. What's the deal? Is that a big secret or something?

—*William Clay*
Cleveland, Ohio

No secret at all, Bill. The winning score was 2,828 and we published the names of all the winners in our October, 1962, issue.

Cordial Bartender

Having been a faithful reader for many years, I feel it is my duty to congratulate you on another masterpiece. I refer to your Maurice Zolotow article on cordials (*Cordials, The Alcohol of Adventure*—Feb.). Having tended bar for nearly 10 years, I know a little about booze.

—*Gene Monnet*
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

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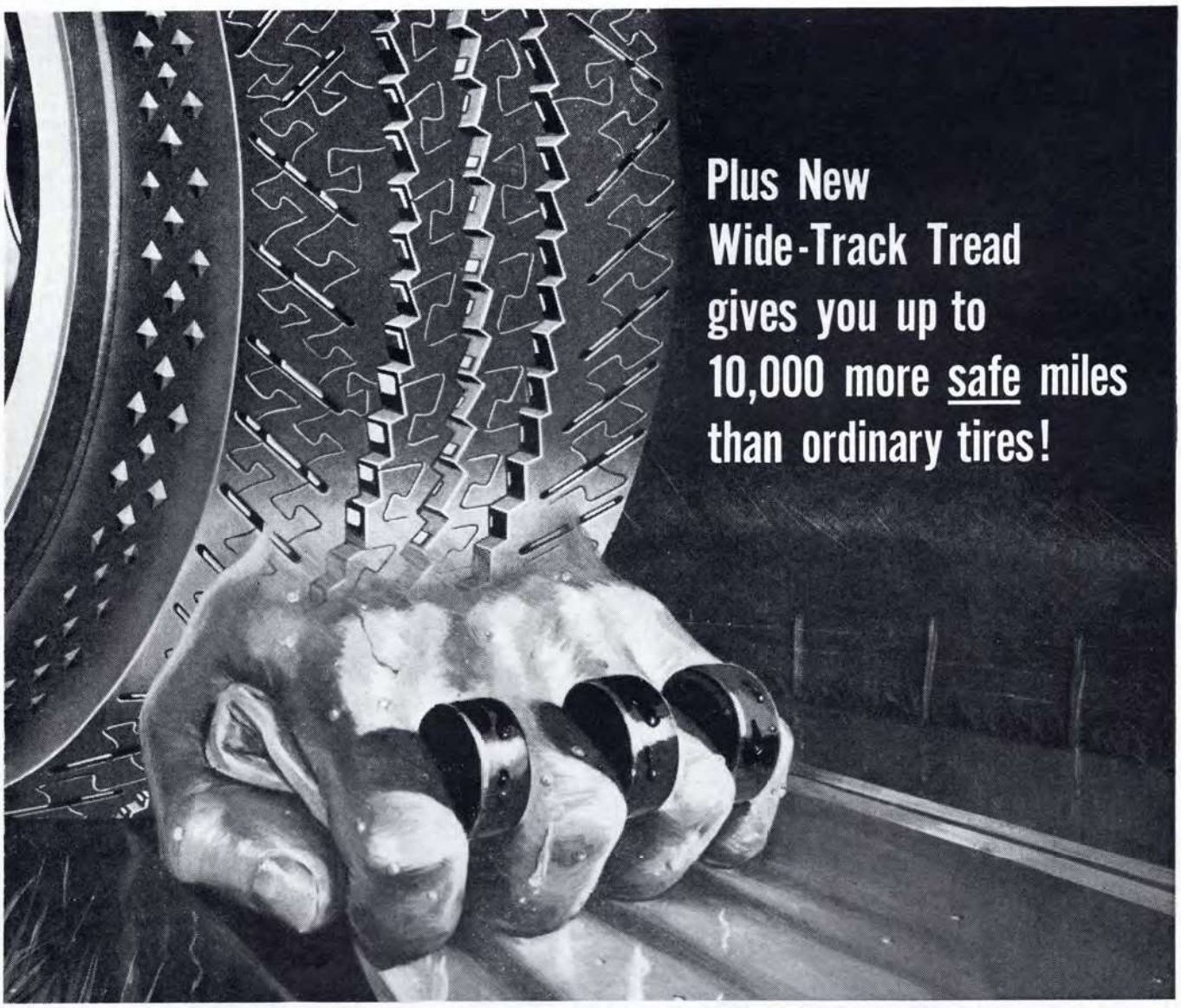

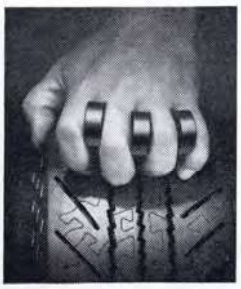

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

TO ERR IS HUMAN

The pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington, D. C., the Rev. Dr. George M. Docherty, was disconcerted when an Egyptian belly dancer appeared to perform at a Youth Hostel benefit in his church.

He had ordered a ballet dancer.

DESK JOCKEYS, MOUNT!

The recent Kennedy rediscovery of an old order by Theodore Roosevelt that Marines should be able to walk 50 miles in 20 hours touched off an administration epidemic of hikes to nowhere, from which Pierre Salinger was a prudent defector. A little delving into history on our part has turned up another order by old Teddy that raised shrill cries of indignation. He directed that army officers should ride 90 miles in three successive days. A staff-car or Jeep ride of such length would hardly impose unbearable stress even on Salinger. But the vehicles that TR specified were four-footed—horses . . . capable of inflicting vicious posterior brutality upon desk-bound officers.

DOES TEACHER KNOW BEST?

Vice-Admiral Hyman Rickover recently let loose a haymaker that landed on 12 million members of parent-teacher associations: "They're an infernal nuisance and ought to stay home."

Other perceptive men have dared to point out flaws in the P.T.A., a spuriously sanctified teacher-knows-best institution into which any man who has sired offspring is likely to be dragooned when the kids go to school. Dr. William C. Kvaraceus, professor of education at Boston University, concludes that P.T.A. groups "are 90 percent female saturated" with "the all-knowing, benign, and all-powerful mother."

Some of the vacuous rituals of P.T.A. meetings described by Kvaraceus are hair-raising—attendance banners, like gold stars for parents who show up regularly, perfunctory room visitations, canned speeches, and exercises in mental regression such as having papa sit at his child's desk to "relive" parts of the youngster's school experience.

There's nothing the matter with P.T.A.'s that can't be cured by more men wading in with sleeves rolled above the elbows. This appears to be what a lot of teachers fear. The prize for impudent arrogance on the part of people nourished by the taxpayer's dough goes to an official of the American Federation of Teachers who had the insufferable gall to proclaim that "we're the experts" and neither the P.T.A. nor any other civic groups "should come in and tell us what's good for us."

The hell they shouldn't. It's not what's good for you but what's good for the country—remember? The delusion of expertise and special competence (actually possessed by a very few) is a vocational disease of teachers. We grew up in a family of schoolteachers, and very early lost our awe but not our affection for day-laborers of the academies. We won't defend the cynical dictum that "those who can't, teach." But there are as many knuckleheads in teaching as in any other business, and it would be a healthy thing for male parents who are overawed by academic trappings to assert themselves.

DEBARKED DOGS

It's not cruel to debark a dog, according to Dr. Leon V. Whitney, a veterinarian of Orange, Connecticut, and it can be better than a sleeping pill for entire communities. The dog's vocal cords are removed painlessly under anesthesia. Afterward the dog continues to bark but makes no noise other than something that sounds like laryngitis. The dog seems completely happy when he goes through the motions of barking, and perhaps never wanted to make noise in the first place. It's more kind to debark a yowling dog, Dr. Whitney feels, than to shut him up in a kennel at night. But a new problem about dogs may arise. Their bite may be worse than their bark.

OKAY, LET'S VOTE ON LOTTERIES

"It is one thing to advocate prohibition and a ban on national lotteries on the grounds that such legislation furthers the public welfare. But it is something else again to propose that gambling and the consumption of liquor should be forbidden by law because they are sinful according to some religious dogmas. A democratic community may recognize—indeed, it must recognize—what is morally evil, but it cannot recognize the category of sin, legislate against it and punish those for whom the proscribed action is not sinful. One man's sin may be another man's duty and a third man's bliss."—Dr. Sidney Hook, chairman, New York University Department of Philosophy.

TICKERS IN THE DUGOUT

Disillusionment of men who persist in viewing pro baseball as a sport rather than an industry was bound to come. The Milwaukee Braves are "going public." The Braves hope to get clearance for public sale of 115,000 shares of common stock. The day is coming when there'll be a stock ticker in every dugout and economists will write the sports pages: Angels Down ⅜ on Rumors of Bad Smog Season . . . Warren Spahn's Arm Responds to Liniment; Braves Gain Half Point . . . Giants Common Popular as Inflation Hedge . . . Market Confused as SEC Holds Base-Stealing Unethical . . . Chartists Discount Long-Run Effects of Homers . . . White Sox Pitcher Charged With Conflict of Interest; Owns 2 Shares of Indians.

MATERNAL FATHERS

The challenge of a pregnant wife, "you men can never know what we go through having babies," is supposedly unanswerable and women take full advantage thereof. But males can have babies—if they're sea horses. The sea horse is a pygmy fish that swims stand-

(Continued on page 12)

For your growing needs, let your fingers do the walking! You'll find that thumbing through the Yellow Pages helps you find exactly what you want. Read the ads for information on any product or service, brand names, store locations and hours. **Shop the Yellow Pages way!**

Yellow Pages

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 10)

ing up and has a head resembling a horse's. The male has a belly pouch that serves as a womb. The female "impregnates" the male by depositing her eggs in the pouch. As observed by naturalist Paul Zahl, "the couple performs a mating dance, the female deposits her eggs in the father's pouch, he fertilizes them as they enter, and from then on he's in charge of the hatchery." At birth time, the father has labor pains, thrusts forward his distended pouch, squeezes spasmodically and baby sea horses pop out.

The mother? She has gone off irresponsibly to seduce another male and is never seen again.

A RAG, A BONE, A HANK OF HAIR

We have been learning about girls from an assorted group of experts who recently assembled in San Francisco to discuss "The Potentiality of Woman." The most wistful question of the sessions was posed by Ethel M. Albert, an anthropologist, who asked "is there really such a thing as 'woman'?" Anthropologist Albert merely meant that it is very difficult to determine the "true" nature of men and women. "Let us start," she said, "with the question, is the male or the female by nature the more sexually aggressive?

"As every nice girl in Western culture knows, it is the male who is the aggressor, while the passive female submits with good or bad grace. But if we ask this question of Africans or of American Indians, we do not get the same reply. Among the Zuni Indians there are stories of fearful newlyweds facing up to the terrors of the first night of marriage. But the Zuni stories feature the groom, not the bride, in a state of fear." In the African kingdom of Burundi, wives serve their husbands from a kneeling position. A wife is paid for, so the husband owns the children and the wife's labor. Obedience, fertility, graciousness as a hostess, industriousness, and respect for the husband are the chief feminine virtues—in brightest Africa.

Dr. Eleanor E. Maccoby, a Stanford University psychologist, grappled with the nature of woman's intellect. We got an impression that colleges are mainly useful to woman as mating-spas. Men are tops in intellectual achievement and college training of women hasn't narrowed the gap. In high school, boys begin to outstrip girls in tests requiring close reasoning, and the girls never do catch up. Women more often lack abstract or analytical qualities of mind, and their intuitive type of thinking, satisfactory for run-of-the-mill situations, is just not conducive to high-level intellectual productivity. The girls tend to be conformists, great spellers and punctuators (for which there is only one "right" answer) but lacking independence of mind for working on complex problems. A girl's best chance of soaring to intellectual heights commonplace to men lies in early association with an admired and forceful father and in being something of a tomboy. Thus she comes to think more like a man.

Should married women work? Unless she is very lucky, a highly creative woman who hopes to blend the two worlds of wife and work is sadly handicapped, according to Marya Mannes, herself a highly creative writer and commentator. Her only alternative is to give up marriage in favor of men. (Hear, hear!)

"I am quite serious," said happily married Marya Mannes, "about this interesting possibility: the recognition and acceptance of a special category of woman not unlike the hetaera of Periclean Athens—women who concentrate on the arts of the mind and body for the delectation of brilliant men, and of themselves.

"Brought up to date, I see this as a chance for the inspired female to work alone all day and have companionship much of the night with a variety of men, similar only in that their need for stimulation is intellectual as well as physical. This would relieve them at intervals from the boredom of domesticity and rescue them gracefully from more sordid outlets. It would not be popular with wives, although it would relieve them in turn of their responsibility to be glamorous and amorous as well as motherly and wifely."

Several other problems of women in our culture were left unresolved by the conference. But it only ran for three days.

SCIENTIFIC NOTE

A man needn't worry that he'll have defective children or suffer other injury from radiation of a luminescent wrist watch. Watches 10 years old contribute only 1/100th as much radiation as the body receives from natural sources, and very little of this reaches the precious gonads. New luminescent-dial watches contain either radioisotopes whose rays do not escape from watch surfaces or isotopes that produce a much smaller radiation dose than radium.

BRANDS FOR THE BURNING

The cattle brand shown at the left is officially registered in the state of Montana. It shows an M lying on its side, followed by a D. In cow-country brand language, a letter lying on its side is "lazy." So the new brand is "Lazy MD." You guessed it. It's the property of the Montana Medical Association. Thus far the medicoes haven't put it on their office stationery. The brand will be burned into the leather cover of a book on the history of medicine in Montana. We've been toying with other marvelously terse statements that could be made in brand languages. For instance, ∽OB.

D. C. DOMES

What city has more psychiatrists per population than any other city in the country? You're wrong if you say New York. That metropolis ranks a poor second with 15.6 headshrinkers per 100,000 people. The dubious winner is Washington, D. C., with a 27.8 figure. As politicians so often say: no comment.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

A scuba diver at 200 feet has enough dissolved nitrogen in the blood to produce an effect equal to that of two Martinis.

New York driver's licenses no longer require a woman to state the color of her hair, on grounds that such information is meaningless and deceptive.

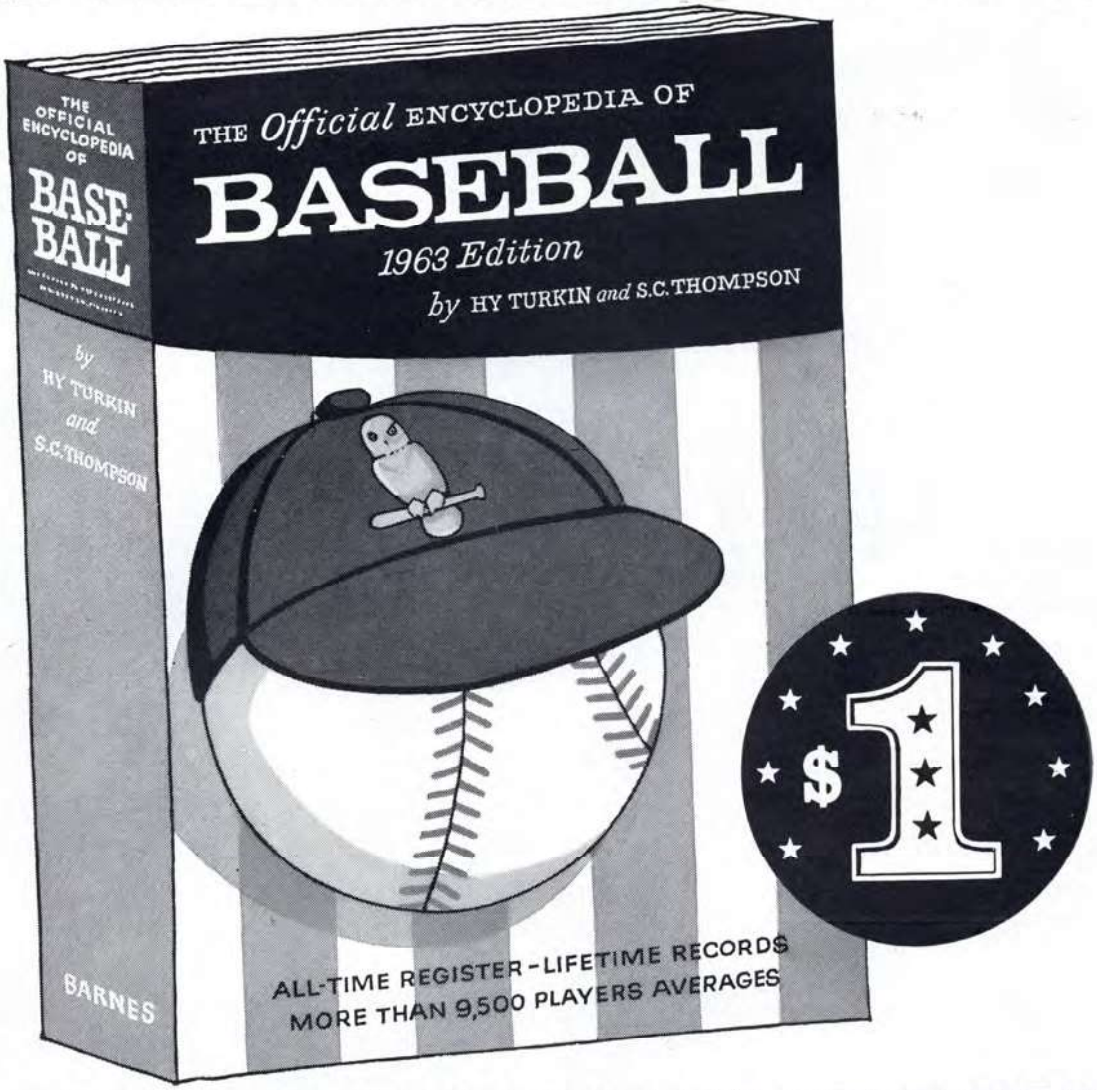
High frequency sound waves can shatter oil particles into such fine droplets for mixture with air that fuel consumption of an oil burner is cut to one-third. A commercial model is under development.

Men graduated with a bachelor's degree this year will receive average starting salaries of $588 a month in engineering, $510 in accounting, $473 in sales.

A proposed inscription for the Supreme Court Building, "In God We Trust," has been delayed pending instructions from Congressional leaders.

—THE EDITORS

NOW IN PAPERBACK! YOURS FOR $1!



BASEBALL'S GREATEST FACT BOOK

$7.95 in hard cover, White Owl Cigars now offer you *The Official Encyclopedia of Baseball* (1963 edition) in paperback at a tremendous saving!

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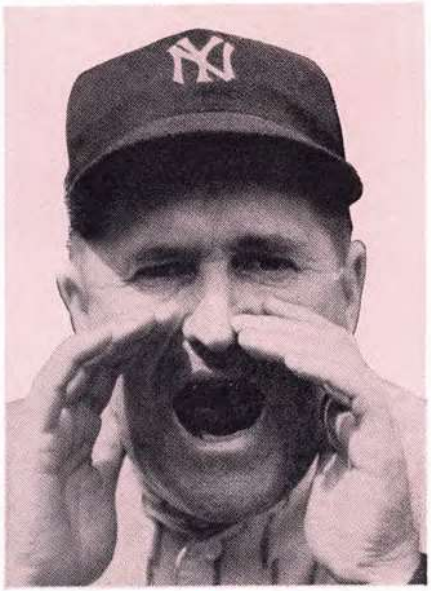
EDDIE STANKY:
His admiration for Durocher was so excessive that he ruined his team with a minor-league imitation of Leo.

BILLY HITCHCOCK:
He was a smart ball-player but he's the top contender for the honor of being first manager fired in 1963.

JOE McCARTHY:
He got a reputation



as a genius by not managing at all.
He never changed his lineup and just let his awesome Yankees win for him.

BILL VEECK Blasts Managers:

BASEBALL'S

With an IBM machine to decide strategy and a good personnel man to run the squad, most big league teams would be better off than with the managers they've got

OSCAR VITT:
He put so much effort into belittling his players that he managed to kick away a certain pennant for the Indians.

CHARLIE DRESSEN:
He never doubted that he was the whole show and that the players were necessary but unimportant extras.

LEO DUROCHER:
If managing a fifth-place team Leo figures to finish seventh. Without a real shot for the big pot he's bored.

EXPENDABLES

AS TOLD TO ED LINN

■ In the seventh game of last year's World Series, Ralph Houk—faced with one of the most crucial moments in the meticulously recorded history of baseball—went to the mound to talk to his pitcher, Ralph Terry. With two outs, and the Yankees leading, 1-0, the Giants had men on second and third base. A hit would win the Series for the Giants, an out would win it for the Yankees. Willie McCovey, a left-handed hitter was at the plate, and Orlando Cepeda, a right-handed hitter, was to follow.

The strategy was so clear-cut that anybody in the park with a rudimentary knowledge of baseball could have called it—possibly even one of those corporation presidents sitting in the box seats and certainly any 14-year-old boy watching on his TV screen in Des Moines. With first base open, you walked the left-handed McCovey, filling the open base (with a run that meant nothing) and in addition to giving Terry the righty vs. righty advantage on Cepeda, you gave yourself a force play at every base.

But Houk hadn't come out to tell Terry what to do; he was there to *ask* Terry whether he'd rather pitch to McCovey or Cepeda. Terry, for reasons of his own—possibly shell-shock—decided to pitch to McCovey.

As everyone knows, McCovey hit a vicious line drive which, fortunately for Terry, Houk and the Yankees, went straight at Bobby Richardson. As a result, Houk became a genius, and McCovey, deprived by two inches of this great opportunity to grace every banquet table in California last winter, will have to report to spring training in disgustingly good shape.

The significant thing to note here, though, is that Ralph Houk, faced with the most important decision he may ever have to make, abdicated to his pitcher. It was far more important to him that Terry pitch with confidence than it was for him to have any presumed strategic edge.

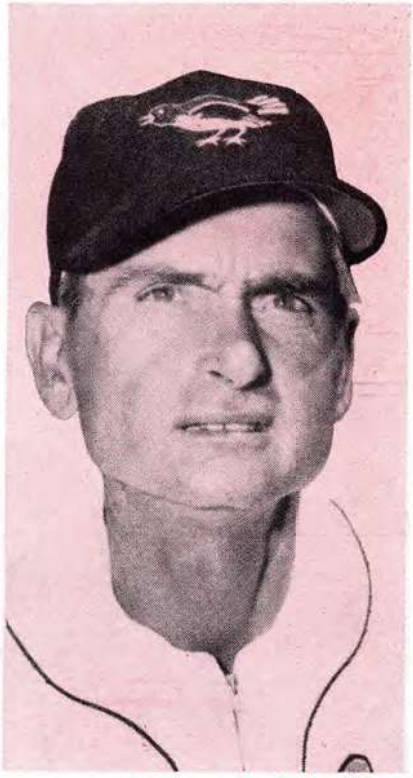
And that, I would submit, pretty well sums up the importance of the manager as a strategist. Baseball is a very skillful game but it is not a complicated one. The strategy is elemental and the tactics are basic. The book on percentages, which is cited so religiously (that is, with more faith than scientific proof) is known to all. Except for Casey Stengel and, possibly, Paul Richards, no manager is worth more than two games a season in strategy. And most managers live out lives of well-publicized desperation without ever pulling out a game with an original or even unorthodox gambit.

And even here, it is sometimes disillusioning to trace an inspired piece of strategy back to its source. During Casey Stengel's last year as manager of the old Boston Braves, he came to Wrigley Field, Chicago, and found a pitcher-outfielder named Elmer "Butch" Nieman, who had just been brought up from nearby Evansville. Casey, who hadn't known Nieman was coming, put him in an unnumbered uniform and had him

CASEY STENGEL: He's probably the only manager in the big leagues who wins more than two games a season with strategy.

FRED HUTCHINSON: Pitchers are said to be bad managers but Hutch has been the best manager in baseball the past two years.

PAUL RICHARDS: A teacher at heart, his main interest is improving players and his great joy is to salvage pitchers.



A Trio of Not-So-Expendables

pitch batting practice. Boston was playing the Cubs that afternoon and late in the game they got a rally going. With the winning runs on base and the pitcher due at bat, Casey—who can get pixieish—turned to the grandstand and yelled, "Who shall I send up?"

Some brass-lunged fan yelled back, "Put in that guy without no number. We've seen the rest of your bums before!"

So Casey sent in a guy he had never seen swing a bat, and Nieman hit a home run. "I am," Casey announced that night, laughing uproariously, "a managerial genius."

I am not suggesting for a moment, understand, that the manager has no importance. I am saying that he has very little importance as far as the playing of the ball game is concerned, because that is in the hands of the players. The manager's job is the extremely difficult one of keeping 25 men of varying ages, temperaments, abilities, backgrounds and financial solvency in something approaching a harmonious working relationship. He is, if he is functioning correctly, the unifying force who gives the team its tone and its attitude and its direction.

You might want to argue, at this point, that Phil Wrigley has proved the importance of the manager by the abject failure of his revolving-coaches system at Chicago. On the contrary. Nothing proves my point quite so conclusively as Phil Wrigley's experiment with the mass manager. Mr. Wrigley is determined to prove that a baseball club, like a gum factory, can be run on what he calls "sound business principles." Since a factory is run by a well coordinated management team, composed of several experts all pooling their specialized knowledge, it stands to reason—says Mr. Wrigley—that if a ball club has not *one* manager but a dozen managers, each handling that facet of the game in which he is an acknowledged expert, then you will have a perfectly managed ball club.

The only trouble is that it doesn't work that way. Wrigley has put the emphasis on the composite-manager's expert technical knowledge of baseball which is, as I have said, of little importance, and eliminated the manager as a unifying force, his only real value. As a result, the Cubs finished the season in ninth place, far, far below where their playing talent should have taken them.

I have always maintained that if I could get a top personnel man from any large company and give him a fictitious baseball background so that his players would respect him, he would make an excellent manager. His strategy and his batting order and his pitching rotation—those are minor details that could be turned over to the coaches. For that matter, any veteran sportswriter could call every play to perfection, and so could any good fan.

I think I proved that latter point conclusively in 1951 while I was operating the St. Louis Browns, a team that would have taxed the best efforts of that Great Manager in the Sky. With a team that hopeless I decided to democratize the game by

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letting any fan who had ever dreamed of managing a big-league club realize his (or her) ambition. Without going into the somewhat involved details, the fans were in complete control. They selected the starting lineup by newspaper ballot and they called every play by majority rule.

Under Zack Taylor, a card-carrying member of the Manager's Union, we had just lost four straight. Following the one-game Grandstand Manager experiment, we lost five of our next six. How did my 4,000 Grandstand Managers do? Why, they won their game, 5-3. Except for one little Brownie who was caught stealing, every play they called that day worked to perfection.

That little promotion did not win me any plaques from the Manager's Union because the managers, who know a good thing when they see it, see no great harm in perpetuating the myth that they win games through sheer brainpower. A few of them even believe their own propaganda. Charlie Dressen never doubted for a moment that the players were only dress extras performing in a thrilling drama written, directed and produced by Charles W. Dressen.

Charlie carved his own niche in *Bartlett's Quotations* with a rallying cry that will go ringing down through the ages. Charlie was pacing the Brooklyn dugout during an important game against the Giants when, turning toward his players, he uttered these immortal words: "Just stay close to them, boys, and I'll think of something to win it for us." He probably did think up something brilliant, too, like a home run by Roy Campanella.

Not too long afterwards, Charlie's restless mind thought up a two-year contract for himself. Unfortunately, Walter O'Malley, another deep thinker, was thinking in terms of a one-year contract. The result of this head-on clash of intellects was that Charlie and his brain were soon operating in Washington, only a few brainwave-lengths from the State Department building. Early in Charlie's first season there, one of the old Brooklyn gang looked up at the Ebbetts Field scoreboard and noted that the Yankees were beating the Senators by something like 13-1. "Hey," he said, outraged. "How do those guys ever expect Charlie to win for them if they don't stay closer than that?"

Players win ball games, not managers. At the time I took over the Cleveland Indians I was hardly enamored of our boy manager, Lou Boudreau. If I could have replaced him in the dugout and kept him as our shortstop I'd have done it in a second. But I couldn't. And I was sure that Louie would win more games for us as a player than any other manager could possibly win with his magic bag of tricks—and even more than Lou himself could possibly lose as a manager. So Louie won a pennant and World Championship for us, "the greatest manager," as I have said before, "who ever hit .355."

To give you an idea of Lou's sometimes curious strategy in those days, he called Hank Greenberg and me down to the dugout before our playoff game with the Red Sox to ask me if it was all right if he played Allie Clark, an outfielder, at first base. Now, Clark had never played an inning of first base before in the major leagues, and to break him in in the game that was going to decide the championship would have been unthinkable—if Boudreau hadn't thought of it. But at that stage of the game I didn't care what he did. Louie had been giving us the big play and the key hit all year, and I had not the slightest doubt that he would give us whatever we needed to win the big one. "You've come this far without any help from me," I told him, "I'm not going to start second-guessing you now."

So Lou hit a home run in the first inning to start us on our way. Clark? Not a ball was hit anywhere near him all day. Nor did he get anything resembling a base hit. If Louie's brainstorm did us no particular good, it did us no particular harm either.

The manager's own personality is, of course, very closely associated with the kind of personnel man he becomes. Boudreau was the inspirational type manager, a camp leader. Lou would yell, "Come on, boys, let's get 'em," and the boys wouldn't laugh at him because they knew he was going to charge out there and get 'em almost single-handedly. Of course, when Lou stopped being a great player, he had to change his style.

Ossie Vitt stands forth as the great example of a manager whose complete lack of understanding of his role as a unifying force cost his team a pennant. The Cleveland players have always been accused of blowing the pennant themselves with the Crybaby Revolt of 1940, a most unfair rap. The revolt came about wholly because of the peculiarities of Vitt.

Cleveland had a great team in that era. In addition to pitchers like Feller, Harder and Johnny Allen, they had such players as Jeff Heath, Hal Trosky, Ben Chapman, Ken Keltner, Joe Vosmik and Rollie Hemsley. In 1940, the addition of Lou Boudreau and Ray Mack (who had his only good year) had pushed them right up into first place. With the pennant his for the taking, Vitt suddenly seemed to become afraid that he was going to blow it. He would walk to the grandstand before the game and start knocking his players to perfect strangers. "How do they expect me to win with those bums?" he'd growl. "Will you look at those creeps out there!"

For all he knew he could have been talking to a player's brother. As a matter of fact, the trouble started when Vitt did knock one of the pitchers to his brother-in-law. But that wouldn't have bothered Vitt anyway, because he was saying pretty much the same thing to the players themselves. His attitude was that although he had been saddled with a bunch of bums he was going to overcome their deficiencies as ball players and as men and mastermind them home in spite of themselves. If the Indians won, the credit was wholly his; if they didn't . . . well, his alibi was all set up.

It is easy enough to say that grown men should be able to stand up under that kind of abuse, but in the close living of a ball club these things add up. I

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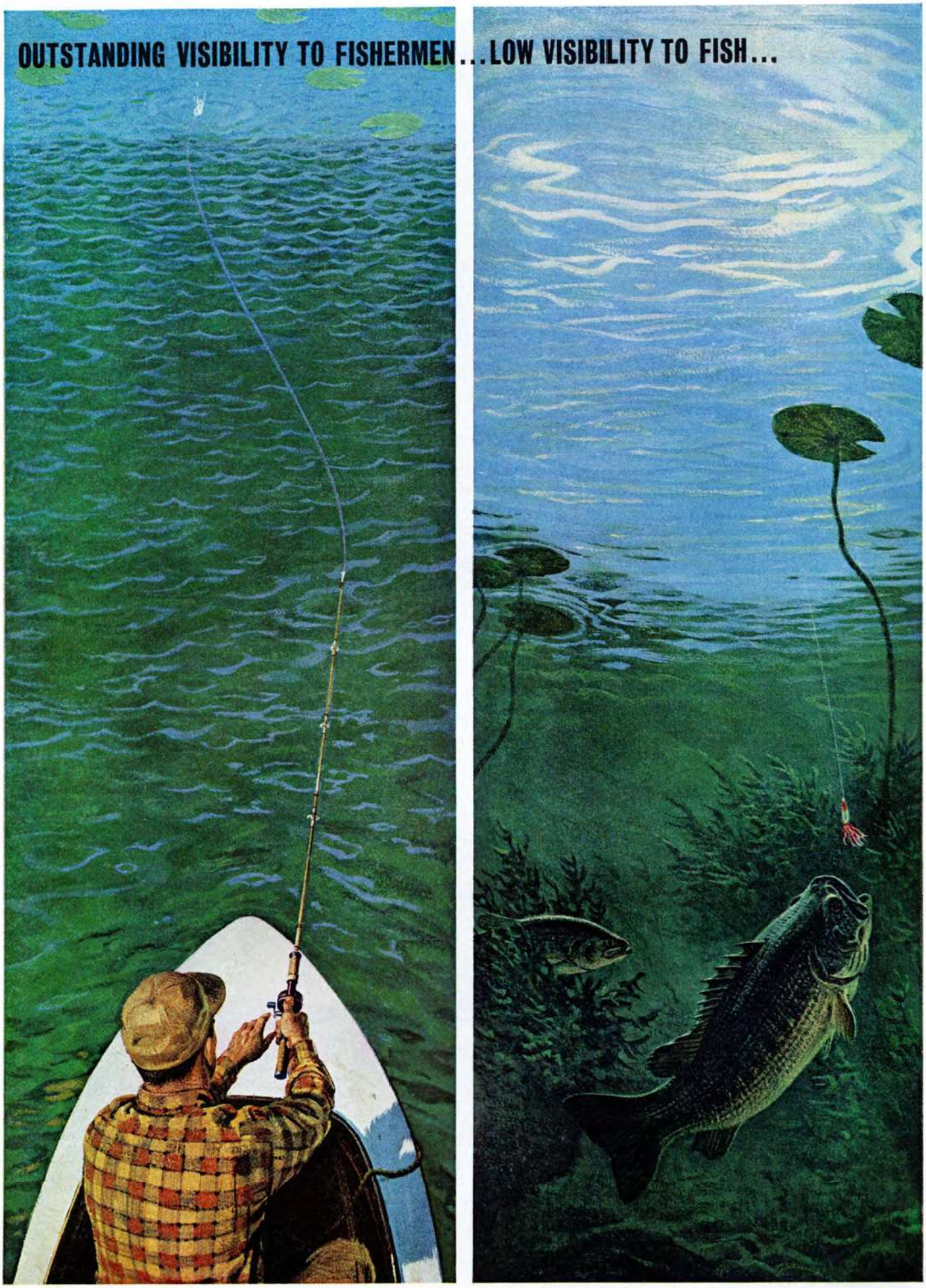

NEW STREN* FLUORESCENT SPINNING LINE -THE FIRST MONOFILAMENT TO REALLY DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE VISIBILITY PROBLEM

Since the very beginning of spin fishing, all line manufacturers, including Du Pont, have attempted to make a line that would be hard for fish to see . . . yet would be completely visible to the fisherman.

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A NEW APPROACH

Months ago, a team of Du Pont research scientists attacked the problem from an entirely new angle. Literally, from the fish's point of view. They began experimenting with a new chemical. Not just a surface dye or pigment, but a chemical that would be part of the line itself. This chemical had the property of fluorescing when exposed to the ultraviolet rays in natural daylight. The new line glowed with a soft blue color, and when viewed by fish from below—against the bright undersurface of the water—it had amazingly low visibility.

DOUBLE BENEFIT

So they found the answer—not just to this problem, but to another one as well! For the very chemical that made the line hard to see—when viewed underwater from below—produced exactly the opposite effect above the surface.

On a sunny day, or even a cloudy one, the new line fluoresces with a brilliant glow. Thus, you can see the line clearly as it arcs out over the water. It gives you better control as you fish your line and work your lure. And, since trollers can now see the new line at all times, they can avoid twisted and tangled lines.

FIELD TESTS CONFIRM

Not satisfied to stand on their laboratory findings alone, Du Pont chemists asked Tom McNally, Outdoor Editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, to put the new line through extensive field tests under several different fishing conditions.

Tom put on his SCUBA diving gear and got a fish's-eye view of the new STREN Fluorescent alongside other monofilaments. His verdict:

"Even under the most difficult conditions—absolutely clear water and brilliant sunlight—the new STREN Fluorescent offers outstanding low visibility."

What's more, new STREN Fluorescent retains all the strength, limpness and low stretch of the original STREN. As Tom McNally puts it, "New STREN Fluorescent is easier to handle than other monofilaments; softer, more pliable, easier to tie—yet it has enough body so that it lays out well when cast."

Try this remarkable new line yourself. Before your next fishing trip, stop by your local tackle dealer and pick up a few spools. Remember to ask for it by name—STREN Fluorescent—the new spinning line from Du Pont. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Wilmington 98, Del.

DU PONT
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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

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saw them add up even faster when Rogers Hornsby was managing the Browns for me. The situation became so intolerable that I had to get rid of Hornsby before he was physically assaulted.

The Cleveland players, having taken as much as they could, went to the front office and asked Alva Bradley to fire Vitt. Instead of either firing the manager or disciplining the players, Bradley tried to keep everyone happy by putting a foot in each camp and the Indians blew the pennant by one game. My personnel manager could not possibly have lost the pennant with that team. Over the last month, you or I could have won it. Only Vitt, a master strategist, could have lost it.

A few years later, Jimmy Dykes, always mischievous, gave the boys something to write about by calling Joe McCarthy—then in the midst of his string of World Championships—a "push-button manager." What Jimmy meant was that the Yankees were so strong that all Joe had to do was make out his lineup, then sit back and let the boys play. Which is precisely what McCarthy did do. Once he established his lineup, Joe never changed it. Why should he? It was by far the best lineup in baseball.

In a way, then, Dykes was paying McCarthy a compliment. For he was really saying that no one could lose with that team *except* a manager who didn't have the good sense not to try to make himself look brilliant by over-managing and over-manipulating.

I first discovered the impact of a manager's personality upon a team back in the days when my daddy was the president of the Chicago Cubs and I was a kid hanging around Wrigley Field. The Cubs' manager was our old friend Rogers Hornsby, a harsh, biting man who disliked any player who couldn't hit .400. (The field of .400 hitters being restricted pretty much to Hornsby himself, I'm not sure how he felt about his peers.) With the players about to mutiny, Hornsby was replaced by Charlie Grimm, a convivial, fun-loving man. Out of sheer relief, the Cubs went on a record-breaking winning streak and won the pennant.

Grimm, one of my favorite people, is incapable of exerting discipline, setting curfews, enforcing rules. He believes in enjoying himself to the hilt and he doesn't see why everybody else shouldn't enjoy themselves too. If Charlie walked into a bar on his nightly rounds and found a group of players there, he would make it a point never to go to that bar again because he was afraid he might be driving the boys away from a favorite hangout.

Naturally, the players loved him. But being loved doesn't win ball games either. Six years later, Charlie walked into the front office and told Mr. Wrigley: "We've been good friends, so I think I should tell you that I've lost control of the boys. This team should win the pennant, but it's not going to win it with me."

Gabby Hartnett replaced him, tightened up on the reins, and once again the Cubs came on and won the pennant. Changing managers in midstream is hardly a foolproof formula for winning pennants, though. In the history of the game, these are the only two times it has succeeded—and that was only because the Cubs were a great ball club. Which doesn't stop general managers from lopping off a few heads every season in the hope of conning the fans into believing that a new manager is going to make up for the deficiencies of the old players.

Despite everything I have been saying, I suspect that most of you are still convinced that although the manager may have to be a personnel man to some minor extent, his knowledge of 'inside baseball'—whatever that is—is far more important than I am willing to admit. Ah well, the simple childhood faiths die hard. There is something comforting, I suppose, in the belief that the manager is some kind of a witch doctor who communes with deep and dark secrets never dreamed of by the guy in the center-field bleachers.

TRUE

"What's the matter? You act like you've never seen porters before!"

All right, the two best baseball minds among modern players undoubtedly belonged to Billy Herman and Eddie Stanky. These were the two players everybody—including me—knew were destined to become great managers. Both were keen students of the game and both were winning players. Herman played in four World Series, with two different clubs, and Stanky was in three World Series with three different clubs. Both, in fact, were so highly thought of that they were grabbed as managers before their playing days were over. And both were flops.

Herman's career was handicapped, quite literally, before it began when the Pittsburgh ownership, in its eagerness to have such a baseball brain as its manager, was persuaded to send Bob Elliott to the Boston Braves to get him. Billy's first words upon hearing the happy news were: "Oh no! They've traded my best player." A most prophetic utterance. While the Pirates, under Herman, were dropping from seventh place into the cellar, Elliott was winning the MVP award with the Braves. The following year, Herman was managing in the minor leagues (still unsuccessfully) and Elliott was leading the Braves to a pennant.

Moral: any operator who so overestimates the importance of the manager that he is willing to give up a useful player—let alone a great one—is in the wrong business. He should go into something where he has a somewhat better chance to succeed—like running for the mayor of Chicago on the Republican ticket.

Eddie Stanky's failure is of even more interest to me because I was in on his development. When I was operating the Milwaukee Brewers in the American Association, in 1942, I got Eddie from Macon of the Sally League. He had been playing in the minors for seven years with so little success that the Macon management was willing to throw him into a deal I was making for a pitcher.

On that same Milwaukee team was an aging outfielder, Bill Norman, who, like Eddie, was a student of inside baseball, tactics, strategy, gamesmanship. The two of them set out not only to get Eddie into the big leagues as a player but—and the arrogance of it staggers me as I look back—to train him to become a manager.

Because his natural ability was so limited, Eddie had to school himself on all the technical intricacies of the game. On a ball field, he was always thinking. He worked a thousand times harder to get a base on balls than Babe Ruth ever worked to hit a home run. He was, for instance, one of the few batters who were delighted to be thrown at. As far as he was concerned, the only thing better than to be knocked down once was to be knocked down twice—because that started him off with a 2-0 count. When he did get himself one of those bases on balls, he would grasp his bat tenderly between his fingers and drop it 1/16 of an inch from the catcher's toes (and sometimes 1/8 of an inch closer) to encourage the catcher to make a mental note to sit that wise punk down the next time he came to bat.

When the count ran to, say, three balls and one strike he would spin the bat up

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under his arm and glare out at the pitcher—the most insulting gesture I have ever seen on a ball field. Eddie was out to get the pitcher so mad that he couldn't see straight, let alone throw straight.

Of course, he had to hit too, so he learned how to wait on the ball and slice it down the right-field line or come up on top of the ball and line it down the third-base line. Everything, you understand, with a thought behind it, everything with a purpose.

Stanky led the league in hitting, and I sold him to the Cubs. Nine years later, the Cardinals were so anxious to sign him as their manager that they gave the Giants two players for him, Max Lanier and Chuck Diering.

Eddie's great misfortune, as a manager, was that he had come under the influence of Leo Durocher. His admiration for Leo was so excessive that he tried to adopt Leo's go-for-broke style and Leo's commanding personality.

Well, Eddie is not a daring, flamboyant figure; he is, as we have seen, an analytical, meticulous thinker. Nor does he have a domineering personality. He was a rowdy on the field, *by design,* but he is a soft-spoken little gentleman off. There is no one quality in a manger so heinous that it might not be just the quality needed to get the most out of some particular team somewhere. But there *is* one rule: managing is a profession, not a role. *You cannot pretend to be, you must be!*

I was present when Eddie destroyed himself as the manager of the Cardinals and, for me, it was a sad thing to see. In St. Louis, it was traditional for the Chamber of Commerce to throw a luncheon for the players of both clubs just before the season started. Our manager, Marty Marion, introduced the Browns' players and sat down. Eddie Stanky then arose—a freshman manager, a stranger in town—and spent the next hour and a half barking out his assessment of "my team," a minor-league imitation of Durocher all the way. After explaining that everybody was going to play the game "my way," he introduced "my players" to the gathering. He might just as well have announced that the players were merely cogs in a machine—Eddie Stanky's machine. Well, players are not cogs in anybody's machine, they are human beings. They are, moreover, human beings with unique and highly specialized talents. If you have any doubts about that ask the Chicago White Sox why they have not been able to find a good third-baseman in something like 30 years. When Eddie called upon "my first baseman, Stanley Musial," to stand up and take a bow you could feel the hostility and see it on the faces of the other players.

Under Stanky, who knew as much about strategy and *more,* in all probability, about tactics than anybody alive, the Cardinals—who had a contending team, descended rapidly into the second division. Once he had antagonized his team, all his knowledge of strategy did him no good at all.

In all fairness to Eddie, I know that he has analyzed his failure and understands where he went wrong. Given another chance, I suspect that he would be a real good manager today.

It should be perfectly evident by now that the manager's personality must mesh with the personality of his team; that is, the man who might be the best possible manager for one team could be the worst possible manager for another.

Because Leo Durocher is essentially a high-stakes gambler, he is effective only when he has a pennant contender under him. Once Leo finds he has no chance for the big pot he loses interest. Give him a team tied for the pennant in the last week of the season and he's the best manager you could find anywhere. Given a fair kind of team made up of kids on the way up and veterans hanging on—a team that figures to finish fifth or sixth—and Leo will certainly not improve that position and possibly end up seventh or eighth.

Give Paul Richards the same team, and he'll probably finish third or fourth. Richards is a teacher at heart; his main interest is in improving players. Paul's great joy is to salvage pitchers by teaching them his "slip pitch"—a pitch that can best be described as a change of pace that breaks something like a slider. He loves to experiment, to turn starters into relievers and vice versa. Young pitchers, from Pierce to Barber, have developed almost overnight under Richards, mediocrities like Saul Rogovin have become stars, and castoffs like Hoyt Wilhelm have been given new leases on life.

But you cannot get successful players to take that kind of advice because they see no reason why they should change. And so Richards could take his team only so far. His record at both Chicago and Baltimore shows that he moves a team up very rapidly by improving individual players, brings them right up to the point where they become serious contenders—and then his team seems to hang.

Don't think I'm downgrading Richards as a handler of men, though. Richards, with his austere, professorial manner, could be inflexible about some things but he was always quite flexible when it came to personalities. Two of his key players at Baltimore, Jim Gentile and Jackie Brandt, need careful handling in the sense that they are both in constant need of an encouraging word, and so Richards always conned them along and held them in loose rein. Richards is a fine manager but it's teaching, not strategy, that makes him one.

After Richards moved to Houston last season to become general manager, he was replaced by Billy Hitchcock, another of those marginal ballplayers who had spent his whole career schooling himself in the technical aspects of the game. Hitchcock, who could not see why two grown men should be pampered, decided that Gentile and Brandt should receive the same treatment and conform to the same rules as anybody else. Unhappily, conformity is a strait-jacket for some people; it throttles whatever it was that made them special.

Hitchcock, in short, had completely

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misinterpreted his function. Gentile was about three quarters of the Baltimore offense, which meant the team wasn't going any farther than his bat carried it. Not Hitchcock's *thinking*, understand, but Gentile's *hitting*. Gentile goes into a black fit of depression every time he goes 0 for 4. If it made Jim happy to have the manager whistle, tap dance and tell funny stories, I would expect any manager of mine to learn to whistle, tap dance and tell funny stories. If Gentile hits, then Hitchcock doesn't need brains. And if Gentile doesn't hit, then brains won't help.

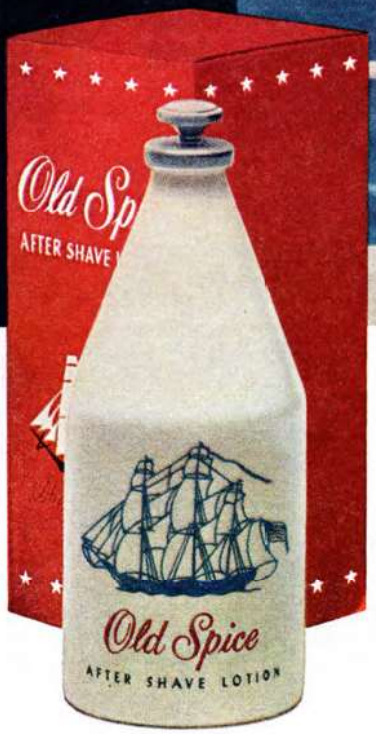
Gentile and Brandt were conformed into terrible seasons, and the Orioles collapsed right along with them. Hitchcock is getting another chance, mostly because Lee MacPhail doesn't want to admit publicly that he made a bad choice. It is to be noted, however, that MacPhail has hired Hank Bauer and Luke Appling to coach for the Orioles this season, which makes Hitchcock the top contender for the honor of being the first manager fired in 1963.

Unlike Richards, Al Lopez likes a team of established players, preferably well-behaved ones. Al is no teacher and no psychologist. He is a bland, calm, very nice man who expects his men to know how to play the game, make every curfew and stay out of trouble.

Casey Stengel must have a team of established players too, but there all similarity ends. Casey needs colorful personalities on his team, because he has always been a colorful personality himself. When a guy like Don Larsen drives a car up a tree at 3 a.m., it reminds Casey of a hundred stories of his own playing days. (George Weiss could make life a lot more interesting for him down there in the dungeon by buying Bo Belinsky for him.) It's the good, clean-living boys like Kubek and Richardson who worry Casey—"the chocolate ice-cream soda boys," he calls them. Casey is willing to have them around, *if they can play ball*, but he just can't understand what makes them tick.

Stengel—one of the few managerial geniuses baseball has ever produced—has to have a team that allows him to manipulate and maneuver. Give Casey the best player in the world and he will try to teach him something new. (Only Stengel would have taken an excellent rookie shortstop, like Tony Kubek, and shifted him back and forth between the infield and outfield.) But Casey is a good enough personnel man so that he will coax the players to go along with him by making a naked appeal to their ambitions. In the minors, he would cajole a player into coming to the park early by saying, "Just work with me, kid, and I'll get you into the majors." With the Yankees, he'd get them to accept his platooning by telling them, "Do what I tell you and I'll make you more money."

Casey won 10 pennants with the Yankees, because he had players who, to use his own favorite word, could "execute." But when he has a mediocre team that gives him no latitude for maneuvering, he tends to lose interest. Casey's record with second-division clubs



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is, to put it as kindly as possible, no better than it ought to have been.

There are instances, needless to say, where strategy and personnel work become inseparable. When Marty Marion was managing the St. Louis Browns, he once called Satchel Paige in from the bullpen to protect a 2-run lead in the ninth. With one man out, there were runners on first and third, and Mickey Vernon, the one man who could always murder Satch, was coming to bat. "Just make him hit it on the ground," Marion told Satch, as he handed him the ball.

"Mr. Marion," Satch said. "I'm not going to make this man hit anywhere. This man is gonna roost on first."

Vernon thereupon walked, putting the tying run on second base and the winning run on first. There are, let me say for the uninitiated, two basic rules of strategy: you do everything possible to keep the winning run from moving from first to second, and you never—but never—put the winning run on base. (Let me also say that I don't believe those two axioms have any more validity than most of the other axioms baseball has come to know and love.) At any rate, Satch got the next two batters on pop-ups.

After the game, Marion said, "I don't know if he really walked him on purpose, and I'm afraid to ask."

That's Marion. Satch was the best he had, and he was going to go along with him. What was involved here wasn't strategy at all (how could anyone guess whether Satch was going to get away with it), what was involved was the relationship between a manager and a unique, proud and legendary figure.

Every manager would have handled that kind of situation according to his own scale of values. Lopez and Stanky would have pulled him right out of there, although for entirely different reasons. Lopez would have thought, "This guy hasn't got his control. Out he comes." Stanky would have thought, "He put that guy on purposely. I'm not going to let him get away with that."

Durocher would have let him play out his hand. If Satch had got out of the inning, Leo would have been so delighted that he'd have crowed about it publicly, giving Satch full credit. If Satch had blown the game, Durocher would have rapped him publicly, removing all possible blame from himself.

Charlie Grimm wouldn't have pretended he didn't understand what was on Satch's mind. He'd have grinned, patted him on the back and wished him well. If Satch pitched his way out of it, Charlie would have enjoyed his dinner that night immensely. If Satch hadn't pitched his way out of it, Charlie would have enjoyed his dinner anyway.

Ralph Houk, from the evidence so far, would have gone along—since that was the way Satch wanted to do it—but there would have been no grin, no pat on the back and no talk about it in the locker room afterwards.

What would Casey Stengel have done? I can't say whether Casey would have left him in or pulled him out, but I do know that he would have done something, *before* Satch pitched to Vernon, and that he would have had a definite reason for it, probably something having to do with some old memory plucked out of a lifetime in baseball. My guess is that his thinking would have gone something like this: "Guys like Satch always rise to the occasion, which means they reach back for something when they're on the spot. All right, he's putting himself right on the spot here, so he figures to pitch himself out of it."

There are no rules for managing, then, only guide lines. Pitchers, for instance, are supposed to make lousy managers because they are specialists in the most narrow sense of the word. They have no interest whatsoever in the overall strategy of the game. And yet, Fred Hutchinson of Cincinnati has, in my opinion, been the best manager in baseball in each of the past two seasons.

If I had bought the Washington Senators, as I tried to do, I would have moved Mickey Vernon up to the front office (Mickey having done all that could have been expected of a manager with the worst team in the league; i.e., he managed them into the cellar) and appointed another pitcher, Early Wynn. Like Hutch, Wynn was always a good hitter, a fierce competitor, a man's man and a ballplayer's ballplayer. Like Hutch, he would start out with the respect of every player on the club, and that's half the battle.

Besides, Wynn would bring a lot of promotional extras with him. He is, first of all, an old Washington hero, with a great sense of public relations. More than that, he just closed out his career with 299 victories. As the season wore on, he just might begin to talk nostalgically about getting back into shape to try for that 300th victory. I can assure you that, if I owned the team, the management would look upon this ambition sympathetically. The management, in fact, might even drop a hint to Wynn here and there itself.

If I owned the team, it wouldn't surprise me a bit if Wynn announced, in a fit of justifiable anger, that he was going to get back into uniform and go out there and win a couple of games himself. You know something? He just might draw enough fans into the park to pay his salary.

And Gus Wynn being Gus Wynn, he'd probably win a few games for the Senators. If he didn't win more than two games with his pitching, he'd still be doing more than most other managers could possibly do with their strategy.

—**Bill Veeck & Ed Linn**

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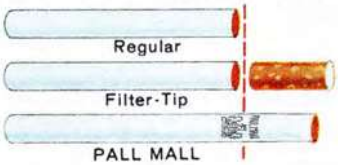

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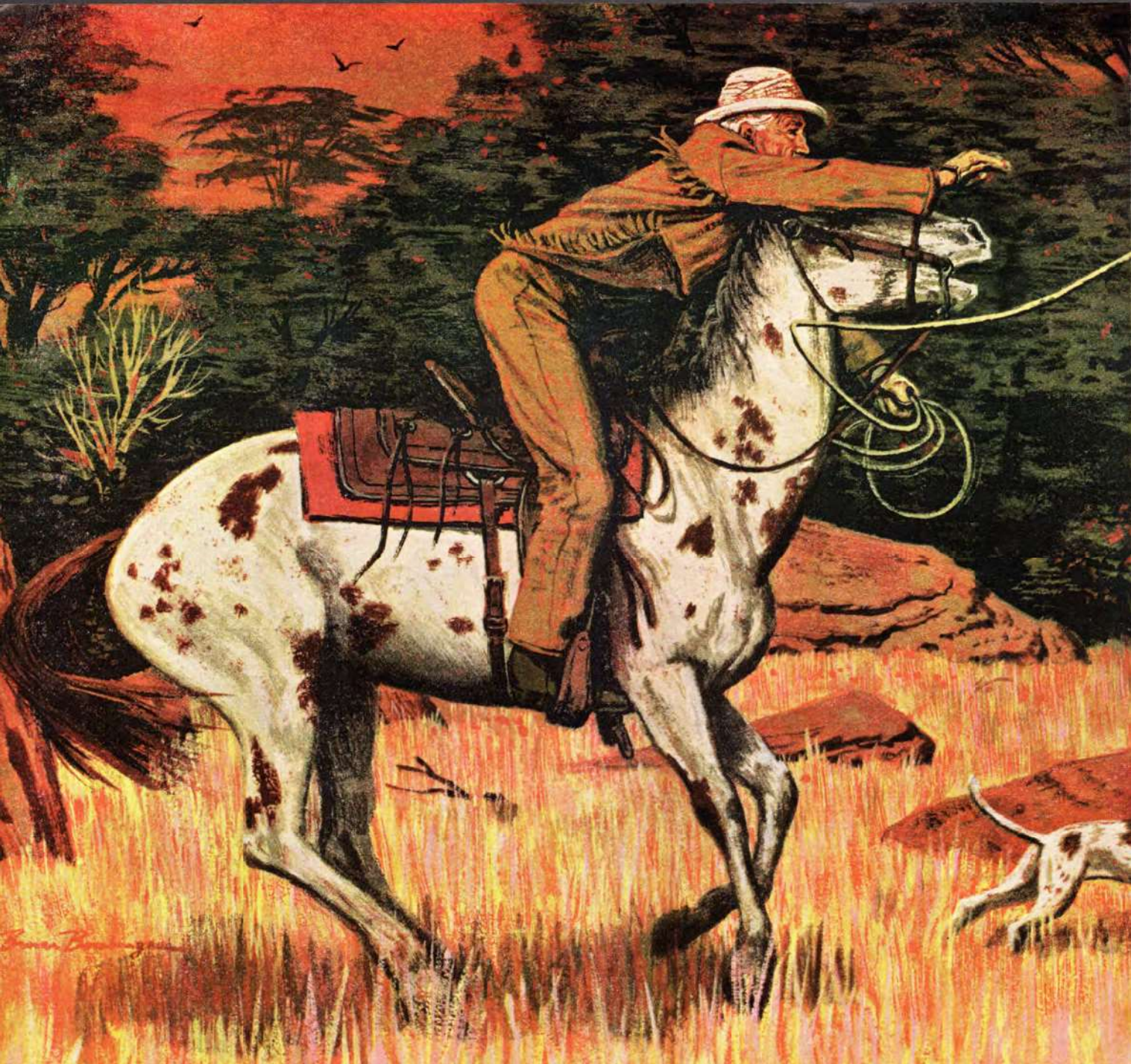
TRUE
MAY

Buffalo Jones, armed only with a rope, outdid Teddy Roosevelt and his rifle. Here's how HE LASSOED AFRICA

By ROBERT EASTON and MACKENZIE BROWN

■ Buffalo Jones sat on a rock overlooking the Grand Canyon. Gaunt and tanned at 65, with a tuft of beard on his chin, the old frontiersman was the spitting image of Uncle Sam. He had just completed a successful mountain lion hunt in company with a leading Massachusetts businessman and prospective candidate for governor, Charles S. Bird. Jones as usual had lassoed the big tom lion rather than kill it. He ab-



ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE BOMBERGER

Faced with the biggest test of his safari, Jones calmly sailed his lasso at the snarling lioness

horred killing animals. To him it was not only wrong but easy—no challenge—no real proof of manhood.

"I'll do it," he was saying.

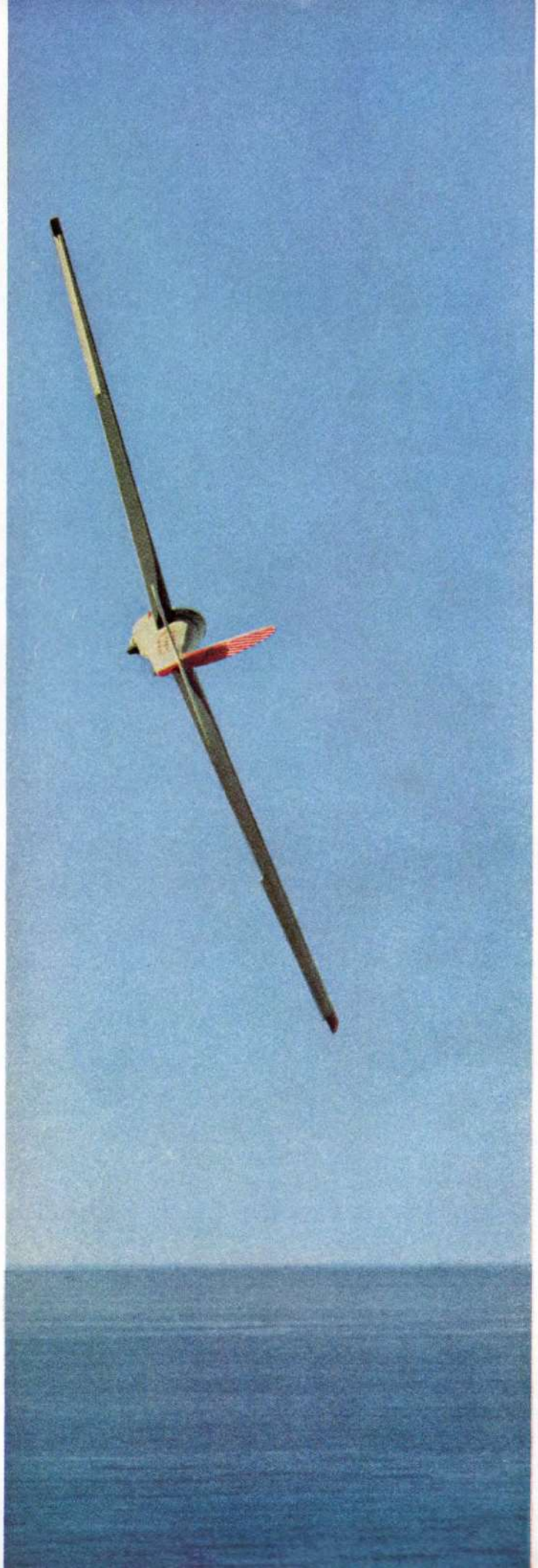
"You can't. You're absolutely crazy," Bird retorted. "You can't lasso an African lion from a cow pony. You'd be torn to bits. I'll admit you do all right with these Arizona mountain lions, and I know you became famous lassoing buffalo, but the African lion is another matter. No sane person would approach him in the way that you describe, on a horse armed with nothing but a lasso rope."

"I can," said Jones, "and I'll bet you my life I succeed. It's been my ambition ever since I was a kid in Illinois. I've told you how I climbed a tree and caught that squirrel when I was 9. Since then I've caught and subdued practically every animal the North American continent has to offer, including the grizzly, and you know how I lassoed that wild stallion after he got away from Zane Grey and me last year. Now I'm convinced that in order for a man to justify himself as pre-eminent above animals, he ought to be able to subdue the king of beasts, the African lion, personally, without mechanical aids of any kind—no guns or traps—nothing but his bare hands and a horse and a rope."

The year was 1909. The conversation developed into the Buffalo Jones East African Expedition—financed by Charles S. Bird. [*Continued on page* 72]

Silent Sailers of the Skies

Ray Parker gets set for successful maiden flight of his do-it-yourself "T-Bird" which took him six years to design and build. Plane is unusual in having tow cable attachments on either side of the fuselage.



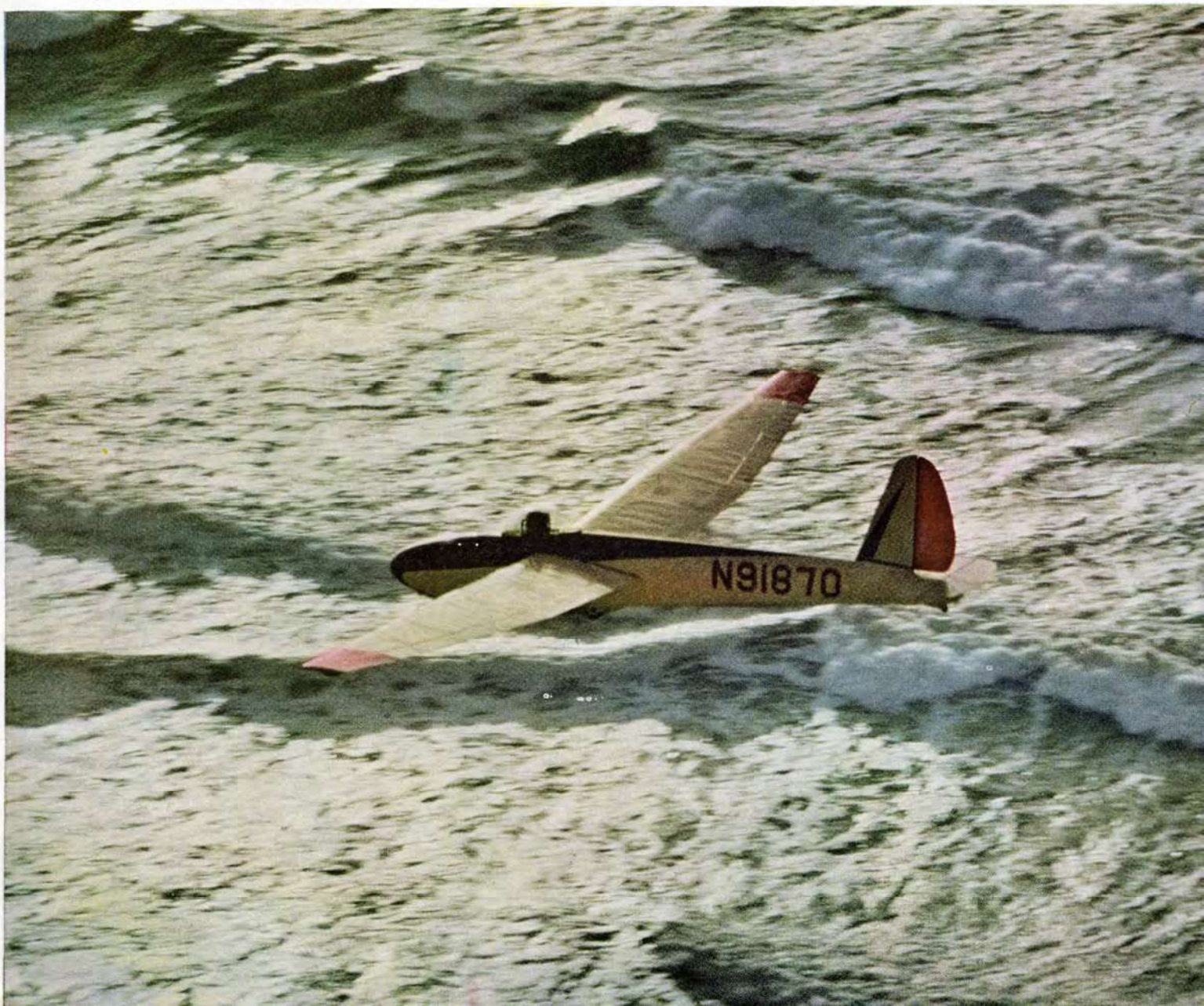
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ERNEST E. RESHOVSKY

■ Swooping and soaring in their engineless craft, sailplane pilots use Nature's energy to sail above the earth. They can fly low along coastal cliffs or inland they can reach great altitudes by riding heat eddies rising from the hot desert floor. In the high Sierra the greatest altitudes are reached—more than 40,000 feet—by soaring on the wave of air that rises in the lee of the mountains.

The sailplanes shown here belong to members of the Southern California Soaring Association who often carry their unassembled planes by trailer to a field to be put together and then towed aloft by a motor plane. There are nearly 700 sailplanes in the U.S. and about 3,000 certified glider pilots. All have come a long way from the first pair of wings with a parallel bar for the pilot which was man's first successful attempt literally to fly like the birds. ■

Towlines for dual tow are of uneven lengths to separate sailplanes.

Ridge soaring (left) along the Pacific cliffs and wave skimming (below) are flown by pilots at less than 1,000 feet.



MAY—TRUE

In some states it's easier for a man to beat a murder rap than it is to get out of a bad marriage. Why? Because our antiquated divorce laws are loaded in favor of the avaricious female

■ It was an old, old trick. Women have been using it for centuries to get free room and board. But Harry D. was gullible enough to fall for it. As a young college professor, his scholarly life hadn't taught him much about the lower levels of the world. He'd met the attractive divorcee at a bar where he'd stopped in for a quiet beer. She'd sat next to him and started a conversation. When she came up to him three months later and told him she was pregnant, he believed her. He demanded no proof. Scared blue by her veiled remarks about a scandal that could ruin his academic career, he married her.

A few months later he discovered she was no more pregnant than he was. But, as she triumphantly pointed out, there was nothing he could do about it. He was trapped. By marrying her, he had legally bound himself to house, clothe and feed her for the rest of his life.

"She openly admitted she'd married me just to get a meal ticket," Harry stated in the four-page letter he wrote to TRUE. "She didn't want to work for a living. Her career plan was to live her life as a parasite on men. Her first husband had lost his job and couldn't keep up the stiff alimony payments, so she'd fastened herself to me."

The solution to Harry's problem seemed obvious: divorce. Feeling optimistic, Harry went to see a lawyer. But his optimism vanished as the lawyer revealed, tooth by tooth, the full strength of the trap into which Harry had put his foot.

Divorce in this country, said the lawyer flatly, is not for men. The divorce laws, and the courts' interpretation of those laws, are strongly biased in favor of women. The law views marriage as a contract in which the husband, voluntarily but irrevocably, signs himself over to his wife. He is her meal ticket, and it is her inalienable right to keep him as such. Any time a man tries to get a divorce, the courts automatically assume he's a low-grade cheat trying to wriggle out of his legal responsibilities. No matter what his wife has done, no matter how intolerable she has made his life, it is her story that gets the sympathetic hearing in the courts.

The lawyer opined that there seemed small hope Harry could get a divorce if his wife contested the case. Sure, Harry had been tricked and coerced into marriage, and these are grounds for divorce or annulment in most states. But Harry had no proof. If his wife denied the charge, the courts would almost certainly believe her rather than him. In the divorce courts, a husband is assumed to be lying until he proves otherwise.

Harry might get a divorce if his wife agreed to it, the lawyer said. But in this case she'd undoubtedly demand heavy alimony, and the court would almost automatically award it to her. Very rarely is a wife's plea for alimony denied, no matter what the circumstances are and no matter what hardship this causes the husband.

In other words, concluded the lawyer, Harry might as well face the fact. He was his wife's property. Married or divorced, the law would never let him get away from her.

"What kind of justice is this?" Harry demanded in his letter. "Why should a ten-minute marriage ceremony bind me to this female bloodsucker for life? She's an able-bodied woman and can easily support herself. How has she earned the right to live off me? Why can't I get a quick, simple divorce?"

Harry D. mailed this letter on the eve of his departure for a foreign country. TRUE cannot and will not, of course, reveal who or where he is. Perhaps he will stay abroad, and this may solve his problem. But something is wrong somewhere when a man must abandon his career and native land to escape a parasite which the law has attached to him.

The fact is, lawmakers and courts just don't like to deprive a wife of her male property. Sure, the laws set forth "grounds" on which a man can sue for divorce, and some of these laws have a reasonable sound when you first read them. But when you get down to the fine print, and when you actually get into court where the laws must be administered, the story changes. The courts dodge in all directions to avoid honoring a man's plea for freedom.

Take adultery. All 50 states say they'll grant you a divorce if your wife cuckolds you—as well they should. But let's see what really happens in such a case.

Joe K., for example. For several years he had suspected his wife of cheating. One day he decided to settle the question. He told his wife he was going away on a week-long business trip. Actually he made no trip; he simply moved into a hotel in the city, near where he worked, and hired a private detective to watch his wife.

Sure enough, the gumshoe came up with incontrovertible evidence of Joe's suspicions: his wife was an adulteress. Joe

BY MAX GUNTHER

ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD PERLIN

DIVORCE: the swindle that's breaking men's backs

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE IN THE UNITED STATES

	ADULTERY	INSANITY	CONVICTION OF FELONY	CONVICTION OF SEX CRIME	IMPRISONMENT	ALCOHOLISM	DRUG ADDICTION	DESERTION	NON-SUPPORT	IMPOTENCE	CRUELTY: GENERAL	PHYSICAL CRUELTY	MENTAL CRUELTY	INDIGNITIES	LIVING APART	W PREGNANT BY OTHER MAN AT MARRIAGE	OTHER	COLLUSION/CONNIVANCE	FORGIVENESS	BOTH GUILTY	DIVORCE BLOCKERS: ALIMONY AWARDED TO W BEFORE TRIAL	MONEY LAWS: H PAY'S W'S COURT COSTS	MISCELLANEOUS
ALA	✓	5 yrs		✓	7-yr sent.	✓	✓	1 yr	2 yrs		✓				✓			✓	✓	✓	✓		H jailed for non-payment
ALASKA	✓	18 mo	✓			✓	✓	1 yr	1 yr	✓		✓		✓			incompatibility					✓	
ARIZ	✓		✓			✓		1 yr	1 yr	✓	✓				5 yrs	✓		✓			✓	✓	
ARK	✓	3 yrs	✓	✓		1 yr		1 yr	wilful	✓		✓		✓	3 yrs						✓	✓	
CAL	✓	3 yrs	✓			1 yr		1 yr	1 yr			✓	✓					✓	✓	✓			comm prop divided 50/50
COLO	✓	3 yrs	✓			1 yr	1 yr	1 yr	1 yr	✓	✓				3 yrs legally			✓	✓			✓	
CONN	✓	5 yrs		✓	life	✓		3 yrs			✓						vanished 7 years	✓			✓		W gets alimony even if guilty
DEL	✓	5 yrs			2 yrs	2 yrs		2 yrs	wilful		✓				3 yrs		fraud				✓	✓	W gets alimony even if guilty
FLA	✓					✓	✓	1 yr		✓	✓						outrageous temper	✓			✓	✓	no alimony for adulterous W
GA	✓			✓	2 yrs	✓		1 yr		✓		✓		✓		✓					✓	✓	
HAWAII	✓	3 yrs			7 yrs	✓	✓	6 mo	60 days			✓						✓			✓		W can remarry still collect
IDAHO	✓	3 yrs	✓			✓		✓	✓			✓			5 yrs								comm prop divided 50/50
ILL	✓					2 yrs		1 yr		✓		✓	✓				venereal disease	✓		‡			
IND	✓	5 yrs		✓		✓		2 yrs	2 yrs	✓	✓							✓	✓	‡	✓	✓	W gets alimony even if guilty
IA	✓		✓			✓		2 yrs				§				✓		✓			✓	✓	
KANS	✓	5 yrs	✓		for felony	✓		1 yr	✓	✓	✓					✓	fraud	✓			✓	✓	
KY	✓	5 yrs	✓			1 yr		1 yr		✓	6 mo	✓	✓		5 yrs	✓	outrageous temper			✓	✓	✓	H jailed for non-payment
LA	✓		✓	✓	at hard labor	✓		✓	✓			✓			2 yrs		public defamation				✓		
ME	✓					✓	✓	3 yrs	✓	✓	✓							✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	W can remarry still collect
MD	✓	3 yrs	✓		3-yr sent.			18 mo		✓					3 yrs						✓	✓	
MASS	✓				5-yr sent.	✓	✓	3 yrs	✓	✓	✓							✓			✓	✓	W can remarry still collect
MICH	✓				3-yr sent.	✓		2 yrs	✓	✓	✓							✓			✓		W gets alimony even if guilty
MINN	✓	5 yrs			any term	1 yr		1 yr		✓	✓				2 yrs legally			✓	✓	‡			W gets alimony even if guilty
MISS	✓	3 yrs			any term	✓	✓	1 yr		✓	✓					✓			✓		✓	✓	
MO	✓		✓	✓		1 yr		1 yr		✓		§		✓			husband vagrant	✓			✓		
MONT	✓	5 yrs	✓			1 yr		1 yr	1 yr			✓	1 yr				defames wife	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
NEB	✓	5 yrs			3-yr sent.	✓		2 yrs	✓	✓	✓							✓	‡	✓	✓	✓	no alimony for adulterous W
NEV	✓	2 yrs	✓	✓		✓		1 yr	✓	✓	✓				3 yrs				✓		✓	✓	W can remarry still collect
NH	✓				1 yr	2 yrs		2 yrs	2 yrs	✓		✓	✓		10 yrs		vanished 2 years				✓	✓	
NJ	✓							2 yrs			✓							✓	‡	‡	✓	✓	W gets alimony even if guilty
NM	✓	5 yrs	✓			✓		✓	✓	✓		✓				✓							
NY	✓																vanished 7 years*	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
NC	✓	5 yrs		✓						✓					2 yrs	✓					✓		no alimony in adultery
ND	✓	5 yrs	✓			1 yr		1 yr	1 yr		✓							✓					
OHIO	✓					✓		1 yr	✓	✓	✓						fraud	✓					
OKLA	✓	5 yrs				✓		1 yr	✓	✓	✓					✓	fraud				✓		
ORE	✓	3 yrs	✓			✓		1 yr		✓	✓							✓			✓	✓	
PA	✓		✓					2 yrs				✓		✓			sterility				✓		alimony only for insane W or sep.
RI	✓					✓	✓	5 yrs	✓	✓	✓				10 yrs		fraud				✓		
SC	✓					✓	✓	1 yr				✓						✓			✓		no alimony in adultery
SD	✓	5 yrs	✓			1 yr		1 yr	1 yr		✓							✓	✓		✓	✓	
TENN	✓		✓		✓	✓		2 yrs		✓		✓			2 yrs	✓	fraud	✓			✓	✓	
TEX	✓	5 yrs	✓		✓			3 yrs			✓				7 yrs			✓	✓		✓		
UTAH	✓	✓	✓			✓		1 yr	✓	✓		✓	✓					✓			✓		
VT	✓	5 yrs		✓	3 yrs h. l.			3 yrs	✓			✓	"severity"		3 yrs						✓		
VA	✓		✓		✓			1 yr								✓	wife a prostitute	✓	✓		✓	✓	
WASH	✓	2 yrs			✓	✓		1 yr	✓	✓	✓			✓	5 yrs			✓	‡		✓	✓	
W VA	✓				✓	✓	✓	1 yr			✓							✓	‡		✓	✓	
WIS	✓				3 yrs	1 yr		1 yr	✓	✓	✓				5 yrs						✓	✓	no alimony in adultery
WYO	✓	2 yrs	✓			✓			✓	✓	✓				2 yrs	✓	husband vagrant	✓			✓	✓	

§ Endangering life.

* Special circumstances: missing mate presumed dead

‡ In adultery

DIVORCE

A vicious double standard still aborts justice in our courts

WAITING PERIOD BEFORE DECREE BECOMES FINAL	RESIDENCE REQUIREMENTS	REMARRIAGE RESTRICTIONS	
	1 yr	not for 60 days	ALA
	1 yr		ALASKA
	1 yr	not for 1 yr	ARIZ
	60 days		ARK
1 yr	1 yr		CAL
usually none	1 yr exc. adultery		COLO
usually none	3 yrs		CONN
3 mo	2 yrs exc. adultery		DEL
	6 mo		FLA
	6 mo	court may forbid guilty to remarry	GA
	2 yrs		HAWAII
	6 wks		IDAHO
60-day cool-off	1 yr		ILL
	1 yr	usually none	IND
60 days	1 yr	not for 1 yr	IA
60-day cool-off	1 yr	not for 6 mo	KANS
	1 yr		KY
1 yr exc. adultery	1 yr	can't marry adultery partner	LA
	6 mo		ME
30 days Balt.	1 yr		MD
6 mo	5 yrs†	guilty party not for 2 yrs	MASS
60-day cool-off	1 yr	court may forbid guilty to remarry	MICH
	1 yr except adultery	not for 6 mo	MINN
	1 yr	court may restrict in adultery	MISS
	usually 1 yr		MO
	1 yr		MONT
6 mo	2 yrs		NEB
	6 wks		NEV
usually none	1 yr		NH
3 mo	2 yrs exc. adultery		NJ
	1 yr		NM
	1 yr	guilty party not for 3 yrs or more	NY
	6 mo		NC
	1 yr	court permission required	ND
	1 yr		OHIO
6 mo	6 mo		OKLA
	1 yr	not for 6 mo	ORE
	1 yr	can't marry adultery partner	PA
6 mo	2 yrs		RI
3-mo cool-off	1 yr		SC
60-day cool-off	1 yr	in adultery, not for life of ex-spouse	SD
	1 yr	can't marry adultery partner	TENN
60-day cool-off	1 yr	not for 1 yr if guilty of cruelty	TEX
3 mo	3 mo		UTAH
6 mo	6 mo	not for 2 yrs	VT
	1 yr	not for 4 mo	VA
90-day cool-off			WASH
	1 yr except adultery	not for 60 days to 1 yr	W VA
1 yr	2 yrs	not for 1 yr	WIS
	60 days		WYO

† 3 years if state resident when married

hauled her into court and sued for divorce. His case was ironbound, he thought.

But that was only what *he* thought. The court brought up a niggling legal technicality called "connivance." By deliberately moving out of the house and leaving his wife free to act, ruled the judge, Joe had created the opportunity for her to commit adultery: "The plaintiff, in effect, connived to cause an act or acts of adultery to take place." Joe is still married today.

Connivance, in divorce law, means an act of trickery planned to manufacture a ground for divorce. The courts in most states will deny a divorce if they smell connivance, and many states order this specifically in their statutes. But to say that Joe K. tricked his wife into adultery is a pretty nimble piece of legal illogic.

And even if he did trick her—but we'll come to that later. The point at the moment is that the courts just don't like to give divorces to men, and they'll seize any excuse that's handy. Connivance is a favorite excuse. Judge Morris Ploscowe, a former New York University law professor who is one of the best-known campaigners for divorce reform, tells of an even more maddening case in his famous report, *The Truth About Divorce*. A man and a friend hid in a closet while the man's wife dashed off a spot of adultery. Again, it was ironbound evidence. But the court denied divorce. It was the husband's duty, said the judge, to blow the whistle before the fun began. By not stopping the act of adultery, he connived in its performance.

For another type of excuse, consider the frustrating tale of Dave N., a Washington State man. Dave had wanted to shuck his wife for many years. She was slovenly, seldom cooked Dave's meals or performed her other wifely duties, and enjoyed needling him by telling him about all the other men she was bedding with. But she wouldn't consent to a divorce. Dave's income was excellent; she had everything she wanted.

She was careful never to give Dave any proof of her adultery—until one evening when Dave came home earlier than expected and brought a buddy in for a glass of beer. They walked into the living room just in time to see Dave's wife and a man scramble off the couch, clothed only in embarrassment.

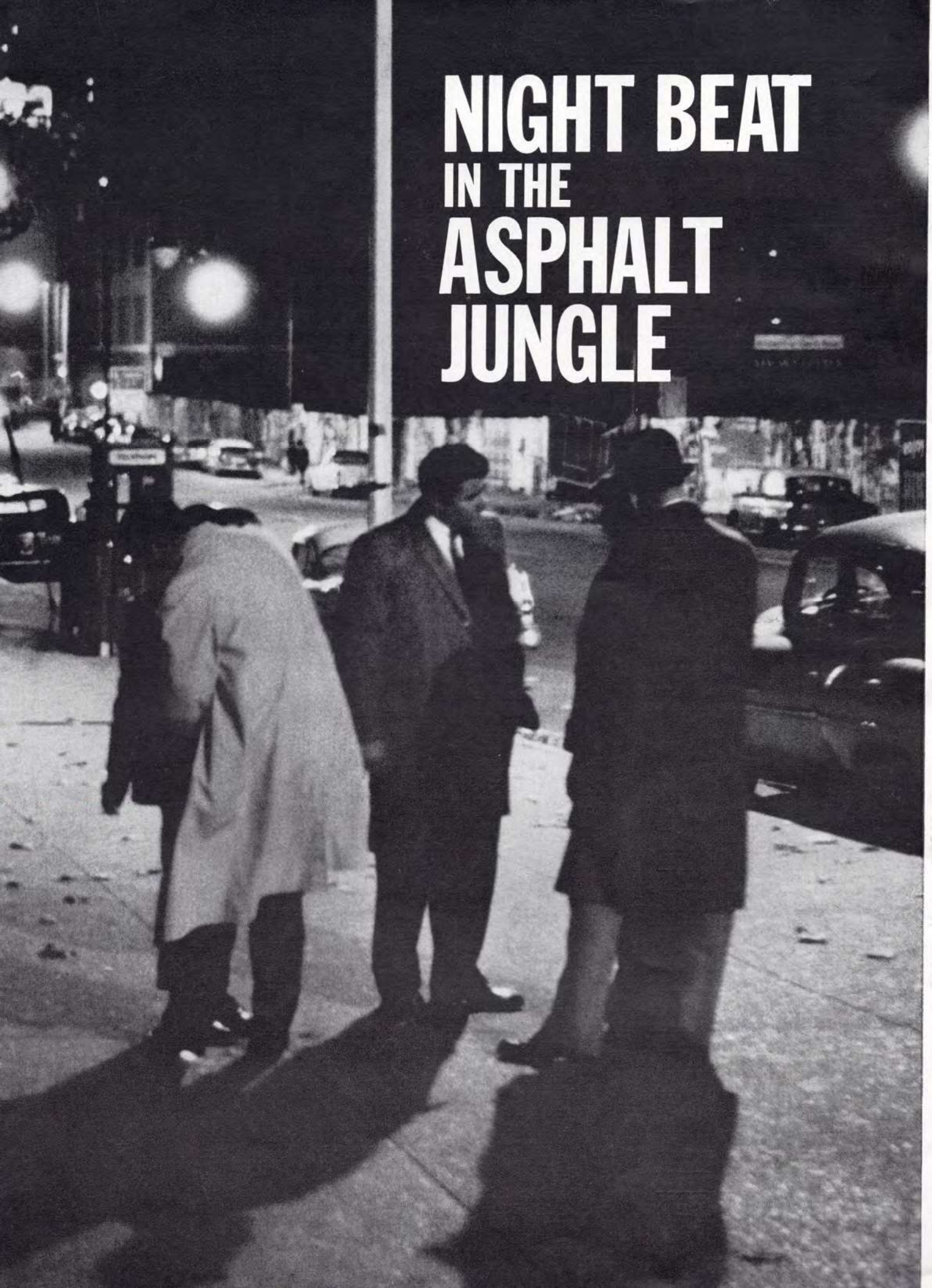
Dave now had his evidence. But in Washington, as in several other states, the law requires a cooling-off period before a divorce case can come to trial. During this 90-day period—a judge told Dave—it was his solemn duty to seek solutions to his problem other than divorce. Dave was a conscientious man with a deep-down respect for the law, and he made a sincere effort to patch things up with his wife. The effort lasted less than a week. His wife made it obvious that she was interested in him only as a source of money.

The 90-day period over, Dave went back to court and sued for divorce. When all the evidence and arguments were presented, the judge shook his head. Dave had made a mistake: while conscientiously trying to patch things up in the cooling-off period, he had had sexual intercourse with his wife. Under the law of Washington and most other states, marital intercourse after discovery of adultery is considered an act of "condonement" or forgiveness. And under the law, no divorce is allowed where the injured party has thus forgiven the other's guilt.

Condonement (also called condonation) is a favored weapon of the courts to blast husbands' divorce cases. "It's ridiculous," one angry young New Jersey lawyer told TRUE privately. "A divorce case may drag on for a year. During that time a man has three miserable choices. He can abstain from sex entirely, which may be hard on him if he's a normal, red-blooded kind of guy. He can get what he needs from other women—in which case he's committing adultery. Or he can resort to his wife, in which case he's condoning her guilt and killing his case." In many states—among them Maine and Virginia—a single act of intercourse is considered condonation by the husband. Other states leave it up to individual judges to decide how many sex acts equal forgiveness. Most courts have picked the same number: one.

But suppose things are the other way around: the wife is suing the husband for a divorce he doesn't want. Can he kill her case by arguing that they've cohabited? Not easily. Under the old English common law, from which much of U.S. law is derived, the concept of forgiveness by sex was applied only to husbands. The law held that, since a wife can lie passive during copulation and since she can be forced into it, the act doesn't show forgiveness on her part.

These are random examples of the laws' and courts' [*Continued on page* 110]



NIGHT BEAT IN THE ASPHALT JUNGLE

It was a quiet night: merely a bomb, a burglary, the aftermath of a murder, an attempted rape, a riot, a knife attack. There are times when detectives face worse—much worse

By ROBERT M. LIPSYTE

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY HOMER PAGE

NEW YORK CITY

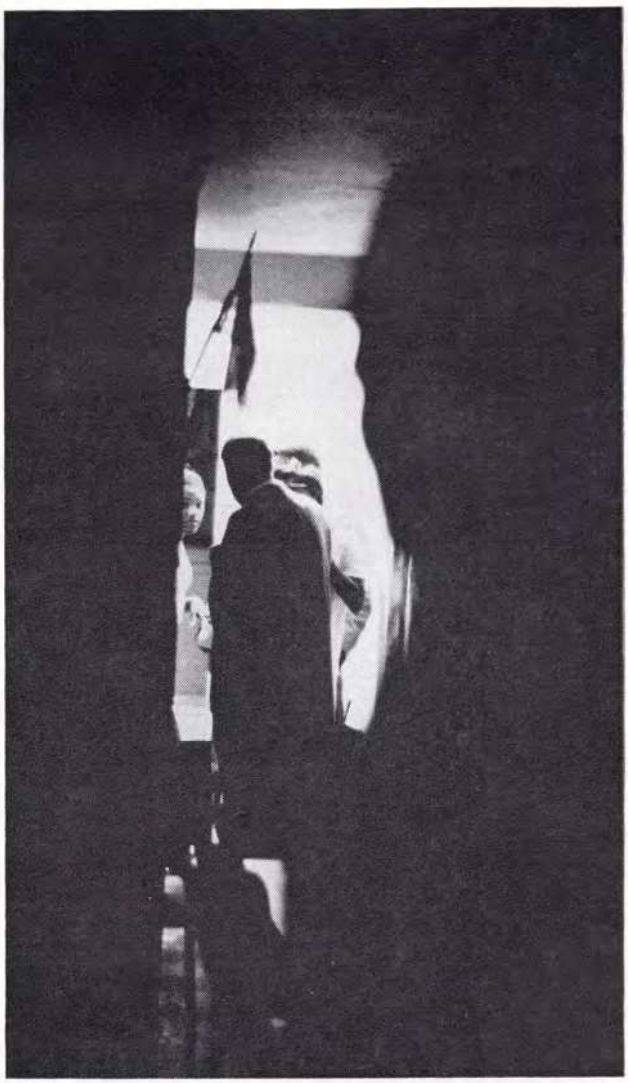
■ The first squeal came in at 5:01 p.m., by telephone. Detective Second-Grade Albert Giarnella, who had officially settled his six-foot 200-pound bulk into a squeaky, squad-room chair only 60 seconds before, picked up the receiver on the second ring. He listened, then scowled into the mouthpiece. "Yeah. Okay," he said. "We'll be right over."

He dropped the receiver back on its hooks and ran a ham-hock hand through graying black hair. He looked at me, one of the few writers ever allowed to roll with a precinct detective squad. "West 57th Street," he mumbled. "A bomb. Nice way to start a night tour."

It could have been worse, and he knew it. Giarnella, a 42-year-old, has been a working bull for 15 years and a detective in New York City's 18th Squad, in Manhattan, for 10. He can remember 15-hour night tours that started with a back-alley stiff, mottled and gaseous and stinking in his bloated skin case, or a bloody tenement house rape, vicious, depraved and tragic. This was just a potential bottle of nitroglycerine. Whether it blew or not, there would be people to talk to and forms to fill out, and the absolute certainty that this was to be a long, bad Saturday night.

The squad room was empty, except for the two of us. Giarnella's regular partner, John Ford, was out making friends with a stool pigeon. Ed Driscoll, the third man on the team, was uptown on a burglary. A big-breasted blonde with no visible means of support had reported $5,000 worth of jewels stolen. Insured, of course. For us, the bomb run would have to wait for someone to return and take the squeals. Anyway, the uniformed cops were already at the scene, with the Bomb Squad.

The Friday night-tour team, officially scheduled to go off duty nine hours ago, were all out on a homicide. A tough one. Two young hoods in an Eighth Avenue gin mill had started swinging over the dubious affections of a round-bottomed hooker. The smaller guy lost the fight, went home and reappeared just before closing. With a gun. He blew a hole in the winner's belly, thus reversing the decision. The girl had long since left with a third guy who had money. All three men were in the rackets. None of



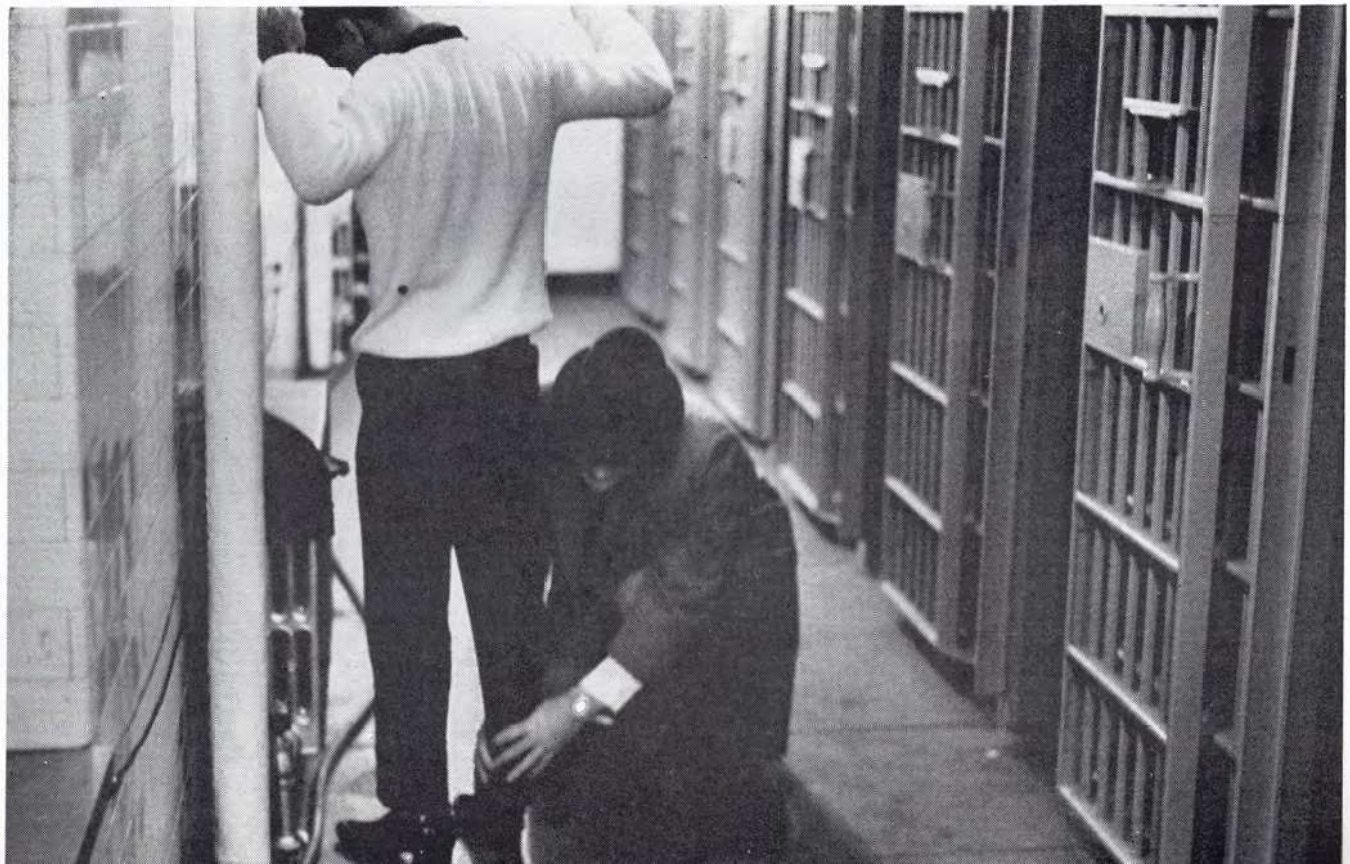
The kid being searched (left) sported a long knife. Detectives argue fate: home or court. Decision: take him home.

The complaint: molester in an apartment house. Detectives go through building, ask tenants if they've seen the man.

NIGHT BEAT IN THE ASPHALT JUNGLE

In the station house, two girls complain they're getting obscene phone calls.

This young garageman, annoyed at a co-worker, beat him with a tire iron. Now a detective shakes him out for the lock-up



Night is the cover, the time for the devious and the deadly to emerge

the 80 people in the bar at the time of the shooting had seen a thing. Naturally.

"Eighteenth Squad, Detective Giarnella." Al cradled the receiver between his cheek and shoulder, pulling over a clipboard with a wad of department stationery jammed under the spring. An inspector from downtown was calling. Two policewomen would be up in the 18th to make an arrest of a knife-wielding masher that night, and someone from the squad would have to go with them. Giarnella grinned as he replaced the phone. Johnny Ford would blow his stack. Hated policewomen.

It was 5:15 p.m., and starting to get dark. Giarnella got up again and watched through the barred windows as the fine automobiles from Jersey and the Bronx careened off the West Side Highway and into the city for a night on the town. In the two weeks I spent with Al's team, I never was quite sure whether the cops felt unconsciously superior to these people they were sworn to protect or punish, or whether they unconsciously envied them. In any case, I knew Al was hoping that they would do their drinking and eating and loving quietly, and then climb back into their sleek chariots and go home. Or, if they must, at least do their shooting and stabbing in somebody else's precinct.

The 18th is a strange precinct: it takes in a piece of almost every kind of action you can find in New York City. The con games are big and slick on 59th Street's strip of plush hotels, the muggers are vicious and quick on Eighth Avenue. On the waterfront there are shylocking and the rackets. There are lush workers on 10th Avenue, dope peddlers on Sixth, whores and faggots on the cross-town streets.

Living in the area are 151,000 people, white and Negro, Puerto Rican and Irish, millionaires and men on relief. It is not the toughest precinct in the city (the Harlem squad makes that claim), nor is it the most exciting (Times Square bulls get the really screwball action). But it ranks among the highest for pure variety.

Giarnella is one of 22 detectives in the 18th squad, which is one of 81 such squads in New York City. He is a good cop. He has the reputation of being very compassionate, a soft guy who will listen to anybody's story and feel bad if he can't help, the kind of guy who will stake a prisoner's old mother to breakfast before court, or help an ex-con get a job. He can afford to act gentle because he also has a very broad and heavy pair of hands, which he uses, and when the going gets thick, the boys like to have Al around.

"Excuse me, is this where the detectives are?" The woman was about 50, dumpy, neatly dressed, and nervous on the far side of the iron gate.

Giarnella opened his eyes, got up heavily and led the woman by the arm through the gate and into a chair near his. "Now, ma'am, I'm Detective Giarnella. What can we do for you?"

Probably feeling out of place in the stark, file-cabinet-and-wire-basket masculinity of the squad room, the woman spoke rapidly. Her pocketbook had been snatched on 58th Street. She had reported it to the uniformed desk sergeant. Now she wanted a note to the Motor Vehicle Bureau stating she had reported the theft so she could get a duplicate driver's license. Al began opening a typewriter when the phone rang.

"Yeah, Loot, 1961 Corvair." He began scribbling notes. "That was John Ford's squeal. I'll tell him. Motor pulled right out, huh? No kidding. Right."

"Never a dull moment," said the woman, brightly.

Al managed a wan smile as he typed her note. He never liked paper work or the obtrusion of petty details. Every detective thinks he should be free to prowl the streets.

"I wouldn't bother you but I need that license to visit my daughter in Illinois, she might come home for the holidays, but if she doesn't I'll have to. . . . You understand?"

"Sure, ma'am, sure," said Giarnella in his velvet, soothing voice. "Just take this note downtown."

At 5:30 Ford and Driscoll came back. Ford, who has worked with Giarnella for six years, is a square-set, solid man of 41 with a tough face seemingly carved from imperfect Mount Rushmore stone. His nose is slightly pushed in, jaw somewhat stuck out. He looks like bad news.

"What's up, Al?"

"They found your Corvair, John. The Loot up in the 24th said the engine was picked clean out."

"What'll those bastards think of next," said Ford, half in admiration.

"And we got a bomb call. . . ."

Ford and Giarnella anchored their .38 Colt Detective Specials in their belts and tapped their back pockets as they left the squad room. This is the rolling-out ritual of detectives. A gun is no good unless you can pull it easily, and a detective who loses his blue-and-gold shield is automatically broken back down to uniform duty.

Driscoll stayed behind to handle the squeals.

The telephone operator at the film company who had made the bomb call was a thin-lipped, hawk-faced spinster with a voice like a rusty nail.

"No grudges or animosity around here," she rasped. "No disgruntled employees I can finger for a quick collar."

Giarnella and Ford exchanged tired glances. They waited quietly while she rang the personnel director's office.

Ford swore softly. "Damn dames who watch television."

"You wouldn't believe this, John," said Giarnella, "But last week a woman asked me why it took me 20 minutes to set up a telephone tracer—she said that they can do it in five minutes on *Naked City*. I wanted to say, 'Lady, *I* don't have to solve a case between the commercials.' "

"That's all you need to say," growled Ford. "Damn dame drops a letter on you for abusing the public and then some sergeant comes sniffing around. . . ."

The personnel director, aloof and cold, had us ushered into his office. He acted as though he were doing the detectives a big favor. Reluctantly he gave Giarnella the name of a woman who had once worked for the firm, but had been dismissed because of a nervous disorder. He kept on repeating that he didn't want any trouble or bother.

"If there is a bomb in the building, and it goes off," said Giarnella, his patience wearing thin, "there will be a great deal of trouble and bother."

The executive shrugged and showed us the door. Nobody really loves a cop. A man in danger is pleading and friendly, but short of that, a wall of hostility and distrust shoots up every time a detective enters a room and identifies himself. Even I began to feel like a lonely hunter after a couple of days of this routine.

We were on our way out again, thinking about dinner, when the sergeant from the Emergency Wagon sidled up to Ford and whispered that he had found the bomb. Nobody flinched.

At that time of evening, on a Saturday, there are very few people in a commercial Manhattan building. It took less than 15 minutes to empty the offices. The switchboard operator with the hard-nosed words was one of the first out.

The bottle of nitro sat in a deserted office on the third floor. The Bomb Squad technicians were starting to test the yellowish liquid in the bottle. Ford and Giarnella joined the small crowd outside the front door.

They stood there, leaning against [*Continued on page* 99]

MAN vs. HIS TERRIBLE TEMPERED MACHINES

Mechanical things, we are convinced, have souls, personality, moods—and bad tempers. They respond to their master's voice and touch like a well-trained wife. But let a stranger take over the controls and all hell can come unhinged

By JEAN MUIR

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HUEHNERGARTH

■ Recently I have heard a number of people discussing the curious relationship between men and machines. These people were all honest, respectable citizens, not given to shooting off their mouths, but just the same some of their stories have been pretty difficult to swallow.

One of these yarn spinners was a retired judge and as respectable as a man can be. He insisted his hearing aid went dead every time the Giants started losing a ballgame. When I expressed scepticism, he became hostile. "No, certainly I'm not kidding. It simply goes dead . . . Well, yes, I'm a Giant fan. But what's that got to do with it?"

Personally I think he gets upset when the Giants are losing and tinkers around nervously with the sound controls. But what about the man who claims his watch keeps perfect time on his wrist but goes haywire when he hangs it up on a nail? Or the fellow who says his toaster quits when he puts raisin bread in it?

And another thing—it had always been my understanding that a mechanical object, when properly assembled, went right ahead and did the job it was built to do. If it broke down, you took it to a repairman, who made the necessary adjustments. But, oh no! It's not as simple as that. There is a lot of psychology connected with this business of handling machines. You've got to get with them. You've got to have a liking and respect for your dishwasher or your electric razor. Otherwise dire things will happen.

It seems the human race can be divided into pro-mechanical and anti-mechanical people. If you're pro-mechanical, your household equipment purrs along happily and your car never stalls on a hill. But if you happen to be anti-mechanical, you are doomed to a life of intense frustration. An illustration of this was provided by Louis A. MacKay, professor of Latin at the University of California. Professor MacKay himself is pro-mechanical. It is one of his Berkeley friends who is behind the eight ball.

"The poor devil seems to be in conflict with the whole mechanical world," Professor MacKay explained. "Whenever he comes in contact with any machine, it goes hog wild. Motors jam; fuses blow. The list of his misadventures is staggering."

On one occasion, the professor recalled, this friend installed an air conditioner in the window of his home. It promptly went into a reverse cycle and heated instead of cooling. After that he set up a pump in his garage to circulate the water in his swimming pool. Result: all the water left the pool and went sloshing back through the garage.

"Curiously enough," Professor MacKay said, "the man is not unhandy in many ways. He is a good woodsman and gets along well with implements related to the stone age, such as hammers and axes. But anything with so much as one movable part will lay back its ears and fight him tooth and nail. To watch him trying to set up a collapsible garden chair is a frightening experience. They end up wrestling fiercely together on the ground and when they are finally separated, either the chair is smashed beyond repair or the man has suffered some physical injury, a dislocated shoulder, possibly, or a sprained wrist.

"In view of this, I have refused to lend him my power saw. This is a well-built machine, but unusually temperamental. If he ever got his hands on it, the saw would either end up a pile of junk or else it would get fed up some day, turn on him and kill him dead."

While admitting that Professor MacKay's friend is an extreme case, none of the people I talked to seemed to think it was at all unusual for machines to fight back, if they happen to take a dislike to an operator.

"Sure they'll fight back," a catskinner said. "Machines are just as moody and difficult as human beings. I've known obstinate ones and flighty ones and I've known a few neurotics, too. They'll fight rough if you don't watch them. I'd quit a job before I'd run a machine I couldn't get along with, like some old tractor, maybe, that has worked a long time with [*Continued on page* 104]

huehnergarth

By ERNEST G. SCHWIEBERT
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

Deep into Labrador, where only Indians and Eskimos fish, we tracked down a wild rumor—and suddenly...

we found a salmon Shangri-La

UNGAVA BAY, LABRADOR

■ The moment of truth had come.

Two thousand miles north of New York, we circled our Cessna over a river basin walled with brooding mountains and studied the rapids for salmon water. Below our floats, the great subarctic river narrowed its emerald-dark currents into a brawling two-mile series of falls and pools and chutes. Below the rapids the river looked wide and deep, with an excellent beach sheltered from the wind.

"What do you think?" yelled Bob Bryan.

"Looks good! Let's set her down."

Soon our floats touched and Bryan cut the engine. I tossed our anchor up the smooth, unmarked beach. Ted Rogowski tugged on the anchor line until the shovels rooted and held. Ungava gulls wheeled in the sun. The morning was filled with the sound of white water. Our party had fished trout and Atlantic salmon quite extensively, but the old anticipation and excitement still welled up inside. This almost unknown river far east of the top of Hudson Bay was rich with rumors of salmon, and we were impatient to sample its pools, but in the subarctic you make your encampment first and fish later.

When our lightweight tension-tents were secure, high on a dominant moraine above the beach, and a three-day stack of firewood was racked between two sheltering trees, we hiked upriver to fish the pools we had scouted from the plane.

We hiked to the head of the rapids through stands of spruce and stunted bracken. There were pale caribou-moss meadows bright with berries and flowers. Five days without rain had left the lichens brittle underfoot, and the moss held our tracks like fresh snow. Springs seeped and trickled across our trail.

There were great piles of glacier boulders and lichen-mottled ledges where we rigged our tackle. We squirmed into our waders and laced our felt-soled wading shoes with impatient fingers. Our eagerness was swallowed. Salmon fishermen cannot be careless with their tackle—a missed guide or a poorly mounted reel or a faulty knot can spell dis-

Explorer with fly rod casts for salmon at dusk on remote Labrador river.

we found a salmon Shangri-La

Big tent glows an eerie welcome in the night as anglers return.

Eskimos came 40 miles by canoe for dance at May's Landing.

aster with fish that reach 50 pounds and burn 200 yards of line from a reel in seconds. I selected a large low-water Minktail. Two great salmon vaulted into the air and fell back into the oil-smooth current as I approached the river.

"They're here!" somebody yelled.

Another salmon porpoised like a lazy cat.

We were excited now.

My backcasts looped and lengthened high above the hook-breaking boulders behind us. The cast fell nicely some 30 feet above the place where the salmon had rolled. The smooth current was deceptive, and I had to mend the drift twice to keep it dragless when it reached the holding lie.

Then the impossible happened.

The emerald current revealed a bright shape that rose to intercept the fly. The tightening line bellied downstream as the salmon held the Minktail in its jaws, and I struck hard when it came taut. The rod doubled over against his weight and nothing happened for several seconds. Then the current exploded with the churning of his spade-sized tail and the salmon cartwheeled wildly into the air. The big salmon reel screamed until the salmon leaped again. Five times the great fish slashed from the river and backing burned off the spool.

"You'll have to follow him!" shouted Rogowski.

Shed-sized boulders and algae-treacherous ledges blocked our pursuit. I held the rod over my head and leapfrogged downriver. The reel was still going. Rogowski followed with advice and a prematurely-opened salmon tailer. The rod was dancing dangerously when the salmon leaped again, and the line fell slack. The fish was gone. We had run a hundred yards over a glacier-deposited obstacle course and lost. I reeled to recover line with aching leg muscles and searing lungs and the panting taste of pennies in my mouth.

Rogowski closed the salmon tailer.

"How big?" shouted Bryan downstream.

I was too tired to answer.

"Eighteen," yelled Rogowski. "Maybe twenty!"

I still reeled to recover line and the Minktail inched toward us through the current. Rogowski sprawled on the boulders.

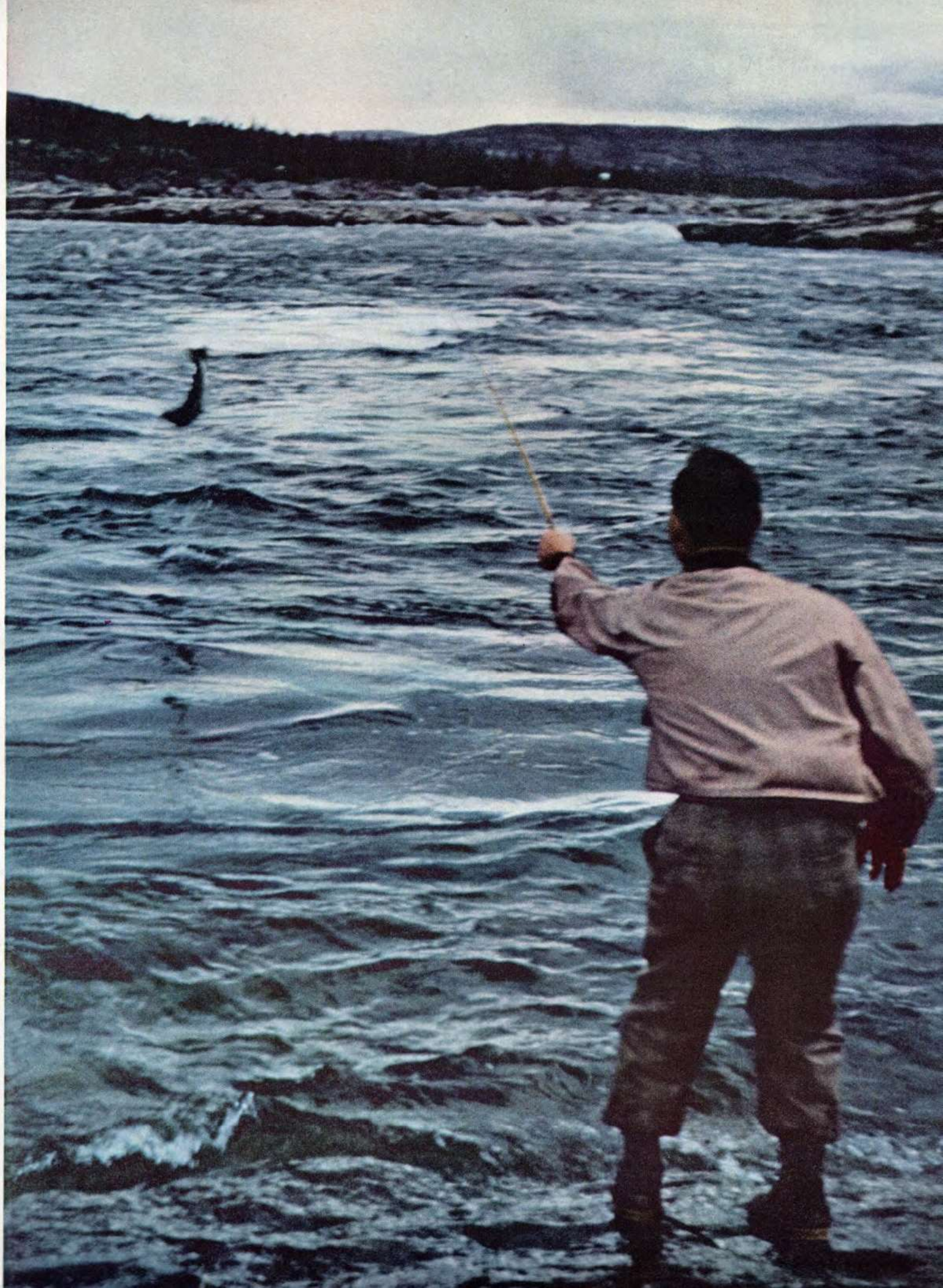
"We're soft," he said.

Our lungs and legs still ached. The Minktail trailed in the current and I turned to sit down beside him. Suddenly the rod doubled over and the reel screamed.

"No!" I groaned and scrambled to my feet and set the hook.

Twelve pounds of salmon somersaulted in our faces, showered us with water and started downstream. I followed helplessly over the rocks. Rogowski scrambled along waving the salmon tailer and yelling advice I could no longer hear above the roar of the river. We reached a dead end—the salmon was still running and we were stopped by a building-sized boulder. Rogowski scrambled on the boulder and lifted my line clear while I ran around, high above the water. Fatigue was forgotten in the wild running fight. I tailed the salmon in a quiet backwater 200 yards and 30 minutes downstream. We were exultant: paydirt in the first pool of the first river we tried! We [*Continued on page* 118]

The great reward of a wildly leaping salmon came frequently. Salmon averaged 14 pounds, struck hard



The Case of THE LOOTING LOVER

He looked like a minister, loved like a Don Juan, robbed like an expert and killed like a gangster

By CARTER PRICE and BOOTON HERNDON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. MCDERMOTT

■ If there had been some national award for the outstanding young man in Gordon Fawcett Hamby's profession, he would surely have walked off with it. He possessed an extremely unusual combination of talents: he was imaginative, yet capable of detailed planning; individually daring, yet an excellent executive. He had the sensitive, aesthetic face of a dedicated young minister, but inside he was as tough as a guerrilla leader. Beautiful and talented women came to him without benefit of marriage; men trusted him and risked their necks for him. Using them all—talent and determination, women and men—Hamby, by the time he was 24, had grossed at least a quarter of a million dollars, tax-free, in a line of work which is particularly demanding. Hamby robbed banks.

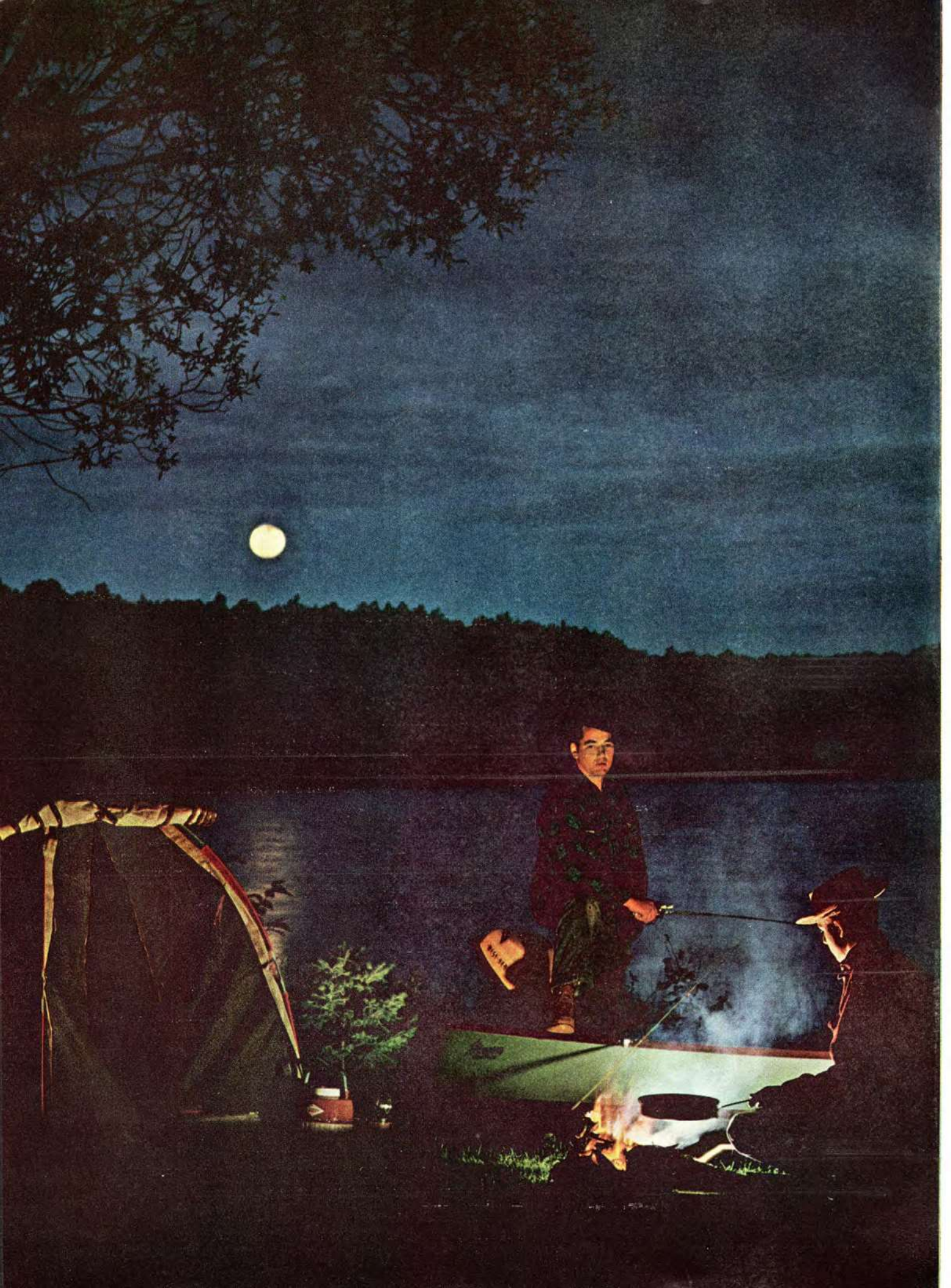
Hamby, as a matter of fact, came about as close as anyone to disproving the adage that crime does not pay. Although he practiced his profession in big cities and small towns in the United States and Canada and abroad, he was never apprehended for robbery. It was, rather, a strange personality weakness which led to Hamby's downfall and early demise. Like a gifted but spoiled child, he simply couldn't stand being denied anything he wanted. On the rare occasions when a woman turned him down, it ate at his soul until he got even. With men he retaliated immediately. Nobody knows exactly how many men Hamby shot and killed, but they were doubtless all executed for the same reason: they did not do what Gordon Fawcett Hamby told them to do.

If he had only learned how to curb this intolerance, and his trigger finger, Gordon Fawcett Hamby might well have prospered for many more years.

Persons who knew Hamby, particularly his girl friends, often wondered why, with all that ability, he did not take up some legitimate trade. The question answered itself. To Gordon Hamby taking money away from people at the point of a gun came naturally. What else was so demanding of so many talents? What else was so rewarding in excitement, accomplishment, and money?

Though he seemed so poised, so gentle, so composed, fires raged within him. He had to prove himself, over and over and over, to both men and women.

Hamby made it look easy. One foggy January night in Seattle, 1917, he found himself running short of ready cash; [*Continued on page* 125]



SAFARI U.S.A.

Millions are discovering the pleasure and adventure of camping. A big part of the fun is choosing from a gigantic selection of equipment

■ The first time I ever went camping, some years ago, two of us took matches, salt, jackknife, blankets, some fishing tackle, and walked off into the woods. We cut evergreen boughs for a bed, roasted fish on a stick over a smoky fire and in general reveled in our wonderful discomfort. What I remember most distinctly was the following week. I ached in every joint, and it took most of the week to peel the accumulated dirt off.

I refuse to be disloyal enough to deny the heady excitement of "back when." But I will wholeheartedly admit that since then camping has changed awesomely, and for the better. By those early standards it is hardly recognizable. Today's camper has, literally, a plush home afield. The camp has added a welter of new and exciting dimensions, with a veritable horde of bright and gimmicky equipment that brings the finest of creature comforts to the woods, dolls up a wilderness bivouac until it is almost as civilized as your living room at home.

There are tents with separate bedrooms, living rooms, screened kitchens, rugs on the floor. In them you can have fluorescent lighting, heat without fire, TV, a portable bar. You can hook up your tent to the back of your station wagon for easy access to and fro, or pitch it, literally, *atop* your station wagon. For refrigeration you can use an actual refrigerator that hooks up to your car, or to a propane bottle. You can cook in pans that need no grease, or with disposable aluminum liners that eliminate the agony of the dish pan.

By the use of the swanky new pickup-truck coaches, you can even eliminate practically everything that means work around camp. In such a unit, with jalousie picture windows, you can sit back and stare lazily out upon the lakeside scene. You can have butane refrigeration, heat and cooking. With an independent pressure water system, shower, self-contained toilet and septic tank, 12-volt lights, indeed you live just as if you *were* home. Only more cozily and with less strain.

This is the flash-on picture of camping in the U.S. today. People are going for it, too. By the millions. Currently there is one of the biggest moves of the century from indoors to outdoors. Camping has become a kind of pleasant hysteria, a happy fixation. And one of the most interesting slants of all is that the impetus for this craze is a kind of cart before the horse affair.

To wit, the equipment—lighter in weight, more colorful, efficient, ingenious, aimed at more comfort than the world has ever previously seen—is the spark that ignited the fire. You get browsing around in the magazine ads, the stores. You see all these appealing things. You hear that friends you never thought would [*Continued on page* 66]

By BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

My Life and Laughs

Living with a house full of critters, all with minds of their own, can lead to some

IN A HOUSEHOLD ZOO

interesting developments with friends, neighbors — and sometimes doctors

■ Curled up in my lap while I write this is Macho, a little squirrel monkey who is one of the gentlest, most affectionate pets I have ever known. Macho does not belong to me; he is the property of my 18-year-old daughter Julie, but although for seven years Julie lavished endless attention on Jupo, a spider monkey who had the disposition of King Kong and the strength of Gargantua, Julie does not like Macho. The little fellow cries bitterly when left alone, so taking care of him has been relegated to me. As Julie sadly told me, "Daddy, I'm sorry about Macho but he just doesn't have a real personality like Jupo."

Jupo certainly had a personality. She bit everyone in the household (except Julie). My son Danny still carries the scar where Jupo ripped open the side of his leg when he was playfully wrestling with his sister. Jupo ran loose about the farm in the summer and established a blockade of the house; no one was allowed in or out without bribing her with fruit. Delivery men arrived at the house carrying their offerings like ancient priests assuaging the wrath of some vengeful deity. When guests arrived one day with a little boy who attempted to bypass Jupo's outstretched paw and as a result had to have seven stitches taken in his forearm, Jupo went to the zoo—the first animal I have consigned to a life behind bars. I must be getting old, for frankly I prefer Macho to Jupo, but still I can see what Julie means. Macho is almost like a domestic kitten or puppy.

Domestic animals have been bred by man to accept a position of subservience. Wild animals are themselves. Astonishingly little is known about them—how they live, what they eat, and above all how they think. Yet for thousands of years keeping wild animals was regarded as an invaluable skill. Today all this is fast becoming a lost art.

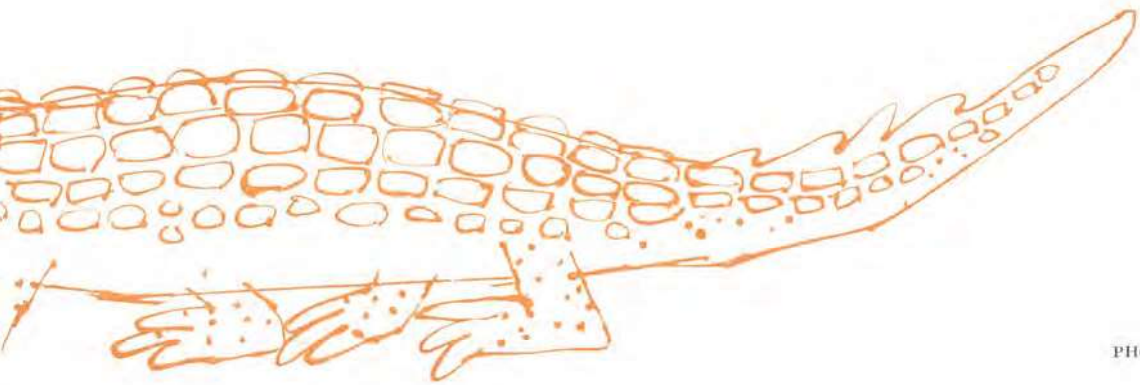
I have always had wild-animal pets. My father was a captain in the Navy, and during the many years he spent on active service, he and mother were often away and I was brought up in my grandparents' home on the Philadelphia Main Line—then largely open country.

In the summer when school closed I would get up shortly after dawn and be out in the garden all day, returning only reluctantly for meals. As I grew older, I extended my explorations gradually. I had plenty of territory to explore. My grandparents' place bordered on the Ashbridge farm "Rosemont," which then covered over 200 acres. The entire district was named Rosemont from the farm. Next to the Ashbridge place was the Johnson estate covering several hundred acres and completely surrounded by an ornamental wrought-iron fence 10 feet high. It was magnificent, but a heck of a place for one to find a lost 10-foot alligator.

Bordering both the Ashbridge and Johnson estates was the Austin property, even larger and more elaborate. The Austins owned a tract of woods which I gradually came to know as well as I knew our own [*Continued on page* 131]

By DANIEL P. MANNIX

Since 1946 Dan Mannix has written 57 pieces for TRUE—practically all of them about the fascinating creatures of the animal world which he has made his friends. Now he has woven his adventures with these animals and many more into a book, published by the McGraw-Hill Co., Inc., under the title All Creatures Great and Small *(Copyright © 1963 by Daniel P. Mannix).*



DRAWINGS BY LOU MYERS
PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBERT FENN

Everybody can tell you the name of the first man to fly the Atlantic non-stop, but who remembers a breezy character named Charles Levine who came in second?

THE MAN WHO WAS ALMOST LINDBERGH

By VENLO WOLFSOHN and BOOTON HERNDON

■ In the glorious days of aviation following World War I, when daredevils in leather helmets and shiny riding boots flew oceans and continents by the seats of their pants, one man stood out like a tout at a tea party. With a taste for pin-striped suits with flashy broad lapels, an eye for publicity and a knack for finagling a fast buck, he was a Brooklyn wheeler and dealer named Charles J. Levine. Never in aviation history has there been such an unlikely hero.

Today the name of Charley Levine can be found in the reference books alongside of the greatest pilots of flying's greatest era. Forgotten are his high-handed dealings with the real heroes of the day, his fights and brawls and romantic escapades, his numerous arrests and time spent in prison—forgotten, in a sense, like the man himself. This, apparently, is the way Charley wants it. He was one of the great headline-hunters of that publicity-mad era, but it has been over 20 years now since he deliberately dropped off the front pages, and he has never been back.

Charles Levine was interested in aviation as a youth, putting in a stint as an apprentice mechanic, but his real career began in 1926, when he was 29. By that time he could afford to begin at the top, for he was a millionaire. At the age of 23 he had read that the government planned to drop quantities of World War I surplus shell casings and ammunition in the ocean. He got a fast loan, acquired the material, and later sold it back to the government at a huge profit. Even that windfall wasn't enough for Charley. A Congressional investigation revealed later that he had never paid for a good part of the material in the first place.

Blasting over the narrow blacktop roads of Long Island in one of his three expensive cars, gazing proudly at his north shore estate or his good-looking wife, Grace, the daughter of a Brooklyn judge, a less driven man might well consider he had it made. Not Charley. In a world gone mad over aviation, he saw it as a means to gain headlines, glory, and, with a little luck, maybe even a few more millions.

The biggest incentive of all was the Orteig prize of $25,000 offered for the first flight between New York and Paris. The man who won that prize could parlay it into just about anything he wanted out of life.

Charley approached Guiseppe Bellanca, one of the greatest plane designers of his day, and talked him into joining Levine's newly organized Co-

Trouble was already brewing when Levine and furry friend posed in front of the Columbia *with Mabel Boll, wife Grace and Bill Stultz, one of his many pilots.*

The historic flight kicked off a wild round of parties, sprees with beautiful women, joy rides with royalty, splashy headlines. Charley Levine had a ball, all right, but the hangover was terrific

Heiress Mabel Boll, the girl who was almost Amelia Earhart.

lumbia Aircraft Company. For an outlay of $25,000, Charley not only got Bellanca, but Bellanca's latest plane. A sturdy monoplane with a 46-foot wing of special design and a 200-horsepower engine, it could hit 110 miles per hour.

Also included in the deal was Bellanca's test pilot, Clarence Chamberlin. Though the steady, dependable Chamberlin was one of the great all-time pilots, Levine took him only on Bellanca's insistence. Chamberlin was not Charley's idea of a flier. Instead of riding breeches and shiny boots, Chamberlin wore knickers and loud socks. Instead of the hard-drinking, lady-killing, boisterous daredevil Charley wanted, Chamberlin was quiet, happily married and a non-drinker; his family, in fact, was active in temperance work.

Charley's first chance to unload Chamberlin came when a shy young man walked in and offered $25,000 cash for the Bellanca plane for the transatlantic flight. Charley figured out the angles immediately. If the plane made it, his Columbia Aircraft Corporation would get all the orders it could fill. If it didn't make it, he'd at least gotten his $25,000 back.

"Okay," Charley said, "but we reserve the right to name your crew."

"I'd kind of thought of flying it alone," the young man said.

Charley took another look at the boyish face and the neat business suit, and turned the customer down cold. His name, of course, was Charles A. Lindbergh.

In the meantime the papers were full of the race for the Orteig prize. Capt. René Fonck, the French ace, was the leading contender. His plane cost $100,000, including the special services of a renowned interior decorator. It flew for just three minutes and Captain Fonck was killed in the crash. An American, Lt. Cmdr. Nelson Davis, with the backing of the American Legion, poured $120,000 into a tri-motored plane. The experts said that if he took enough gasoline to keep the engines running all the way to Europe, the plane would never get off the ground. Davis laughed at the experts. He ran the heavily loaded plane down the short runway and into a mud bank, killing himself and his crew.

The leading remaining contenders were the French team of Nungesser and Coli, the French aces; Cmdr. Richard E. Byrd, first man to fly over the North Pole, and Levine's plane, the *Columbia*, apparently to be piloted by Chamberlin with another man as navigator.

Betting was heavy in both Paris and New York, with the odds on Chamberlin. Crowds of newspaper reporters filled their papers with news of the impending flights. Levine could have ordered the flight almost immediately, but instead, milking the publicity for all it was worth, he announced a preliminary endurance flight.

Without telling either Chamberlin or Bellanca, he hired his own idea of a pilot, the handsome veteran Leigh Wade, complete with riding boots. It didn't take Wade long to size up Charley, however. When it became obvious that the flight was just a publicity stunt, he cancelled out.

Then Levine turned to Bert Acosta, a burly racing pilot with a bushy RAF-type moustache and a reputation as a daredevil. With Acosta and Chamberlin sharing the controls, the Bellanca set a new world's record for endurance, with 51 hours aloft.

Charley, discounting Chamberlin completely, told reporters that Acosta was now definitely the pilot for the New York-to-Paris flight, and that he was looking for a navigator. He finally picked an air mail pilot named Lloyd Bertaud, whose boots glowed with an iridescent sheen. Compared to Acosta and Bertaud,

Levine and Chamberlin were happy after historic flight (top), but Clarence went home and Charley cracked up the Columbia.

THE MAN WHO WAS ALMOST LINDBERGH

By 1934 Levine's peccadilloes had cost him his wife, his company, his money.

Chamberlin, in his bow tie and plus fours, looked like a ribbon clerk on a family picnic.

But when Levine gave his 9-year-old daughter Eloyse a ride in the plane for a birthday present, Chamberlin was at the controls. Taking off, a wheel strut collapsed. Grace Levine, who hadn't been much in favor of her daughter taking the hop in the first place, went into hysterics. But Chamberlin brought the ship down in a masterful landing with no injury to passenger or plane.

That was enough for Acosta, who quit in deference to Chamberlin. As for Grace, we don't know exactly what she told Charley when she got him home, but a subsequent incident gave an idea. Charley, noticing smoke coming from the hangar, ran up hollering, "Save the plane! Save the plane!" He stopped short when he saw the smoke coming from a small controlled fire, carefully guarded by Chamberlin.

"I thought Grace was burning it up," he said rather sheepishly.

But soon Charley was his old self again. Only the horrified protests of Bellanca kept him from accepting fat fees to carry along a typewriter and a mattress on the transatlantic flight as an advertising stunt. Charley also had a big deal on to radio back the progress of the flight to news services, but Chamberlin insisted that the radio weighed too much. Six times Levine had the radio installed; six times he was prevailed upon to take it out. Each time the new compass had to be readjusted at a cost of $75. The last time the radio was removed, Charley forgot about the compass.

On May 8, 1927, Nungesser and Coli took off from Paris. They were never heard of again. Now Levine had an open field—detail-minded Byrd was not ready—but again he couldn't be satisfied with a good thing. The take-off was set for May 14, with Chamberlin and Bertaud booked as pilot and navigator. On the eve of the flight Levine shoved a contract at them. Under its terms, the fliers would get $150 a week for a year. Levine would get the gravy from prize money, endorsements, personal appearances, serial rights and movies. No mention was made of insurance money for their wives in case they didn't make it.

The pilots were shocked and stunned. This was a holdup. "No contract, no flight," Levine told them.

They were furious, but this was the flight of the century. If they made it they'd be immortal. They signed.

Bad weather forced postponement of the flight. The swarms of reporters were disappointed, and to give them a little news, Levine announced that "every cent of the prize money would go to the brave pilots." It sounded great until reporters asked Bertaud about it.

"Why, that lying sonofabitch," Bertaud began, and told the true story. Naturally, the papers played it big and Levine, appalled at the bad press, publicly tore up the contracts. But he didn't come up with new ones. Bertaud, sick of the whole thing, got an injunction which prohibited Levine from moving the plane up, down or sideways until it was settled.

And that was the situation on May 20, when the skies cleared and a dark horse named Lindbergh, took off for Paris.

Later that morning the injunction was dismissed and Chamberlin—Bertaud had been fired—desperately set about preparing for the flight. The *Columbia* was faster than Lindbergh's plane, and Chamberlin still believed he had a good chance to get there first. But when he was all set to go, and sought permission from Levine, Charley couldn't be [*Continued on page* 90]

MOTORIZED MELEE IN THE MUD

Muddy course through a Florida cypress swamp brings out some curious

NAPLES, FLA.

■ Down in south Florida the early inhabitants found the going pretty sticky so they invented the swamp buggy to carry them through the mud, water and gumbo of their famous cypress swamps. Now every year, a three-day celebration is held to honor these ingenious forebears and to warm everybody up for the start of the hunting season.

Drivers come from all over Florida to compete for $2,500 prize money. No two swamp buggies are ever alike but all are stripped of nonessentials for the sake of lightness, and most use chains and airplane tires for traction. Buggy power plants go from 4-cylinder Model A engines to

Spanish moss and a dazzle of paint dress up a swamp buggy for the pre-mud parade.

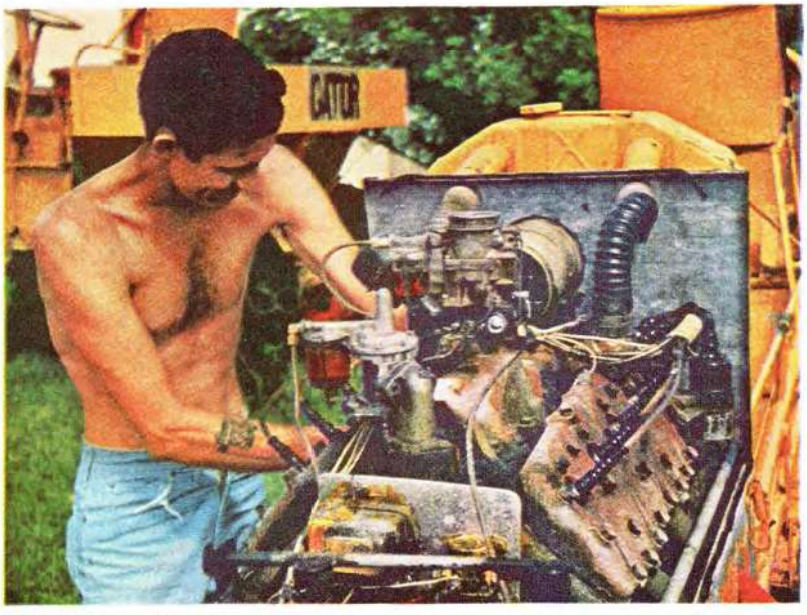
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY LYNN KERN

contraptions and dogged drivers to compete in a wild and sloppy race

Cadillac V-8's. Two- and four-wheel drive systems are most popular but some buggies turn up with six- and eight-wheel drive.

The Swamp Buggy Derby committee insures real challenge by stirring up the swamp with fire hoses and churning bulldozers. Speed is a minor factor in this race—it's mudding ability that counts. Bulldozers are thoughtfully provided for mired and drowned-out buggies.

Of course there is a swamp buggy queen. And she gets to take a ride with the winner. Though swamp buggies have no mud guards, there are so many eager contestants it sometimes takes three days to pick a queen. ■



Driver Tommy Buckhalt of Miami built his "Grasshopper" especially for race.

Strange but TRUE

by George R. Martin

The Hawaiian language had gaps in it that handicapped American missionaries in the early 1800's who preached to the natives about righteousness. The islanders had no word for chastity, a condition unknown to them. Their innocent liking for doing what came naturally made Hawaii a sailors' paradise. Brown-limbed belles boarded whaling ships in port and gladly voyaged with the men on island cruises, the prettiest ones usually bunking with the captain. The missionaries had difficulty condemning adultery—like chastity, it wasn't in the Hawaiian language—but they supplied the missing words and stressed the meanings so sternly that within a few years, things changed. The girls stayed away from the ships and spurned invitations to go sailing. Indignant whalers threatened to lynch the missionaries. On Maui, formerly friendliest of islands, ships' crews twice went looking for the Reverend Richards, and a third ship lobbed a cannonball through his house. The captain of the *Wellington*, smarting under Maui snubs, vowed he'd get even with the whole population. On his next visit in 1826, direct from Central America, he set ashore a wriggler-infested barrel of water. Soon the Reverend Richards regretfully gave the natives another new word—mosquito—for the little fly that had started them slapping and hadn't been known in Hawaii before. Within a generation or two, throughout all the Hawaiian islands, mosquitoes were as common as sin—and both, cynics claimed, could be traced to missionary zeal. *By T. H. Matthews, Honolulu, Hawaii.*

Disciplining schoolboys had always been done with the traditional birch rod until Joseph Lancaster opened a new kind of elementary school in England at the turn of the 19th century. A Quaker, Lancaster rejected violence. Furthermore, his system of having large numbers of pupils taught by older student "monitors" under one schoolmaster's supervision made birching impractical. Lancaster chose, instead, discipline by humiliation. He devised the most grotesque series of punishments ever inflicted on hapless youngsters. For idleness or talking, a boy wore a log across his shoulders like an ox yoke. For other misdemeanors, his legs might be hobbled like a convict's in a wooden shackle, in which he stumped laboriously around the classroom. Being kept in after school was enforced literally: the boy was tied to his desk. The height of disgrace came in the "bird cage": the offender was put in a basket or sack and hoisted to the ceiling, where he hung in full view of everybody, to be laughed at. This was a terrible punishment, Lancaster conceded, and he reserved it for delinquent monitors. Because the monitorial system made possible cheaply run public schools with large enrollments—providing the first true mass education—Lancastrian schools flourished in England for 50 years. Several U.S. cities used the system until about 1840, but omitted Lancaster's punishments and retained the old-fashioned birch rod as more humane, in a way. *By L. C. McClintock, Philadelphia, Pa.*

Water down the drain swirls out of a counterclockwise circle in the northern hemisphere, clockwise in the southern . . . theoretically. A test in your own wash bowl, however, will show that, just as likely, it doesn't. Actually, water will swirl out in the same direction it swirled in from the slant of the faucet stream. Why it does this, instead of always obeying natural law, has been traced by inquisitive scientists to the uncanny fact that water possesses a "memory." After it seems completely still, some portion of its molecules continue creeping invisibly in "residual circulation" that is sufficient to start the circle going again when the drain is opened. In a circular tub, only after many hours does its memory fail, when circulation finally stops; then it will swirl out correctly—for the northern half of the turning earth, counterclockwise. *By F. P. Wilson, Amherst, Mass.*

Among swordfishes of the world, the most skillful today at spearing a floating object are probably the marlins of the Indian Ocean, for they have had plenty of practice. Unique targets were strewn for them because of World War II. Cargo ships from the Orient, torpedoed off east Africa, left bales of natural rubber afloat. Thousands of these 3-foot, 280-pound cubes, floating barely awash, drifted to the African shore; some, detained in ocean eddies, are still being landed after 20 years. Many contained the broken-off tip of a marlin sword; late arrivals have as many as four each. That the marlins gave a good try is shown by the fact that the tips lodged 4 to 6 inches deep in the tough rubber—a gloomy portent for anybody who gets cast adrift in the Indian Ocean in an inflated rubber life raft. *By Robert Quigley, Roanoke, Va.*

Murder left its mark on the United States Capitol three-quarters of a century ago in characteristically indelible stains. They are not the gory crimson of detective-story fiction, but black—the color of blood when it dries. Householders in old times knew the remarkable permanence of this color and valued it on their floors; until the 16th or 17th century, the humbler houses of England had earthen floors of clay mixed with bullock's blood that became hard and shiny-black. In the Capitol on February 28, 1890, two men who had quarreled—a Washington newspaperman and an ex-congressman from Kentucky—met on a marble stairway in the House side of the building; the newspaperman drew a revolver and shot his opponent. Black spots remain on the steps today, and the passing of feet for 73 years and all the resources of modern chemical cleaning have not been able to remove them. *By Fenton Gurney, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.*

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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SAFARI U.S.A.

[*Continued from page* 53]

be caught embalmed in a camp went last year and had a ball. And, well, you gotta go. It is, indeed, the romance, the fun of owning and using the vast new layout of camping equipment that initially mesmerizes today's millions and overwhelms them with desire to hit the road. And it really is true that today's camp can be made so handsome, so dreamlike in comforts, so *dis*comfort proof, that *anybody* can do it easily, with no fuss, fuming, exasperation or fear.

My family and I are a living guarantee. After my original experience, my aches wore off but the urge did not. For years now, with a couple of youngsters, we've spent several months each season camping, going through phases of tents, tent campers, pickup coaches. Last summer we camped via all three methods over a three-month period, covered 12,000 miles. During the winter I made many weekend forays. A review of equipment used and observed allays misgivings. "SAFARI, U.S.A." easily translates, because of the welter of all these new and unique tools, into "Big Fun, 1963!"

Begin with campsite "housing"—with tents. They used to be heavy, stifling, awkward, drab. Now hundreds of styles emphasize lightness, good ventilation, comfort, great ease and speed of erection, and gay colors. At one western campground last summer we saw tents in turquoise, spring green, red, red-and-white stripes, bright blue, blue and white. The pleasures of modern camping begin with the appeal of the camp itself as it nestles under trees beside lake or stream. The invitation of rainbow hues is provocative indeed.

Besides, materials used in modern tents are rather astonishing. Even cheap, one-trip disposable paper tents have been tried. Recently a designer formerly with Ford Motor Co., dreamed up the "Paradome," a circular accordion-fold "cottage" with a translucent roof of plastic. His first one-season material was paper paneling. The new model is mostly aluminum and plastic. This very light 13-sided shelter, with roof and stays, folds to 5½'x3'x9", lies flat in the rear of a station wagon, with other gear piled atop. It has screened, closing windows, stakes to hold it against wind, is amazingly sturdy, durable and weather-proof.

Among our gear we have a 4-person Swedish tent mail-ordered from Corcoran, Stoughton, Massachusetts. The tent has a rubberized sewed-in floor, and a clever design eliminating ridge and side poles. It packs into a bundle 28 inches long, 8 inches in diameter, weighs only 12 pounds. Tents that size used to weight 50. American Thermos Products "Pop-Tent" is still lighter. It's igloo-shaped, requires no stakes, ropes, poles, utilizes reed-slender flexible *Fiberglas* stays, and goes up in minutes. Another interestingly designed light newcomer is the space-age-modern "wing tent," with two high, two low corners, so water runs off easily. And there's the quonset-hut shaped tent, giving 25 percent more space than in tents of comparable size. One model has air-strut ribs. You lay it out flat, stake down the floor, pump up the struts. A revision is the new "QuonStrut" (tradename) by Humphry's. Locking light aluminum struts replace air struts, a yellow, vinyl-coated nylon floor catches light to brighten the interior.

The real bugaboo of the tenter used to be getting the frame up inside. Today that big hassle, which was like trying to fight your way out of a bag, has been whipped by the ingenious trick of placing the frame—now of feather-weight aluminum—on the exterior. Hettrick, the Toledo tent makers, had one of the first. Now everybody's into the act. Advantages are ease of erection, nothing inside to whack your head on. Outside frames so light kids can put them up are stronger than the old heavy wooden ones, pack better by telescoping, can be fashioned into shapes to fit a myriad of tent designs.

Those designs are endless. Some are like screened "summer houses" with sides that instantly roll down and zip closed when storms come. The camping group that wants it really uptown can in fact have two tents: one for sleeping and lounging, an extra screen-house tent for cooking and eating. Some of these, like the Wenzel "Open-Air Screen Tent" or the Fulton Cotton Mills "Bungalow," have walls entirely of nylon screen. Such a Fancy-Dan cook tent might be accompanied by one of the many similar to Hettrick's "Vacationer" model, suited to four or more persons. It forms, if you wish, one huge room roughly 20x8 feet. Or, partitions of canvas can be dropped neatly to divide it into two spacious private double bedrooms with a big lounging or dining center in the middle.

Over recent years the station wagon crowd has had great influence on tent design. Latest popular gimmick is the tent with weather-tight entryway through its rear wall right into the open back of the wagon. There is also the tent that pitches beside your wagon and fits up over its roof, and one with platform and mattress atop your wagon, with a ladder to take you up and the rest of the tent fitting neatly against the side for a dressing room. You can even have one that pitches *entirely* atop your wagon.

What do tents cost? A quality model with exterior aluminum frame and entryway from tent to wagon will run about $100. So will one similar to our light four-man job. A modest-quality two-person umbrella type runs $25 to $40. A family tent of good materials will cost $65 to $115. It will last for years. Lying in it listening to a gentle summer-evening breeze in lakeside pines, or to the sound of lilting rain laving the roof, is all one needs to realize why, in today's harried world, camping has become so explosively popular.

However, like photography and other gadgety hobbies, camping is a progressively insidious fixation. First you have a tent, then you want a tent on wheels to tow behind your car. These so-called "tent-campers" are like streamlined, compact little aluminum boxes-on-wheels that unfold to blossom into great big tents, with beds, storage, even fold-down cupboards. There are numerous kinds available—"Apache" (we used one last summer for 6,000 miles), "Nimrod," "Heilite" are examples. All are light, 300 to 400 pounds, so easy to tow you forget there's anything behind. If you get into a no-turn-around place, or have trouble backing into a campsite, you can unhitch and easily wheel your camper around by hand.

The great advantage of the tent-camper is that most gear can be carried in its storage compartments, leaving your car free and clear, giving you vastly more room than the average tent. In addition, putting up and striking camp is a quick chore. The cost of tent-campers runs from about $300 to $650.

There are all manner of in-between versions, some of which make a novice's eyes pop. In Yellowstone we watched a group roll in with what looked like a tent-camper. It "un-telescoped" so the box cover became a roof. Aluminum walls with windows raised from inside. Another type spotted in northern Manitoba had a crank-up roof, roll-down canvas walls in gaudy con- [*Continued on page* 70]

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CAMPING SAFARI STYLE

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Produced by RON BUTLER

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DAN WYNN

Plush pleasures of modern camping begin, left to right, top, with 15-ft. AlumaCraft canoe, $244. Rubber raft, The Pirate Nautisport, by Abercrombie & Fitch, $137. Quick-assembling Apache camping trailer, the Eagle, $645. Hensoldt rubber armored binoculars, distributed by Carl Zeiss, $140. More living room luxury for today's camper, left to right, bottom: double-burner cook stove by Bernz-O-Matic, $29.95. Non-stick cooking utensils, with Teflon finish, by DuPont. Portable thermoelectric refrigerator from Midland-Ross operates on either 110 house current or 12 volt, about $125. Galley-Fridge, portable refrigerator, operates on either alcohol, 12 volt, or 110 volt power, $159.50. Coleman Sportster stove, with heat drum and cooking utensil case, $15.90. Snow-Lite jug by Coleman, $5.98. Safari Stove by Abercrombie & Fitch, $10.95. Portable bar by Abercrombie & Fitch, $55. Armour Star Lite food, keeps complete meals—even chops and steaks—fresh without refrigeration, from $1.10. Instant soups by Knorr and Campbell's.

Camper's countdown continues, left to right, from top, with green QuanStrut tent by R. A. Humphrys' Sons; shaped like quonset hut; is easily set up and has no pole obstructions, $73.50. Ray-Ban sun glasses, The Vagabond, with optically-ground precision lenses, $10.95. Down underwear by Seattle Quilt, $47. Red Pop-Tent Camper by Thermos; sleeps two; needs no poles, ropes or stakes, $81.50. On top of Pop-Tent is compact 28" x 8" case which contains imported Swedish 4-person tent by Corcoran; features sewn-in rubberized floor and unique design that eliminates ridge and side poles, $83.95. Gas lantern by Coleman, $15.95. Dark Chaser lantern, at right, by Eastman, $5.95. Rolled Tapatco Wash & Dry sleeping bag, top, by American Pad and Textile, $29.95. Ted Williams sleeping bag and duffle-bag case, rolled at bottom, by Sears, $35. Rechargeable battery-powered shaver by Schick, $29.95. Water repellent sleeping bag, open in foreground, by Seattle Quilt, $38.90. In sleeping bag, a gorgeous gal named Heather, priceless.

SAFARI U.S.A.

CAMPING CARAVAN

features Dodge 26-ft. Motor Home with new Fiberglas body, suggested retail price $9,792.30. Ford 9-passenger station wagon, The Country Squire, converts to sleeper, s.r.p. $4,599.10. Chevrolet Greenbrier, designed for outdoor versatility, s.r.p. $3,196.55. All prices designate fully-equipped models.

[*Continued from page* 66] vict stripes. The most startling one, however, was at Jackfish Lake, northwestern Ontario. I was casting from shore when the rig pulled in. They saw me catch a pike. I watched them take the cover off their tent-camper. I thought they were going to camp. Instead, they turned this cover over, put a three-horse motor on it, went whizzing across the lake. The camper cover was designed as a nine-foot boat!

The next step up in camp housing is the pickup coach, an intriguing camp-on-wheels that has become fantastically popular and is in its plushiest models close to a last word in camp rigs. Basically, it's a wheel-less, chassis-less trailer that slips into the bed of a light pickup truck. Today the pickup, smartly revamped into a classy looking vehicle, sprung to take out hard knocks, is an excellent second-car buy and gaining a certain faddish popularity in suburbia. Ford, Chevrolet, Dodge—any of the pickups will go just about anywhere, are [*Continued on page* 84]

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He Lassoed Africa

[*Continued from page 33*]

Six months after the discussion on the rock, Jones arrived in Aden, Arabia.

There he met the main body of the expedition which had come directly from the States.

It included two Arizona-New Mexico cowboys, Ambrose Means and Marshall Loveless, 12 cow ponies of similar origin, and four dogs from Jones' Grand Canyon pack, all of whom had their tongues out and lolling in the Aden heat. Jones had come via London where he had picked up not only Cherry Kearton, the world's leading photographer of wild animals, but 17 homeless dogs from a London pound including a collie and an Airedale. He had also acquired a pair of iron tongs for clamping shut the mouths of lions while he slipped muzzles over them, and a pair of special handcuffs for slipping over the wrists of lions while the muzzling process went on. In addition he had a set of branding irons for branding "B.J."—Buffalo Jones—on the rump of the king of beasts and on all the other game he was after.

Jones was nothing if not a showman. He was full of the malarkey of the Old West and loved a tall tale and a big splash, but could back up his talk with action. He had played a leading role in the killing and then in the preserving of the buffalo, and had gone alone to the Arctic Circle in an attempt to capture the first musk ox ever brought into captivity.

Jones had come west as a young man just after the Civil War. He had made his living as a professional buffalo hunter, and he had been an Indian fighter. He had been one of the founders of Garden City, Kansas, and he had also been a successful businessman. President Theodore Roosevelt had appointed him the first game warden of Yellowstone Park and while there he distinguished himself by lassoing recalcitrant grizzlies and stringing them over tree limbs and paddling their behinds with poles to teach them manners. He was also famous for crossbreeding cattle and buffalo to produce a new breed called the cattalo.

A hero of many exploits, he was now about to embark on the strangest adventure of them all.

From Aden the expedition proceeded by ship to Mombasa, British East Africa. On board was a British sportsman who claimed to have hunted African lions with dogs. Pointedly, he asked Jones if he could throw a lasso 300 feet.

"My ropes are 40 feet long," Jones replied seriously.

The Englishman laughed. "How do you expect to arrive within 40 feet of a lion?"

"On my horse," said Jones, even more seriously.

At Mombasa they boarded railroad cars screened to protect them from tsetse flies and rolled inland, reaching Nairobi on March 3, 1910.

At Nairobi they found that Theodore Roosevelt, now out of the White House and engaged in his famous African hunting safari, had passed through the district a few weeks before, bagging—in the very region into which they were going—a record rhinoceros. Newsmen had asked Roosevelt if he thought Jones would be able to lasso wild animals such as rhinos and lions, and the ex-President had replied: "I wouldn't be surprised. Those cowboys are a reckless care-for-nothing bunch."

Was it coincidence that put both expeditions in the field at the same time? Some say it was more than coincidence. They say that Bird financed the Jones Expedition in order to discredit Roosevelt by showing that unarmed men with lassos could do what the heavily armed Roosevelt party was doing with guns and bullets. Roosevelt's killing of animals was a highly controversial issue, much more so than President Eisenhower's golf or the Kennedys' swimming parties. Altogether, the Roosevelt expedition killed some 500 large animals, including 17 lions, 11 elephants, 19 rhinoceros, nine giraffe, and the fact that many of them were for museum collections still did not placate the public outcry.

Contemporary press accounts added further fuel to the fire. The anti-Roosevelt *New York Globe* headlined:

JONES ROPES
RHINOS ALIVE
Famous Western Cowboy
"Makes Good" With
Lariat in Africa
Roosevelt Outdone

The story ran two columns and included a photograph of Jones. The pro-Roosevelt *New York Times*, on the other hand, allowed Jones only an inch or two of copy on an inside page at the end of a long account of Roosevelt's progress through Africa.

Roosevelt never made a statement on the political implications of the Jones expedition but subsequently wrote a glowing foreword to a book about it, indicating that he and Jones continued on cordial terms.

Whatever the truth—and both Bird and Jones declared that their expedition had no political overtones—Jones set about making arrangements in Nairobi for a safari to carry their baggage into the interior, while Means and Loveless knocked around town in high-heeled Western boots attracting widespread attention.

The two cowpokes were characteristic samples of the American West. Loveless, short, quick-stepping, energetic, came from the Portales-Las Vegas district of New Mexico and had roped buffalo with Jones. Means, taller, easy-going, dry talking, had been a champion roper in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and had come highly recommended by Jones' friend Cody. Men, horses, dogs, had that intangible something that advertised them as Outdoor Western American.

The cowboys quickly ingratiated themselves with Nairobians. They were riding through the main street of town one day when they saw an excited crowd. A horse had thrown its rider, lost its bridle, and was running wild. Loveless happened to have his rope with him and dabbed a loop on the dangerous runaway and the American cowboys were heroes.

The Nairobi of this period included sportsmen and adventurers from all corners of earth, notably England. Whatever dark-skinned Nairobi thought, most of the white residents thought Jones crazy. "Wait till he ties onto a rhinoceros with that spotted horse," they said, sipping their whiskies and sodas on the veranda of the Colonists' Association. "He'll find out what it is to meddle with African game!" In the cemetery were the graves of 34 hunters killed by lions. One should remember that these were the lions of half a century ago and seldom became children's pets.

Despite a general antipathy, Jones found a white hunter, Ray Ulyate, who was willing to go with him as guide, and arrangements were concluded with the Boma Trading Company for native porters to carry baggage and supplies.

When the expedition marched down the main street of Nairobi—the customary procedure for safaris leaving town—it presented by all odds the strangest sight seen in those parts until John Wayne came along. At the head of the procession was 65-year-old Jones, dressed in buckskin-trimmed garments of the Old West, crowned with a white pith helmet. His v-shaped white beard gleamed in the sun and he was riding a rawboned skate of a brown-and-white spotted Arizona cow pony that looked ready for the glue factory but was tough as rock. Trotting at his heels were 21 assorted hound dogs, and then came Loveless and Means sloping in their saddles with the deceiving cowpunchers' slouch. Then came the somewhat pompous photographer Kearton, and his assistant Gobbet, both a bit embarrassed at being seen with this wild crew but still under the spell of Jones. Finally there were 130 porters on foot, carrying everything from movie cameras to branding irons.

Over the long line of porters flew the Stars and Stripes and the house flag of the Boma Trading Company, which—by uncanny coincidence—was a white buffalo skull. Underneath the skull was this motto in Latin: "A wise man is vigilant." Nothing could have fitted Jones better. Even if people didn't like him they admitted his astuteness. True, he was stern, overbearing, positive to a fault. Not once had his certainty weakened. His very cocksureness turned people against him.

Ulyate, their guide, had gone ahead to make arrangements for ox wagons to transport heavy baggage and equipment, and within three days they were lining out across the plains. Long distances.

[*Continued on page 74*]

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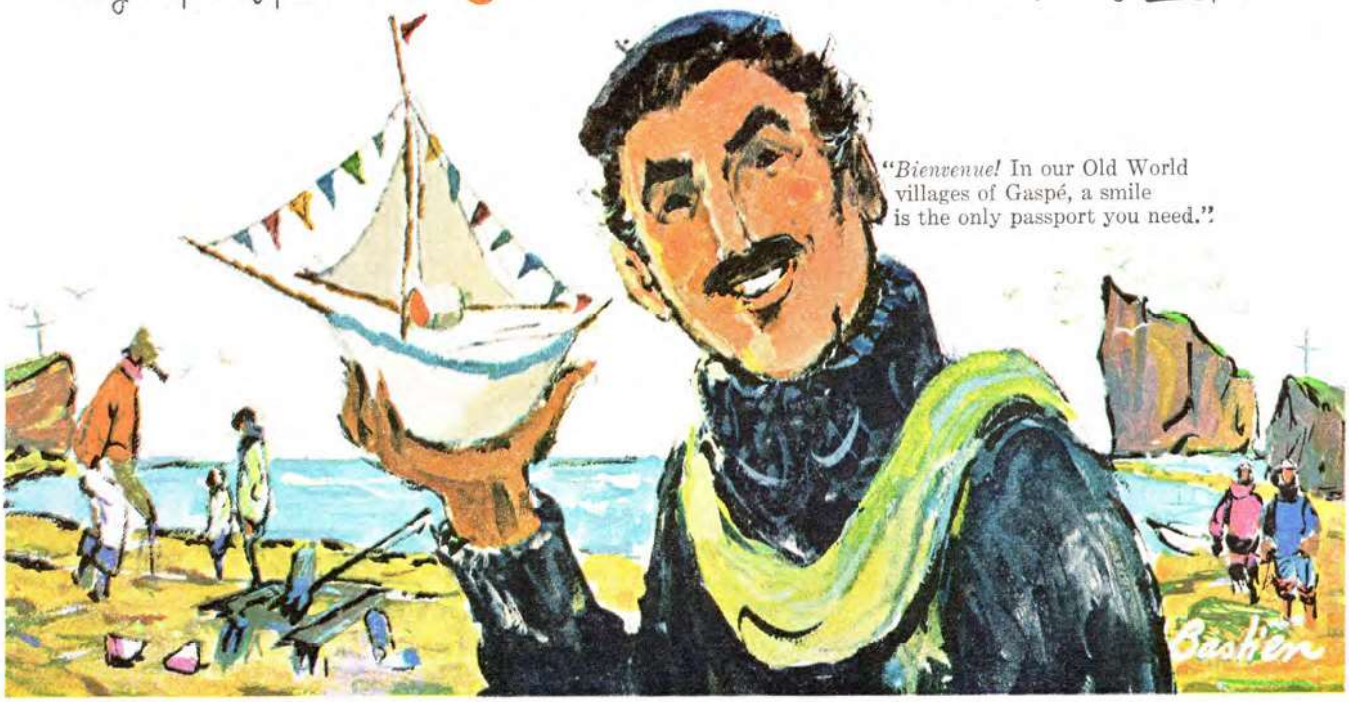

"*Bienvenue!* In our Old World villages of Gaspé, a smile is the only passport you need."

"Oh, Hon! How would you like a new Easter outfit?"

[*Continued from page 72*]
Burning heat. No water. Hot and thirsty, the safari had trudged four miles when Ulyate reined in and pointed to three objects on the plain.

"Wart hogs. Do you want to rope 'em, Colonel?"

"They're just what we need to practice on," said Jones, "they'll take the kinks out of us."

The wart hog stands between three and four feet high at the shoulder and his tusks can rip a horse or a man open. Here would be the first test of Jones' idea: that men and horses and ropes could perform just as well in Kenya as in Arizona, and maybe a little bit better. He and Loveless and Means got leisurely down and tightened their cinches, swung to their saddles, and cantered off across the veldt to get around the three wart hogs and start them back toward the cameras. The line of porters was by this time arriving at the spot where Kearton and Gobbet had set up their cameras to photograph the coming action. As each porter arrived, he put down his load, sat on it, and stared at the cameras. Movie cameras had hardly been seen in the United States then, let alone Africa.

Kearton called out a warning. With a swirl of dust, here they came. The riders had parted out one big hog and all three were after him, hell bent. The hog ran easily, snout low, tusks flashing. Loveless' pony was nearest. His rope was whirling. It was made of Russian hemp, hard twist, the thickness of your little finger, made to order for the Jones expedition.

Kearton stepped back from the camera, undecided whether to run or stand firm. At the last second the hog swerved, passed so close he could have touched it with his hat.

At that moment Loveless threw. He was a "hard-and-fast" man. In other words, his rope's end was tied to his saddle and he let the whole rope go when he threw, instead of taking wraps around the horn as a California roper might have done. He caught one hind leg and the pony dug its feet in the African dust. A cloud of the volcanic ash shot up. When it settled, the hog was flat, blowing like a bellows, and the rope was running from its leg to Loveless's saddle, and Loveless was laughing.

The native porters were nodding and smiling with approval. Here was a new way of doing things and one they clearly approved.

The testing of ropes, horses, and men continued successfully through eland, zebra, even giraffe. They had some difficulty getting their ropes off the giraffe's neck. There was talk of using a step-ladder, but they finally toppled the beast gently over and slid the lassos off. Next came the rhino.

Jones located the huge creature asleep in a patch of scrub. Tying to a thing like that would be a little like tying to an earthquake, but he sent Means back to bring up Kearton and Gobbet and the cameras. When they arrived, on horseback, he said, "Kearton, we want you to photograph this show from the start. You can move through this bush and set up, there in the open, and signal when you're ready."

Meanwhile the cowboys mounted and deployed so that the roused rhino would run past the cameras.

When all was ready Jones split the noonday silence with a Comanche yell. The 2,500-pound rhino leapt up in bewilderment to find three cowboys bearing down on him whooping and yelling. He did as they had hoped. He departed at full speed, giving them a good chance to throw their loops. But he ran much faster than they had thought possible. For three miles he stayed well ahead. Then he came to bay in a pool of rainwater. Around that pool they fought him most of the rest of the day. He charging, they retreating. He snapping their ropes like strings, they refashioning loops and attacking again. Toward sundown he was exhausted. They tied him to a tree like a tame dog, took his picture, and turned him loose.

They had done it all with their pencil-thin 3/8-inch ropes. Ulyate had gone off that day with a wagon-team on a foraging expedition, and their heavy 1/2-inch and 5/8-inch ropes were in the wagon.

"There now," said Jones, as the rhino trotted away, "that's a better contest between man and animal than using a rifle." Then he added drily: "Now I suppose some big sportsman will come along and shoot you."

Such comments were the only indication that he was thinking about the Roosevelt party. Jones admired Roosevelt in many ways, but he felt that it was a greater test of sportsmanship and manhood to subdue than to kill.

Back in Nairobi when news of the rhino's capture arrived, the few sportsmen who had bet on Jones collected their money at 5-to-1. In New York the exultant pro-Jones papers headlined the achievement at Roosevelt's expense:

ROOSEVELT OUTDONE

While the former President who delights to be called "a great faunal naturalist" has been slaying wild beasts, Buffalo Jones has been roping the critters in true wild western style. And he will bring the animals alive to this country.

But so far the expedition had seen only a pair of lions and they were so far away they had escaped before riders and dogs came close. The party had now crossed the rugged Mau escarpment, combed the thorn-dotted plains beyond and were in the Sotik region northwest of Nairobi. Torrential rains had fallen, followed by blazing heat. Time was running out. If the rainy season shut down in earnest they were finished.

On the evening of March 25 they faced a dilemma: go or stay. After supper they gathered by the fire. Jones' great ambition—the main purpose of the expedition—was at stake. Giraffe, rhino, even the cheetah they had lassoed, would not count unless they could find a lion.

"We've got to turn back," he conceded, looking into the fire as he talked, "the rainy season is due any day. We'll start tomorrow and try a hunt on the way near the waterhole by the Rugged Rocks."

Through long days they retraced their steps. They recrossed the Mau escarpment by night to escape the heat and at

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dawn were in the foothills. At sunup they entered the plain of the Rift. There certainly wasn't any sign of the rainy season here. It was painfully hot. They went 24 hours without water—and found the waterhole at the Rugged Rocks bone dry. No sign of lions. They were forced back, nearly dead, to Kijabe Station on the railroad from Nairobi.

This was defeat as defeat is usually spelled. Men, horses, and dogs were worn out. But Jones refused to quit.

"We'll try again," he said. "We'll try near Longernot, that extinct volcano, where we saw the pair of lions a month ago."

While they rested a day or two, white hunters came from Nairobi, asking if they had got a lion yet. Jones replied calmly, "No, but we will." He appeared to have no doubts. Nor did he brace his courage with strong drink. His habitual beverage was cambric tea and his strongest epithet "hell and damnation." In a bullet-bouncing hard-drinking era he was notable for restraint, and there is no record that he killed a man in private fight, yet he remained on good terms with such hard drinkers as Buffalo Bill and such big killers as Wild Bill Hickok.

But the inactivity at Kijabe galled him. He was contending against time, heat, flies, ticks, tired men, sick dogs, lame horses, the jealousies of local hunters, and a crippled finger dislocated when the rhino jerked his rope against the saddle horn.

He paced nervously around camp or went for walks with John, his brown-and-white Arizona hound dog with the lion-scarred head. John was his good-luck piece, the object of his affection. Jones' wife was dead and his two daughters grown and married but he had never been much of a family man. Animals and wild places were his first love.

It was John who found the lion tracks the next morning. He found them near the carcass of a zebra that had been killed the night before. He circled once, nose to the ground, hair rising along his back, as it did when he was after Arizona mountain lion or Utah bear, and then he lifted his head and bayed and the pack joined in, heads high, and Jones knew he had a hot trail.

He stifled his yell and let John lead him toward the nearby black volcanic mountain. This mountain was known as The Black Reef and rose almost perpendicularly for 200 feet, honeycombed with caves, top covered with dense scrub, creepers, and tall grass. It was so steep that a man on foot could hardly climb it, but Jones rode his baldfaced spotted pony straight to the top.

When Ulyate and Kearton, who had scrambled up on foot from another direction, reached the site, this is what they saw: Jones, armed with nothing but a rope, sitting calmly on his horse within 40 feet of a full-grown young lioness. She was crouching on a flat rock and appeared about to charge him but something held her back. Old John and the other dogs swirled around her, yelping and snarling.

Jones moved forward to within 35 feet of her, careful, because he knew the lioness is less predictable than the lion. (Of all the dead big-game hunters in the Nairobi graveyard, half had been killed by lionesses.)

She snarled fiercely at his move but failed to charge. This again was a usual pattern. With all the animals he captured some quality seemed to rise from him at the critical moment and dominate them. He himself explained it by detailing his procedure with mean, corraled, buffalo bulls. "The only way to handle buffalo is to face them, preferably on foot. They'll run a man on horseback all over the lot. But if you get off, advance, never wavering, never turning your back, they'll back down just before the supreme moment arrives."

He now threw his lasso. It caught on a twig and fell at the lioness' feet. Even so, if she took a step forward he could catch her. John nipped her rear end—one lion's end was as good as another to John, Africa, Arizona, no matter—and she swapped ends and took a slap at the dog but he dodged.

Jones recoiled the rope and threw again. This time the loop hit her back but failed to encircle her. She faced him, roaring terribly, and Ulyate, watching from the undergrowth, could not understand why she didn't charge and obliterate Jones. He couldn't have gotten away in that thick growth. But she seemed uncertain while Jones appeared perfectly confident.

At this moment, Loveless and Means came crashing up the hillside on their horses, distracted her, and she ran off and jumped into a crevice between two rocks. The dogs followed. She killed three and badly mauled Old John.

"We've got to get her out of there!" Jones yelled, "or she'll kill 'em all. Bring me the firecrackers."

Foreseeing such an emergency, he had included Fourth-of-July cannon crackers as part of his equipment. Lighting one he pitched it into the crevice. The lioness stopped mauling the dogs and ran.

"Ain't she a beauty, though?" called Means.

"Don't you go a step nearer than I do," Jones warned, "and if you go, go at a run so you'll have momentum!"

For two hours they drove her from one strong point to another along the side of the Reef, trying to maneuver her onto the plain where they could get a good throw. But she clung to the rocks and brush. The day wore away. It was hot. The dogs grew tired. The men were tired too. The sun was going down. If dark came they would lose her.

Finally they flushed her down to level ground. She took refuge on a tongue of land extending into a gully, crouched at the base of a thorn tree, and waited for them to come up. With the gully on three sides, she could be approached only along the tongue of land.

"Careful now," Jones warned.

Means tried her first. The chips were down now. Could a cow pony outrun a charging lion? Slowly Means maneuvered his bay gelding, edging closer, watching for a chance to throw, ready to spin and run, rope whining about his head. The bay was obedient and was not crazed by the proximity of the lion. They tell you horses go crazy at sight or smell of a bear or lion, but these didn't.

Means edged closer. The lioness snarled. Means edged on. She charged. Means spun his horse and spurred. For 30 yards she gained rapidly. She was closing. One more jump and she would reach the rump of the bay pony, but she never quite did.

Means held him steady one jump ahead of her. Gradually he began to pull away. The impossible had happened. With a head start estimated at from 30 to 40 feet, a Western cow pony, carrying a rider, had outrun an African lion. Photos showed later that she had come within six feet of Means.

A series of skirmishes followed in which all three riders in succession attacked her and she counterattacked, once losing a foretooth to Loveless as his loop slipped

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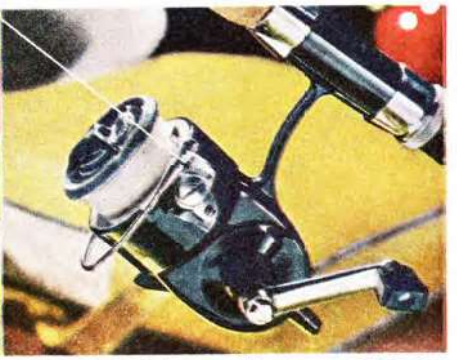

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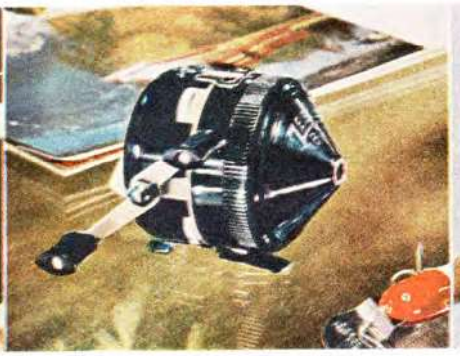

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IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

by Jimmy Breslin

GLORY FOR AN UNKNOWN GOALIE

In the 1956 Stanley Cup playoffs, the New York Rangers, with Gump Worsley the goalie, lost the opener of their semi-final series against the Canadiens in Montreal by 7-1. This was not unusual. The Rangers only had won once in Montreal in six years. And in his three years as Ranger goalie the best Worsley had accomplished in the town was not getting killed. To make it worse, the Rangers had to appear in the Montreal Forum for another game on the next night. "This place is driving me crazy," Coach Phil Watson of New York said after the 7-1 loss. He then sat down and proved it.

Watson was in his room at the Mt. Royal Hotel, talking to Muzz Patrick, the Rangers general manager, about his strategy for the next game. "We can't use Worsley here anymore," he said. "And his knee hurts him. This is a perfect chance to use somebody else."

An hour later, one Gordon Bell, a 31-year-old minor leaguer who was in Montreal to watch the series, was awakened in his hotel room by a phone call from Watson.

"You going to be at the game tomorrow night?" Watson asked. Yes, Bell would be there. "Fine, I'm going to get you the best seat in the house," Watson said. Bell thanked him and went back to sleep. Watson kept on the phone. He was calling sportswriters about a roster change. When Bell woke up in the morning, he took one look at the headline on the sports page and went back to bed.

He was going to be the Ranger goalie against the Canadiens, generally accepted as the greatest team in National Hockey League history. Of the 533 professional hockey games in which Bell had appeared, 530 of them were in the minor leagues. Somewhere in his past, he had appeared in three games for Toronto. But right after that he went down to the minors and never returned. Later that day Bell was seen in a huddle with Worsley. He was getting advice on how to handle the Montreal shooters. This was like listening to stock market theories in a loan company lobby.

That night, Bell, with a borrowed stick and pads, skated onto the Forum ice. He wrecked the Canadiens' pre-game warmup. They were so busy looking over their shoulders and drooling at Bell that they couldn't concentrate.

When the game started, the greatest hockey team on earth went to work on Bell. There is no real evidence to support the theory that Bell shut his eyes on the first face-off and never opened them thereafter. Whatever it was, Bell was almost bored by the middle of the third period. He was blocking shots so easily the Canadiens were almost in tears. They also were behind, 4-2, and the score stayed that way. It was hockey's greatest upset.

The series shifted to New York, and Watson refused to stretch his luck. He used Worsley in both games, and the Canadiens won easily. Back in Montreal, amidst great excitement, the Rangers called on Bell again. The goalie announced he was ready for the second greatest night of his career. He also, unfortunately, was a tiny bit slow on a couple of first period shots. He was even slower thereafter, and the Canadiens murdered him, 7-0. It was the last anybody ever saw of Bell.

off over her head, catching in her mouth.

The jerking out of the fang unnerved her and she ran to a clump of scrub and grass and hid. Nothing could move her. The dogs were exhausted. Men and horses were nearly so and it was growing dark. Firecrackers and burning grass failed to budge her.

Jones finally said, "I'll get her out of there." He took a forked stick, this old bearded man in white pith helmet, and fastened the stick to his rope and dragged the stick over her hiding place, passing within a few yards of her, partially uncovering her. But she didn't move. However he exposed her head and neck for Loveless to make a throw. Loveless threw and the noose landed squarely above her head, but the stiff grass held it up, like a halo about to descend.

Loveless, without disturbing the noose, carefully passed the other end of the rope over the limb of a tree and back onto his saddle horn. The trap was set. If she would put her head up, he could yank the noose tight, set spurs, and drag her up to the limb and hang her there. But she wouldn't put her head up.

"Wait a minute," said Jones.

He reached down and picked up the forked stick he had been dragging back and forth. Riding forward with it in his hands till he was within a few feet of her, he reached from the saddle, and with the stick *poked the noose around her ears.*

With a roar she sprang. Quick as Jones was—quick as Baldy was—they were not quick enough. The lioness was landing squarely on them, when she was miraculously snatched away—dragged tumbling off across the ground, and up into the tree.

Loveless' hand had tightened the loop on one hind foot as she shot through. Her entire body except the one foot had passed through the loop and she was flying fair for Jones when Loveless caught her. Loveless' hand had been just quick enough.

Sinking spurs, he had galloped away, dragging her, off balance, across the gully floor and up against the tree limb. There she hung snarling. She tried to snap upward and reach the rope but could not.

"We got her!" Jones' Comanche yell arose in Africa one last time. "Let the rains come! Let it pour!"

In Jones' words: "The lion was no longer King, as it then and there abdicated to me on April 8, 1910." In Nairobi one English lord paid off his 5,000-pound ($25,000) bet against Jones.

Immediately following this reception, Jones was asked to be the leader of a band of natives. The black-skinned enthusiasts offered him "all the camels in Somola" if he would show them how to catch wild animals.

A month later the lioness was in the Bronx Zoo, in New York City. The lioness lived at the zoo, seen by millions, until her death on October 28, 1921.

Jones had backed up the most extravagant boast of his extravagant career. He had showed up Roosevelt. He had introduced the cowboy's lasso into the Dark Continent. Buffalo Jones, the storybook Western hero, had lived his own best story, there in Africa.

—Robert Easton and Mackenzie Brown

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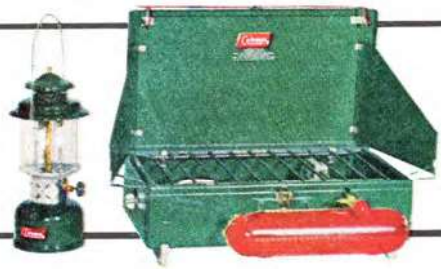

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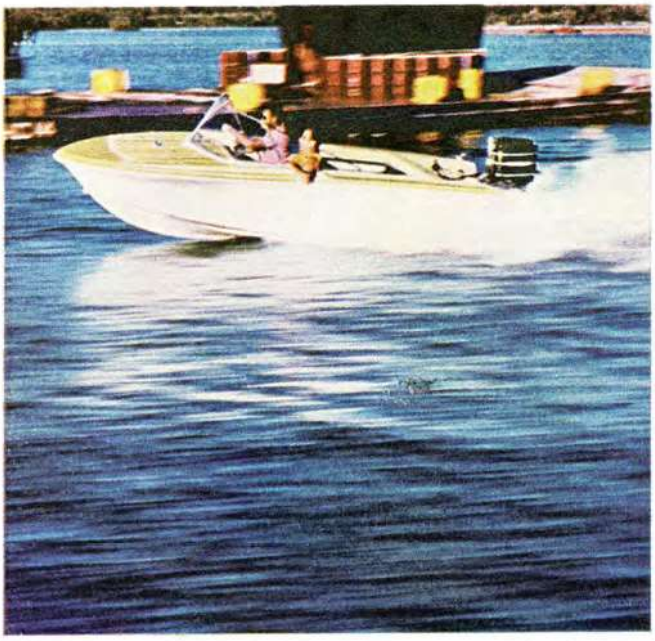

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New Suffolk, Long Island — North Fork Ship Yard
New York
- 136 Westchester Square — Square Auto Supply

New York Mills — Fleet Marine
Oneonta — Perry's Marine Sales and Service
Plattsburg — Plattsburg Dock and Coal
Ransomville — Zahno Marine Mart
Rochester
- 366 Ridge Road West — Robot Marine Co.
- Jefferson and Henrietta Roads — Sibley's Southtown Marine

Smithtown, Long Island
- West Main Street — Smithtown Marine

Waverly — Hunsingers Marine and Sports
Whitney Point — Potter's Marine

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville — Eddie Joyner Marine
Carthage — Whispering Pines Marina
Charlotte
- 2130 South Boulevard — Boat and Motor Center

Durham
- 537 East Pettigrew Street — Head's Marine Sales

Statesville — Adams Sporting Goods
Winston-Salem
- 2965 Waughtown Street — Hines Inc.

OKLAHOMA

Norman
- 305 West Main — Sport Center

Oklahoma City
- 1630 N. W. 23rd — Morgans Sporting Goods
- 635 S. W. 29th Street — Speegles

Tulsa
- 4621 Peoria — Thoroughbred Boats

PENNSYLVANIA

Airville — Gamler's Boat Yard
Allentown
- 1129 North 17th Street — Don Schlosser
- 915 Tacoma Street — Valley Marine

Dallas — La Bars Distribution Company
Dallastown — Gamler's Boat Yard
Elizabeth — Cramer Brothers Marine
Erie
- 85 State Street — Great Lakes Marine

Eynon — Sugarman Marine Inc.
Harrisburg
- 4363 North Sixth Street — Ray's Sporting Goods

Irwin — Mahoy Marine Sales
Jeanette — Central Service Station
Kane — Bill Williams Marine
Lake Ariel — Henry Landis Marine
Lancaster
- 721 Charlotte St. — Hoak and Yarnall Inc.
- 2302 Columbia Avenue — Merv Murray Marine Sales

Millsboro — Dales Boat Basin
Montgomery — Hulls Speed and Marine
New Kensington
- 864 Second Street — Herman Marine

Pittsburgh
- 408 N. Braddock Avenue — Miller Boat Sales

Reading
- 2610 Kutztown Road — Moyer Marine Center

Sharon
- 80 Shenango Avenue — Mihlbaughs
- 240 Route 18 — Twin Trailer Sales

Wrightsville — Resh Boat Sales

RHODE ISLAND

Pawtucket
- 458 Broadway — Stafford Marine

SOUTH CAROLINA

Anderson — Outboard Marine Sales
Charleston
- 47 Folly Road — Hiway Marine

Charleston Heights
- 5133 Rivers Avenue — The Outboard Shop

Columbia
- 3405 Main Street — Eau Claire Marine Sales

Greenville
- 24 College Street — Delaney's Sporting Goods

Lexington — Pinecrest Marine
Liberty — Abbott Home and Auto
Moncks Corner — Thornley Motor Company
Seneca — Harris Sporting Goods

TENNESSEE

Bristol — Appalachian Athletic House
Clarksville — Mercury Outboard Shop
Knoxville
- 622 South Gay Street — Athletic House

Memphis
- 3644 Summer Ave. — Colley and Daves
- 2896 Walnut Grove — Dowdle and Jatton
- 1237 North Watkins — Polar Kraft

Murfreesboro — Coles Sport Shop
Nashville
- 6594 Highway 100 — S and S Marine

Old Hickory — Brown's Boats and Motors
Tullahoma — Whit's Sport Shop

TEXAS

Beaumont
- 2680 South Fourth Street — McKnights Sporting Goods

Corpus Christi
- 4402 Lexington Blvd. — Emmords Boat Barn

Dallas
- 8022 Hines Blvd. — Ben's Boats and Motors

Groves — Bailey's Boats
Lewisville — Outboard Shop
Lubbock
- 1901 Avenue H. — Farmers Exchange

Orange
- 416 Border Street — Sprads Speedboat Service

San Antonio
- 225 South White Road — A-1 Boats
- 3330 Clark — Dromer's Auto and Marine

Snyder
- 300 East Highway — Denson Sales and Service

VIRGINIA

Alexandria
- Duke and Strand Streets — Alexandria Marine Service

Hampton
- Kecoughton Road — Commonwealth Marine Sales

Richmond
- 2403 North Lombardy Street — Powers Outboard

Roanoke
- 2620 Broadway — Valley Marine Center

BRUNSWICK BOATS DIVISION, WARSAW, INDIANA

Safari—U.S.A.

[*Continued from page* 70]

endlessly useful. Mine, a GMC V6 with foam-rubber seat and all the passenger car extras, cost less than $2,500. After vacation, the coach is easily slipped off, with jacks built for the purpose.

Pickup coaches like the "Dreamer," "Vista Liner," "Travel Queen," and a host of others come in various sizes. Cost depends on size and equipment. Just tick it off and the manufacturer will put it in: lights, butane heater safely vented, butane cook stove, ice box or butane refrigerator, sink and water system, extra storage cupboards, toilet with self-contained septic tank, shower. Small models modestly equipped run about $700, larger ones from $1,200 to $2,000.

Naturally, after trying several, I had to go for broke. Custom Coach Co., in Oswego, Kansas, developed a model dubbed the "Safari" that eliminated the pickup bed, was built right onto the truck frame. Now other builders are doing likewise. What a dish! With the new low gravity center, power, and handling ease, I can cruise mine at 65, climb any mountain, attack any reasonable side trail, while companions loll in the coach in splendor (not illegal as with trailers) on gay-colored foam-plastic beds, reading, sipping a tall cold one stirred up en route. Every creature comfort of home-sweet-home is in such a coach, with spacious roominess, fine sleeping for four or five. I even have an intercom (optional), can pipe radio music to the coach, visit with the occupants. These built-on units run $1,450 to $1,800 plus.

What frightens me is the next step. Several firms are now offering long-wheelbase trucks with real downtown-apartment type bodies built on. These are like self-propelled trailers, or custom bus conversions. The Dodge Motor Home, Ford Condor and Chevrolet-based Traville all run about $10,000. The buyer can have any extras he wants, from air conditioning on up or down. I was in a unit of this type at the GMC factory last summer that cost the client $18,000. Several small firms are in the business of custom building bodies to order on long truck or bus frames. We saw one 35-footer in a western mountain campground, a special job with movable rear panel and compartment from which a small compact car was rolled down a ramp. Shades of my first ground-sleeping camp trip, and roasting fish on a stick!

Of course, one need not go quite that far. Among standard station wagons, Rambler has had fold-down seats for years. The Chevy "Greenbrier" all decked out for camping is roomy and popular. Droves of bus-like Volkswagens swarm nowadays in campsites, all tidied up with window curtains and sleeping accommodations. Ford's "Econoline" "Sportswagon" offers a unique conversion, with beds, table, tiny kitchen, even a side-door awning. Month by month, competitors keep offering similar features, advantages in room, convenience and coziness that their forerunner, the station wagon, can't quite match.

For pickup owners who can't afford coaches, there are fancy aluminum or *Fiberglas* "covers" that fit the truck box, serve as sleeping quarters or dry storage. There are also hybrid tent-campers, like "E-Z Pickup Kamper" and Vesely's "Ruddy Duck," tents that fit onto a pickup. Still another innovation is the low pickup coach like the "Alaskan" and others being developed, that raise hydraulically to full headroom when parked.

Of all this welter of camps, which is for you? Money, available storage space at home, help dictate a choice. A tent obviously requires the least of each, but is the most camp work. That's not necessarily bad. Many people, who do not fish, hike, go boating or pursue other camp-based hobbies, nowadays make the camp itself one, having fun seeing what they can fashion for more comfort and convenience.

Ted Trueblood, in a recent conversation, told me about the curious California fad along these lines. Groups go camping with no interest except to camp, period. They spend their time building a stone wall around camp, or a stone patio perhaps, or smoothing sand and dirt all around, or making rustic tables and chairs. All this becomes a kind of campground contest to see who can fix up the fanciest place.

COMING . . .

Bonus Book Condensation
DIAMOND RIVER
Great jungle adventure.

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Assuming that money and storage are not severe hindrances, outfit selection boils down to where, how, and for how long at one time you'll use it, also on how elemental or how non-earthy you like your camping. Campgrounds throughout the U.S. are of infinite variety, differing widely in ruggedness and facilities. Many state parks, county parks, and small-city camping grounds are quite modern, most with flush toilets, often with water hook-ups to each campsite, and electrical connections to each. A small charge is made for electricity. Private campgrounds, of which hundreds are springing up across the U.S. (fees usually $1 to $2 per campsite per night) have all such facilities.

Obviously, all these camping locations place no rugged demands on either camper or outfit. As an example, while staying at a state park on Michigan's Lake Huron shore last summer, we noted many people with TV sets pouring out their medicine-show pitches. If you stick to these rather civilized camping spots, you won't need much in the way of self-contained or self-sustaining equipment, can even take along standard-current electrical appliances.

In places like the National Parks, you usually won't get electricity piped to your campsite, and must consider this in outfitting. But you will have things fairly gentle, and will never be very far from what you may need. In hundreds of delightful, well-kept National Forest Campgrounds, and many State Forest Campgrounds, you step farther but still fairly gently toward the wilderness. Many of these can be reached by passenger car on good roads, but you'll have to think in terms more self-contained. Seldom will you find electricity, tap water (tested wells are the rule), flush toilets.

Next come the state and federal campgrounds on poor trails marginal for passenger cars. And, the federal and state lands where you can camp just anywhere you're man enough to get to. The heavy duty station wagon such as Chevrolet's Carryall, the Jeep Wagoneer or the International Harvester Travelall are tailor-made for these adventures. If you have the vehicle to get you in, tents and tent-campers serve well, too. Happily, with hundreds of places available, well scattered across the nation and of all varieties, you can choose the way you want to go, and stick to it.

Here is a good place to mention that passenger car and station wagon users are certain to get their vehicles pretty well laden, especially in the rear. We note many that have that "summer-trip droop." It's not a good idea, can be quite unsafe on curvy roads, or on rough back trails. There's no need for it, either. A number of devices are easily obtainable at any auto-parts store or garage, and economically installed, to cure the danger. Monroe's "Load Leveler" device is a good example. So is the new "Levelizer," by Columbus. Likewise Gabriel's "Load Absorber." All are engineered to hold up your big load, and still not make the car ride hard when it's normally loaded. "Air-Lift" is still another cure. These are inflatable tough rubber bags mounted inside coil springs to beef up your lightly-sprung car. Numerous other helper-spring inventions are to be found almost anywhere.

In selecting your basic outfit, it is especially important to consider how long you will stay in one place. A tent that requires much effort to put up, even though it is very comfortable and good for a 10-day stay is not a good choice if you intend to make a whirlwind one-nighter tour. A quick-up sleeping tent is then the ticket, or else a tent-camper, or better still, a coach that requires no camp pitching but only driving up and parking. However, if you hope to go "back in" each season, and for several weeks, a butane refrigerator in a coach might, for example, be a waste. You might not be able to replenish the gas. Cook with the gas, but use an ice box or chest the first few days, canned spoilables from there on. Likewise, a gasoline lantern with one gallon of white gas will burn for several weeks, whereas a battery lantern only—though you certainly should have it as an auxiliary—may leave you, over the long haul, without lights.

In other words, selecting equipment is not really very difficult at all. It's just logical. Besides, regardless of what you select, once you've been hooked you'll be itching next year to try something new. Or, those bright colors will mesmerize you so thoroughly you'll wind up with a

whole spectrum of water jugs only to find a hose hook-up this time every place you visit!

The colorful world of modern general equipment for the prospective camper is a kind of adult toyland through which any individual bitten by the deadly outdoors bug is certain to browse wholly entranced. Everything is fashioned for lightness, for extreme compactness, as if this were one vast contest to see who can make what fold into the smallest space and weigh the least while it still puts out the most in comfort and efficiency.

Cots. Some of them fold to as little as 3x6x24 inches, weigh only 3 lbs. or so, yet open to 6'2" by 26" wide. Because cots in tents often let you get cold underneath, you can now buy insulated models. The legs usually detach and the cot rolls into a neat ball. Air mattresses are now inflated effortlessly by built-in foot pumps. Or, you carry a clever little pump that hooks to your car exhaust. The exhaust activates a tiny motor that filters out fumes, fills the mattress with pure air. In addition, oversize mattress valves now eliminate the camp-breaking time that used to be taken tediously waiting out the drizzle of air from a deflating mattress. With one big *whoosh* the modern one empties. We found a few campers last season wholly eliminating cots and mattresses, using a new-fangled hammock of knotless nylon net. Some of them weigh less than a pound, pack in a space where a pair of sox would fit, are ridiculously cheap.

The many-faceted plastics industry has brought about the appearance of another mattress-replacer, called a "molla." This is a mattress-sized hunk of resilient foam plastic several inches thick. To give it the utmost in soft, pliable comfort, the top side is flat and smooth but the underside is molded into scores of little pockets, like the inside of an egg carton. This gives great flexibility, allows it to roll up more compactly, inside your rolled-up sleeping bag. Unrolled, it forms a mattress more comfortable than air. Economical, too. About half the cost of a first class air mattress.

In sleeping bags, synthetics like Dacron have brought comfort and warmth nearly comparable to goose down within the price range of just anybody. Even Eddie Bauer, famed for down bags, now shows a second line of Dacron insulated bags. So do his competitors. Good quality sleeping bags from many makers have been brought lower in price by advances in synthetic fillers. For example, Sears "Ted Williams" line, Stearns, Sportline, and many others. All these bags today are colorful, many with flannel linings featuring delightfully woodsy prints. And, a number of them aren't just sleeping bags, as they used to be known. You buy them to exact "comfort ranges," depending upon the maximum chill of the weather when and where you'll use them. Numerous makers put the high and low temperature range right on the bag. Some, like Seattle Quilt's "Comfy" models, even have separate layers, for multiple use in progressively colder weather. Or, these bags can be split up and used as two.

Nor do sleeping bags have to get dirtier

While other campers are still pounding stakes...

Apache Chief, $525 F.O.B. Lapeer, Michigan

you can be broiling yours!

Want a camp that's easy up, easy down, a real people sleeper, with enough space to store your gear and enough room to romp a little? Wait a minute!

An Apache Chief assembles in a matter of seconds (about 480 of them). Burgeons to nearly 80 sq. feet of living room (more than that with optional Add-A-Room and canopy). The master bed is a built-in double with foam mattress. For gear, there's 45 cu. feet of storage. There's space to bed and board a slew of people.

The Apache trailer body is made of lightweight aluminum. Pre-finished so it won't rust or corrode. Tenting is Vivatex-treated Army duck (unholy canvas . . . won't let the heavens in)!

Last year, Apache off-the-ground and on-the-ground campers, from the $395 Scout to the $645 Eagle, were the best selling camping trailers in America. And we've improved them since then. Take your next trip in an Apache!

Write Vesely Manufacturing Co., Dept. T5, Lapeer, Mich., for free brochure and name of your nearest Apache Camping Center.

APACHE®

World's largest-selling camping trailer

New, improved Chevrolet Corvan...toughest,

Corvan on steep Powell St. hill in San Francisco.

Checked out 40,000 miles in city, mountain, desert driving. A king-sized delivery run demonstrated the toughness of this quality-built Corvair 95 Corvan.

We just kept rolling along—and rolling and rolling and rolling! In a grueling performance test that criss-crossed the country from Detroit to San Francisco, a 1963 Corvan ran up 40,000 miles of trouble-free performance under all conditions—highways, desert heat, driving rain (with nearly 7,000 miles of stop-and-go running through the busy city streets of hilly San Francisco!).

You'll like the extra durability of the new Corvan. There's added toughness from new features such as heavy-duty engine valves, self-adjusting brakes and improved clutch and transmission controls.

You'll also like the Corvan's handy utility . . . big easy-to-get-at cargo space resulting from space-saving rear-engine design.

Big double doors on the right side open up to a load floor only 16″ off the ground so that you can load a 4-foot crate with ease. There are wide-opening double doors at the rear and optional* double doors on the left

handiest delivery truck you can buy!

Chevrolet Greenbrier and Rampside Pickup accompany Corvan on 25,000-mile leg of endurance run in Death Valley desert country. Here, day-and-night high-speed operation showed durability of improved new air-cooled engine.

side just as big as those on the right. All 191 cubic feet of cargo space is there to be *used*—easily and quickly.

Rear-engine Corvan design also gives you other important benefits. Extra weight on the rear wheels gives surefooted traction on slippery roads. And with the main cargo space cradled near the center of the truck, you get balanced handling whether the truck is empty or carrying a full 1,700-lb. payload.

We'll say it again—the new, improved Chevrolet Corvan is the toughest, handiest delivery truck you can buy! Test-drive it yourself at your Chevrolet dealer's—and be sure to ask him about the *new low price!* . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

*Extra cost

QUALITY TRUCKS COST LESS!

CHEVROLET

and dirtier as many have in the past, season after season. Several—Tapatco's new "Wash 'n' Dry" and Wenzel's "Washomatic" are examples—now can go right into your washing machine and on through your dryer. Presumably most bags will soon have these features. Further, many today have what is called "Sanitized" treatment during manufacture. This means that a barrier against bacteria is actually built in, to resist the growth of germs, mildew, mold as the bag is used day after day in camp.

Heating innovations verge on the magical. The new "Wham-O Safety Heater," for example, uses ordinary camp-stove fuel but burns with no flame or fumes. It operates like a giant hand-warmer, putting out 2,400 BTU's. All very small and compact. Or, there is the new "Bernz-O-Matic" flameless portable radiant heater. This one is operated on propane cylinders, but there are no fumes, smell, soot.

Cooking is just as magical. You can buy a tiny steel stove called the "Safari" that burns such discard items as newspapers, weighs 2½ pounds, will cook a steak in three minutes on a few pages of the paper. Foil of course is big stuff around camp these days. Wrap up baking potatoes and toss 'em into campfire coals. Line ordinary pots and pans with foil, discard the liner after use, and you save all the skillet and pot washing.

There are kits on sale consisting of a roll of extra-heavy foil and some pieces of wire. From these, which pack into any small space, you can instantly whip up skillets, pots, pans of your own design. Fun to do (easy to con the kids into this work) and economical enough to be discarded after use. The new foil that is black on one side to reflect heat has great application for camp use, too. A wonderful recent development from DuPont is the application of the tough plastics material called "Teflon" to aluminum pots, pans, skillets. These utensils require no grease when you cook things. You can even fry eggs without grease. Nothing sticks. Cleaning is a simple matter of rinsing. Even when you use grease—fried eggs without it, remember, don't taste like fried eggs—it will rinse right away.

Of course it is difficult to beat a time-honored gasoline stove like the well-known Coleman, the new Thermos line, the Kamp-Kook and many others. These are very safe, require extremely small amounts of fuel, and in most situations should be included in any camp outfit, either as a spare or as the main hub of the camp kitchen. Some of these stoves—Kamp-Kook is a famous example—burn leaded gasoline as well as white gas. At times this can be important. White gas nowadays is not always available just anywhere. In addition to a gasoline stove, we use a very small one-burner "picnic stove" that takes small propane cartridges, burns about two hours on each. Numerous compact units of this sort are in the stores, and they are excellent for quick coffee without fuss, or for a beside-the-road lunch. There are also dozens of "pocket stoves" to choose from, some of which really do fit a pocket.

We also have a unique new "camp kitchen" all packed into one unit that is handy. Several of these are being shown this season. The cover lifts to reveal a two-burner gas-cartridge stove, the front lets down and there are all the pots, pans, plates, knives, forks, coffee, salt, pepper, and so on—all in one well-designed unit. Another extremely handy gadget: the folding oven, for use atop a camp stove. Coleman has one that folds flat, to about a foot square by a couple of inches thick. It even has a temperature gauge, and with it biscuits, fresh pies made from roadside wild fruit, and other delights are easy. We had six different varieties of wild-fruit pies last summer, all gathered right near various camps.

This brings up mention of the new camp foods. There are a number of them put up especially for campers. Some sports goods outfitters will even fix you up a whole specially canned menu, very delicious, for an entire trip. You just tell them how many people, how many days, and they give you a box, everything labeled for when and how. You don't even have to think.

But perhaps the most startling camp food development is the process of "freeze-drying." Armour developed it. Presumably other food processors will soon follow suit. The foods—everything from a full pork chop dinner to chicken stew to a ranch breakfast—are quick frozen and then almost completely dehydrated. The result, no refrigeration is needed, approximately 2 lbs. of food weighs but about 6½ ozs., and the original taste is almost perfectly preserved. Quick and easy rehydration and prepara-

Where To Get Camping Equipment

Every state, every Canadian province, has a conservation department, often called the Department of Fish & Game, or a similar name, generally located in its capital city. The information-education officer of these departments can often furnish campsite information, state or county maps with camp locations on them, or at least tell you from what state bureau to get this material. In many states, the conservation department purchases public sites on lakes and streams, for sportsman access. Michigan, for example, has several hundred. In some you may camp.

Almost all states also have an official tourist bureau of some kind, also located at the state capital. Some have regional tourist bureaus. These are excellent sources of campsite information, can furnish lists of state parks and their facilities, lists of county parks, city parks, and often of State Forest and National Forest campgrounds. There is not space to give all addresses here, but any chamber of commerce can give you the specific ones you need. The above sources are among the best for a wealth of information all over the U.S. Chamber of Commerce personnel in any given location can also give pinpoint information regarding their own locality.

The U.S. Forest Service has nine regional offices: MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN; UPPER DARBY, PENNSYLVANIA; ATLANTA, GEORGIA; DENVER, COLORADO; MISSOULA, MONTANA; ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO; OGDEN, UTAH; PORTLAND, OREGON AND SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA. These offices can furnish guides to campgrounds in their areas, as well as National Forest maps. The U.S. Department of Agriculture, Forest Service, Washington 25, D. C., offers a booklet titled CAMPING THE NATIONAL FORESTS—AMERICA'S PLAYGROUNDS, with information about 154 National Forests, and 18 National Grasslands.

There are many campground directories that may be purchased from bookstores or by direct mail. Following are a few:

CAMPGROUND GUIDE, Blue Rapids, Kansas, $1.

VACATION CAMPGROUNDS, Box 265, Maryville, Tennessee; several regional editions at varying prices.

CAMPER'S GUIDE TO NEW ENGLAND AND NEW YORK, P.O. Box 155, Rocky Hill, Connecticut, $1.

RAND MCNALLY CAMPGROUND GUIDE, $2.95.

CAMPGROUND DIRECTORY (for AAA members only), American Automobile Association, 1712 G St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

WESTERN CAMPSITE DIRECTORY, Lane Publishing Co., Menlo Park, California, $1.75.

CAMPGROUND ATLAS OF THE U.S. & CANADA, Box 685, Station A, Champaign, Illinois, $3.

CAMPING MAPS, Box 862-CC, Upper Montclair, New Jersey; various prices and various publications for both U.S. and Canada; also lists private campgrounds.

MICHIGAN CAMPGROUND GUIDE, 128 E. Michigan Avenue, Battle Creek, Michigan.

NATIONAL PARK SERVICE, Washington 25, D. C.; camping facilities in the National Parks.

There are several camping magazines to be found on newsstands nowadays. These advertise other where-to publications, and give information about "camping associations" that will furnish other detailed regional information. Local book stores and sporting goods stores commonly have for sale or give-away maps and other information about campsites in their areas.

Here are some suggested books about the how-to of camping:

COMPLETE BOOK OF CAMPING, by Leonard Miracle and Maurice Decker, Harper & Brothers, New York.

THE CAMPER'S BIBLE, by Bill Riviere, Doubleday.

CAMPING BY CAR AND BOAT: a give-away booklet at Phillips 66 stations.

FAMILY CAMPING, Meredith Publishing Co.

THE NATIONAL PARKS OF THE U.S., by Louis A. Bolin, Knopf.

GOLDEN BOOK OF CAMPING AND CAMP CRAFT, Golden Press.

tion make these foods most advantageous. Small-space packing in your duffle is a great boom—a 10-lb. package makes about 100 servings!

This gets us to general camp gear. Many persons like to have some power source handy. This is especially pleasant if you are "away back in." Here, too, the compactness-lightness theme is being carried along. There is a Power-Pack Super Portable power plant now available, for instance, that weighs only 14 pounds, takes up a space roughly 7x10x10 inches. It operates on the same mixture as your outboard motor, will put out 250 watts. Thus you can have standard or fluorescent lights in your tent if you wish, run small power tools, or a razor. Many portable power plants a bit larger and heavier are available.

Almost endless, too, are the gadgets that use storage-battery power. You can string two or three 12-volt lights using your car battery, with no overload as long as you don't use them more than two or three hours nightly, and replenish the juice by daytime driving. Common are razors that plug into the cigarette lighter, or run off flashlight batteries. I use one all summer long. Cigarette lighter plug-ins for fluorescent and regular lights are now common, too.

All this is not to discount the tried and true. A good gasoline lantern is invaluable anywhere. Some nowadays burn kerosene, which makes the fuel problem easier in spots where white gas is hard to find. There are several new LP gas lanterns too that take small cartridges. For any of these lights, fuel for a whole trip takes very little storage space. A small amount burns many hours. Also, you can now buy tough colored plastic jugs, designed with flat sides and in several sizes, that will safely accept any kind of liquid, from gasoline to water. These come in colors—you can use red for gasoline, white for water—are very economical, pack perfectly, don't leak, and are extremely handy. Battery lights are just as newsworthy and streamlined as are all the others. They come with batteries that last far longer than they used to. Many have red signal flasher lights for emergencies. Some even float if dropped into the water.

Camp refrigeration is just as varied. The standard nowadays is an outgrowth of the plastics industry. Foam plastic ice chests with smooth plastic liners undoubtedly keep ice longer than any other so far invented, are feather light, economical. Many others are of aluminum with plastic liners. A delightful idea is Cronstroms' new ice chests with gay-colored vinyl upholstered tops, so they can double as camp seats. Several firms also make upright models in ice chests, that open like your refrigerator. Many station-wagoneers like these because they pack well, offer lots of room. And, if you don't want to bother with real ice, particularly for just a weekend, you can buy packaged synthetics like the unique Zero-Pak. Freeze it at home, put it into your ice chest. Or, Zero-Thermopak, which can either be frozen, or boiled and put in the insulated picnic bag, to take a hot lunch along on an away-from-camp hike.

I kept 'taking it on the chin' from my razor—until I found new

afta®

MENNEN *aftershave lotion that conditions... heals... protects*

Great new formula soothes... zesty new scent stimulates! New **afta**—Mennen's no-sting aftershave—conditions dry and easily irritated skin, keeps it soft, pliable for easy shaving comfort day after day.

New **afta** soothes razor-rawness, helps heal nicks and cuts. Guards against sun, wind, chapping, too!

Also available in Canada

In handy new squeeze-flask!

NO STING · NO BURN · MENNEN afta

Most striking, and expensive, of the new lines in camp refrigeration are the portable refrigerators. These—like Midland-Ross Corporation's models—operate on either 110 house current, or 12-volt. At least one (Selectra, Buffalo, New York) uses household current, 12-volt, or LP gas cylinders. Some others plug right into the cigarette lighter. Or, you can get a 12-volt Power-Pak that will operate the unit about 12 hours, then must be recharged by plugging into 110-115 volt household current. The built-in butane refrigerator in the pickup coach (optional) has already been mentioned. There are several brands. You can also get portable models and carry a 20-lb. propane bottle, easily refillable almost anywhere. However, the average camper depends, and properly so, on ice, plus the newfangled foods that are swiftly making camp food refrigeration almost inconsequential. In a good ice chest, or a coach ice box, 50 pounds of ice will last a week if box is kept tightly closed, out of intense heat, and packed beneath other gear when en route.

One of the most intriguing categories of equipment is the little things, odds and ends from pots and pans with folding handles to jackknives with fork and spoon as extra blades. Of all these, probably the most useful is the so-called "nest of kettles" outfit. These come in different sizes, usually labeled for four people, six people, and so on. One big aluminum kettle is the carrying case, its top a skillet. Another kettle fits inside, its cover a smaller skillet. Coffee pot, detachable skillet handles, plates, cups and so on all fit progressively inside. Sometimes the knife and fork sets that telescope together—fork slips into hollow knife handle, knife into hollow fork handle—are included. We tried one time, four of us, staying out a whole month with no cooking utensils except one of these compact units designed for four. Nothing to it. And the whole thing takes up no more room than a small water bucket. Such a cooking set is a must for any basic outfit.

Then there are all the wha-d'ya-know gimcracks, invariably irresistible. There is the soft-plastic "Oasis" canteen that you can fill and freeze solid, hang on your belt and sip ice water as you take your lakeside hike. Another item is the last-all-season "Fly Cake" to put off a short distance from your campsite, and draw and obliterate every pesky fly in the neighborhood. The light foam styrene sun helmets offered in all the stores, are cheap, cool, great for fishing and boating.

If you are uneasy about snakes, you can now buy a concoction its makers claim will keep any stray viper shooed off. If you're terrified of those bears that lumber around the national parks or you envision a bruin behind every bush surrounding your wilderness camp, take along a squeeze-bottle of "Bear Scare," scatter a few drops and forget it. If you think you might get lost, include in your gear a radio direction finder made especially for woodsies, like the compact "Conion CR-2A" at about 15 bucks. It also doubles as an AM transistor receiver. If you don't think you can do very well starting campfires, what the heck, stow in a package of fire tabs, or small chunks of Curry's "Little Chief" starter. These last come in a tube that when emptied is a bellows to blow up a quick blaze!

Indeed, the shopping and outfitting is almost as much fun as the trip itself. And, once you're afield, you'll keep seeing other campers with gadgets and ideas you'll just *have* to take over for your own. Last summer I was fishing on a big western trout stream where we were camped, and came upon another fisherman creeling a trout. He passed the time of day, suddenly looked at his watch.

"Excuse me," he said. "I'm supposed to check in."

He took from his shirt pocket a miniature communicator, or two-way radio, turned it on, and said, "Yes?"

Plainly I heard a voice from somewhere off in the woods say, "George? We're back from the village now. I asked for mail at General Delivery. The letter you wanted didn't come so we may as well camp here another day. Go ahead and fish."

George said, "What about lunch?"

"How about 2 o'clock?"

"Okay, honey, I'll be there." He grinned, a bit sheepishly, I thought, shut it off, replaced it in his pocket, said to me: "I check in every hour. Quite a gadget. Reaches over two miles."

I went on down the stream, snorting to myself. These dude campers! Presently I was startled to find myself sneakily thinking: "Wonder how much those cost? They *are* quite a gadget, just the same." They are, too, I now know. Our new set worked fine all fall and winter. Got help to me twice when I got stuck back in the woods, and once—I hang my head to admit it—when I discovered that our camp had got itself lost.

"SAFARI, U.S.A." is like that. Don't fool with it at all unless you plan to succumb. It's as bad as booze and betting. Just one more small gadget, huh? It also makes your kids after a while skittish of houses. No good woodsmoke smell, they tell you. No wind in the high pines. No sound of water running on rocks or lapping a sandy shore. No bursting quiet, no exhilarating primitive loneliness. Besides all that, they remind you, houses stand so ridiculously still! **—Byron W. Dalrymple**

The Man Who Was Almost Lindbergh

[*Continued from page* 60]

found. He was sulking. And so it was Lindbergh—not Chamberlin, not Bertaud, not Levine, not Bellanca—who reaped the rewards of the first New York-to-Paris flight.

Bellanca severed all connections with Columbia Aircraft. "Two characters like Levine and myself could not continue in the same enterprise," he said.

But there would still be plenty of glory in a transatlantic flight, and Levine came out of his shell to announce that it was still on. Saturday, July 4, dawned clear. Scores of reporters, as well as thousands of flying fans, were at Roosevelt Field by daylight. Chamberlin was there, topping off the gas tanks, arranging the last minute details.

"Who's your navigator?" shouted the reporters. Chamberlin shrugged, climbed into the cockpit, and a mechanic spun the prop.

Suddenly a black limousine roared out onto the field. Charley Levine got out of it, took off his coat and handed it to the chauffeur, kissed his wife, walked to the plane, and got in. Only then did Grace realize what was going on. She exploded out of the limousine, screaming at the top of her voice.

"Oh, my God, Charley's going!" she wailed. "Stop them, somebody, stop them!"

Grace screamed and collapsed on the fender of the limousine, but the crowd shouted its approval. "Charley's going himself!" somebody hollered and the crowd took it up. Aloft Chamberlin circled the field, Levine struggling into his flying jacket and waving for the benefit of the cameramen and photographers in their special planes.

And all of a sudden Charley Levine was famous. As the *New York Times* put it, "by a simple act of courage, Levine has reversed public opinion."

Not until long after did Chamberlin reveal that it had all been arranged beforehand in a strange midnight conversation in Levine's car. Levine had made him a proposition: if Chamberlin took him along, he'd give him $25,000 and put up $50,000 insurance for Mrs. Chamberlin.

It struck Chamberlin as a good deal. For one thing, Europe is a pretty big place; Chamberlin thought he could find it. There would be no dissension in the air; Levine didn't know enough to argue about anything. He accepted.

Now over Roosevelt Field, he headed for Cape Cod. Charley, when there were no more cameras to wave at, busied himself inspecting the cockpit. He quickly found that although the emergency raft had been packed, there were no paddles.

Over Cape Cod the compass, which had not been readjusted after the sixth removal of the radio, fizzled out. But the needle of the old magnetic compass, though jumping with every vibration, seemed to be pointing generally north.

Over what he hoped was Cape Cod, Chamberlin, guided by the jumping needle, headed across the water to Nova Scotia. Three and a half hours later they hit Halifax on the nose. Chamberlin buzzed the waterfront, scaring the daylights out of some lobstermen, then headed on across the Atlantic.

About 3 a.m. they were flying high over a cloud bank when ice started forming on the wings. Chamberlin put the plane into a power dive and pulled it out a thousand feet over the ocean. The ice was gone. They had a brief show of sunshine, then flew into a fog bank. By the time they got out of it, with a fluttering compass and the sun obscured by clouds, they were hopelessly lost.

"And that's with no paddles," Levine said.

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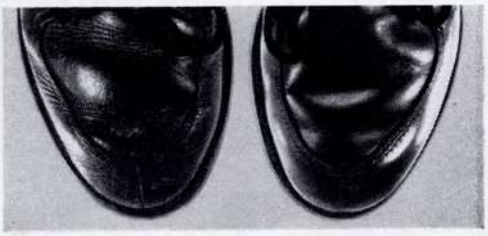

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Chamberlin shrugged. "It's too far to row back now anyway."

Suddenly, through a hole in the clouds, he spotted a big four-stacker liner beneath them. He put the plane into a shallow dive and circled the ship, close enough to see the name *Mauretania* on the lifeboats.

This gave Levine an idea. He looked around the cockpit, found the preceding day's *New York Times*—it had a picture of Chamberlin on the front page and he'd kept it—and turned to the shipping news. Sure enough, the *Mauretania* was listed. She was a day out of Cherbourg, bound for New York. Chamberlin flew far out ahead of the vessel, made a 180-degree turn and, sighting along her smokestacks and down her wake, pointed the plane for Europe.

"Where are we going," Levine asked. "Berlin or Rome?" Peculiarly enough, it was a question that had never come up before.

But this was no time to make the decision. "With this compass, we're lucky if we can land between Africa and Norway," Chamberlin muttered.

The sun was going down as they picked up Land's End, the southernmost tip of England, their first sight of land in 21½ hours. They seriously discussed buzzing Buckingham Palace, but bad weather prevented the king and queen of England from enjoying this treat. Chamberlin took the *Columbia* up to 20,000 feet, but they were still in the clouds.

"Look, let's not do any more blind flying," he said. "We've still got gas enough for ten hours of flying, and Berlin is only five hours away. I'm just going to fly around up here and kill time until morning."

When dawn came visibility had improved somewhat, but Chamberlin was dead beat. He had been at the controls constantly for nearly 40 hours. Levine assured him that he could at least keep the plane level, and confidently took over the controls. Chamberlin blacked out with fatigue.

Levine flew on steadily for half an hour, then ran into clouds. Like many an inexperienced pilot before him, he tried so hard to keep the nose up that he over-compensated, pulled it up too far, and the plane stalled. The little monoplane tilted her left wing down and went into a graveyard spiral. Levine, with no outside point of reference, thought he was still flying along normally.

But Chamberlin was an old seat-of-the-pants pilot, and the pressure on his left buttock as his pants pulled tight woke him up. By now the air speed had built up to 160 miles an hour, the wing was fluttering, and the rudder control bar was whipping back and forth.

The instruments—which meant nothing to Levine—told Chamberlin what was wrong. Gingerly he fought the plane out of the spiral and into a simple dive. Then he eased slowly back on the stick, praying the wing wouldn't tear off as he pulled it out. He finally got her level at 4,000 feet. They had dropped 16,000 feet in less than 60 seconds.

By now, Chamberlin figured, they must be over Germany. The mist had cleared and beneath him he saw a river and the glow from some blast furnaces. "What river is that?" Chamberlin asked.

"Beats me," Levine said.

"Look on the charts," Chamberlin said.

"What charts?"

That was how Chamberlin discovered that, along with the paddles and the bum compass, they had forgotten to bring any maps. Below, flares outlined an airfield, and a crowd was gathering.

Chamberlin brought the plane down, throttled down the engine, and skimmed 15 feet over the heads of the crowd while Levine hollered, "Berlin?"

"*Nicht* Berlin—Dortmund!" the crowd hollered back. They all pointed in the same direction, so Chamberlin gave them a farewell buzz and headed that way.

When the engine gave its last cough Chamberlin headed into the wind and glided to a dead stick landing in a wheat field. He bounced over a ditch, hopped a road, ground looped to avoid a fence and came to a safe stop. He and Levine looked at each other and sighed. They'd been aloft 43 hours, had flown some 3,900 miles, almost 300 more than Lindbergh. They were the new champions of flight—but not a soul was there to witness their triumph.

A woman and two boys came trudging down the road, saw the plane, and turned around and fled. An hour later 20 men came out from Eisle Ben, the nearest village. They were a hundred miles southwest of Berlin. Levine scurried around among the bystanders getting their signatures on a piece of brown wrapping paper as witnesses to the landing. Somebody went for gas and 20 gallons were poured into the cabin tank, a quart at a time, from a teapot.

It would seem difficult to miss a city the size of Berlin but, nevertheless, when the *Columbia* again ran out of gas an hour later they were still a hundred miles away, in a different direction. Chamberlin brought the plane down in a soggy field, the bump covering them with powdered milk and chocolate. As it was, their method of creeping up on Berlin gave the city time to prepare a tumultuous welcome. It beat the reception of Lindbergh in Paris by far. One casualty was a Communist demonstration which had been planned for weeks; nobody showed up.

All over Europe and America the press hailed the flight in headline extras. Oddly enough, it was Levine who got all the praise and plaudits for the flight. All Chamberlin had done was fly the plane.

Perhaps the division of the spoils was fitting, at that. The opportunities for boozing and women would have been wasted on teetotaling, monogamous, self-effacing Chamberlin anyway. The combination of having to wear the same knickers to every function (hosts insisted on it) and taking one polite sip of beer (he couldn't get anything milder), was too much for him. He took a boat home, leaving Charley with all the girls, all the glory, and the plane.

And Charley had a ball. After he went through the pleasures of Berlin, he hired commercial pilots to fly him around the capitals of Europe—Paris, London, Budapest, Prague, Warsaw—permitting royalty, national leaders and beautiful ladies to lavish their charms upon him. When the headlines diminished, he replenished the publicity fires by making grandiose announcements, such as his plans for a fleet of 50 seven-engined passenger planes furnishing regular transportation between the United States and Europe.

But things weren't going too well back home. The government, catching up with his operations in surplus munitions, filed suit against him for a million dollars. And Grace, getting wind of his extracurricular activities, took a ship for Bremen. Charley arranged to meet the ship at quarantine in the middle of the night and surprised her in her stateroom. By the time the ship docked, he was back in Grace's good graces.

At this point, Levine announced he'd be the first man to fly the Atlantic from east to west. He and Grace went to Paris, where he hired the famous French ace, Maurice Drouhin, to pilot the plane.

A doll named Boll broke up that arrangement. Mabel Boll was an heiress from Rochester, New York, living in Paris. She wanted to be the first woman to fly across the Atlantic and had $50,000 to pay for it. She also had a sweater woven of gold and platinum, plus ample natural endowments to fill it, and her plan was to be photographed in that sweater as she stepped out of the plane in New York. It was naturally necessary for Charley to slip off from Grace and explore this matter further.

From then on Levine's activities piled up with dizzying rapidity. One problem was that the plane would only carry two people: who would be left behind—Charley, Drouhin, or Mabel?

Charley removed the breaker points on the plane to keep Drouhin and Mabel from taking off. Drouhin, equally distrustful, had his friends guard Levine's plane from Levine. Levine fired Drouhin, and the whole French press blasted him for this insult to French national pride. Charley didn't help matters any by starting a fist fight on the street with one of the editors.

Finally Charley put a dramatic end to that chapter by eluding Drouhin's guard and taking off for England in his first solo flight. Somehow he made it across the Channel, and actually reached Croydon airport. He terrorized the officials there by his attempts to land, finally bringing the plane down *across* the hastily cleared runways in a series of 30-foot bounces.

In England, he hired Capt. W. R. C. Hinchcliffe, a hero who'd won the DSC and lost an eye in the war, shook off

[*Continued on page* 98]

COMING . . .

Exciting, first-hand account of a TIGER HUNT WITH A MAHARAJA

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

---

man to man ANSWERS

There's a tremendous amount of power available from steam trapped underneath the earth's surface, says Donald Burke of St. Louis, and he wonders why it can't be utilized to produce electricity. It can be, Don, and it's being done at several widely separated spots—in Italy, New Zealand and California.

The earth has been cooling for millions of years but the interior is still a hot, molten mass. As the earth's crust shrinks and shifts, cracks form that let the superheated inside material, called magma, move up fairly near the surface. The heat of this inner core is estimated at 3,000 degrees and it contains about 10 percent water, naturally in the form of steam. Additional water reaches it by seepage through the crust.

In Italy they've been using this underground steam to produce electricity for more than 40 years. Their wells are 3,000 feet deep and are producing 250,000 kilowatts of power. The wells continually pour out thousands of pounds of steam per minute and there has never been any lessening of the flow. Engineers estimate there's enough power down there to last at least 11,000 years.

In California the situation is even more promising because the power source is much closer to the surface. The steam works its way up through cracks in the rock and can be reached by wells from 300 to 800 feet deep. The geothermal field in northern California's Coast Range is already being developed.

Three years ago the Pacific Gas and Electric Co., opened a pilot generating plant with a capacity of 12,500 kilowatts. Steam is piped directly from the well to the turbine. No boiler plant is needed, which considerably reduces the initial investment, and boiler plant maintenance is eliminated. Once the plant is set up everything works automatically with no attendants except possibly an overseer to take over in case of emergency. Labor cost is virtually zero. Some geothermal steam is highly corrosive but modern metal alloys have solved that problem.

Unlike petroleum and coal, the source of this geothermal power is inexhaustible. The power available is millions of times that of all the coal and oil in the earth. The only real problem is finding places to tap it. It's a good bet that geothermal steam beds exist in many more places than are now suspected and wildcatters may soon be drilling for steam in many new parts of the world. Bringing in a new steam well can be a dramatic experience. A great spout of steam and water may shoot up as high as 500 feet with a deafening roar.

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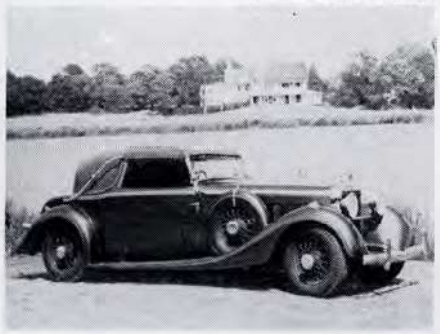
Q: Who made the first glass-blowing machine? ***M. J. Beckett, Boulder City, Nevada***

A: In 1903, Michael Owens, working at the Toledo glass plant of Edward Libby, perfected the first fully automatic bottle-making machine. This was truly revolutionary since it was the first real progress in glass container manufacture since the invention of the blowpipe some 2,000 years earlier.

Q: When was the last Hispano-Suiza automobile manufactured? ***Max McGill, Portland, Ore.***

L.I. Automotive Museum



A: Hispano-Suiza has not produced any cars since 1936. However, the company, now 50 years old, is still active and healthy. It manufactures aircraft landing gear and hydraulic equipment, turbojet engines, nuclear equipment and diesel motors. The Hispano-Suiza car was, in its time, a very famous and elegant automobile. Its best known model was produced in 1931. It had a 12-cylinder V-type motor which developed 180 hp. The company was founded by a Swiss engineer and production was originally in Spain. It has since been moved to France.

Q: What would be the outcome of a fight between a badger and a wolverine? ***Ronald E. Armstrong, Anchorage, Alaska.***

A: The badger would probably lose. Although the badger has somewhat the same physical characteristics as the wolverine he is neither so vicious nor so cunning. He is not as big either. The average adult badger is about 28 inches long and weighs between 15 and 20 pounds. The wolverine is about eight inches longer and 10 pounds heavier.

Q. Who was the first man killed by Bat Masterson? ***William J. Crews, Winston-Salem, N. C.***

A: He is said to have been a jealous lover by the name of Sergeant King. King and Masterson were rivals for the affections of a lady named Molly Brennan. King was rejected by Miss Brennan and sought revenge with his six-shooter. Miss Brennan saw King as he came in the door and threw herself in front of Masterson. King's bullet went through the unfortunate girl, killing her, and entered Masterson's pelvic bone. Masterson then shot King straight through the heart. This event occured in Sweetwater, Texas, in the spring of 1876.

Q: How much land did the government give the Union Pacific Railroad as a construction subsidy? ***Clarence M. Call, Almena, Kans.***

A: The Kansas Pacific Railway, as the company was known at the time, was granted the right of way through public lands of 200 feet on each side of the tracks. In addition the railway received a land grant of five alternate sections per mile for 10 miles on each side. In the states of Kansas and Colorado the railway received a total of 6,273,910 acres. In exchange the railway carried government freight and traffic at reduced rates.

Q: What was the major cause of death during crucifixion? ***Don Tegtman, Fort Collins, Colo.***

A: Crucifixion was a method of capital punishment used by the Romans who probably borrowed it from the Carthaginians. It was considered dishonorable and was inflicted only on slaves and people of the lowest classes. Crucifixion was generally preceded by a severe whipping. Then, impaled on the cross, the victim died of exhaustion, thirst and wounds. This form of punishment was abolished by Constantine in the 4th century.

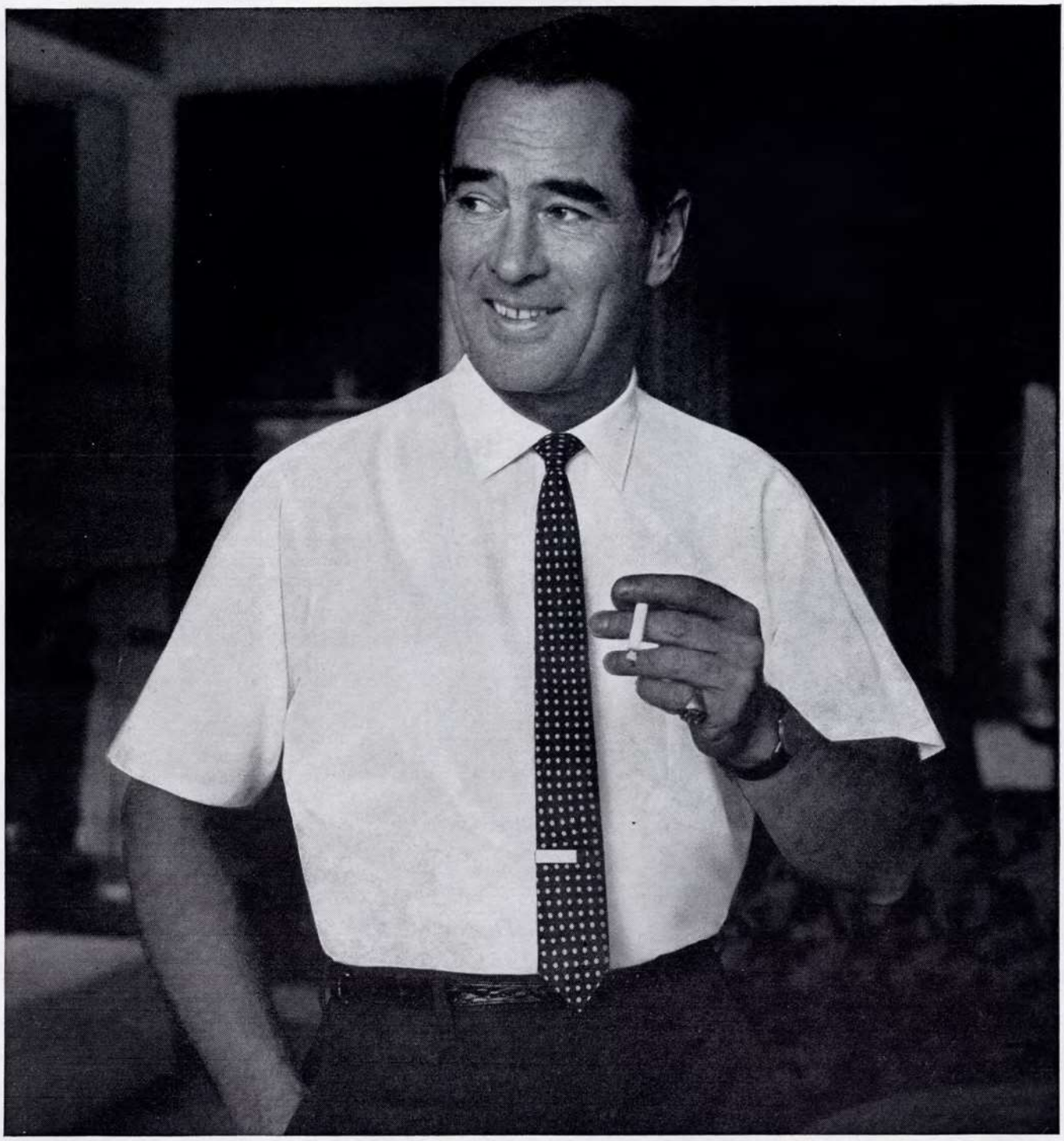
Q: Who was the first American to win fame as a bullfighter? ***Joel Forbes, Albany, New York***

A: Harper Lee in the years 1909-11 was one of the leading matadors of Mexico. He was the first U.S. citizen to gain professional status as a matador.

Q: Can the "low man on a totem pole" be the most important one? ***Dale Angelo, Willets, Calif.***

A: Actually, a totem pole doesn't need to have anything on it except a totem animal at the top. And there are only two true totems, the raven and the wolf. However, as this art developed the Indians who made the poles took to carving pictures of characters from various tribal myths on the lower part of the pole. These characters are "read" from top to bottom and are shown in the order in which they appear in the myth. Consequently, it is quite possible that the most important character could appear at the bottom.

this man in the half-sleeve white shirt



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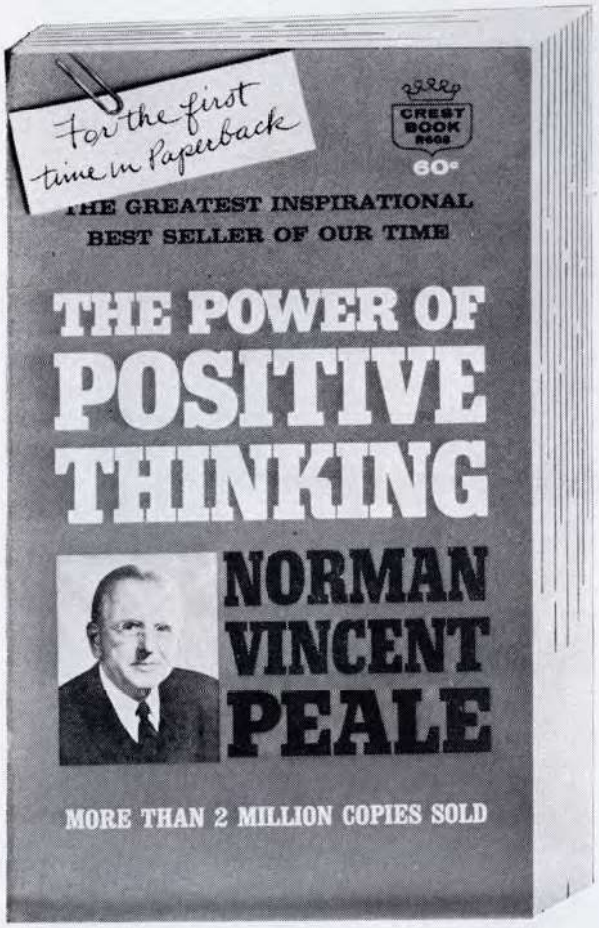

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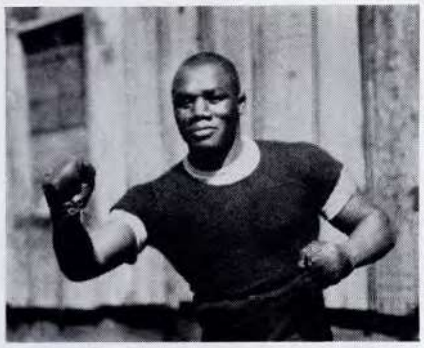
Q: What is the name of an 11-sided polygon? ***W. A. Kuers, Kilgore, Tex.***

A: In geometry, a polygon is a plane figure with three or more angles and sides. One with 11 sides is called an undecagon.

Q: Who was the "Boston Tar Baby"? ***Robert McIntosh, New York, N. Y.***

Culver



A: Sam Langford, the Boston Tar Baby, was one of the greatest fighters of all time, although he never held a championship. He started his career in 1902 and did not retire until 1924. He fought and defeated most of the leading heavyweights of his day. His best fight may have been a thrilling 15-round loss to Jack Johnson in 1906. Johnson refused to fight Langford again. Langford died in 1956 at Cambridge, Mass., at the age of 76.

Q: Why are all church doors in Pittsburgh painted red? ***Caryl Krouser, Barstow, Calif.***

A: The painting of church doors red is not confined to Pittsburgh. It is a growing custom and is practiced throughout the United States. The red door is a symbol which signifies entrance into the Church through the Blood of Christ.

Q: Was there really a Joe Miller who wrote the famous joke book? ***Peter Courtney, Carson City, Nev.***

A: Joe Miller was a real person but he didn't write the book. During the early years of the 18th Century Miller was a favorite comedian in minor parts at the Drury Lane theater in London. A year after his death in 1738 John Mottley published a collection of coarse witticisms to which he gave Joe Miller's name. Since then any old and well-known joke has come to be called "a Joe Miller."

Q: Are there tides in inland lakes? ***H. K. Baker, Lake Worth, Fla.***

A: Inland lakes are subject to tidal forces but the effect of these forces is negligible due to the small volume of water involved. In addition, lake tides are masked and obscured by other factors such as winds, barometric pressure and fresh water run-off. Another problem is that high tide does not occur simultaneously throughout the lake. When it is high tide at one end of the lake it will be low tide at the other.

Q: Who was the world's greatest linguist? ***J. J. Meally, Clarksville, Fla.***

A: This honor probably goes to Cardinal Giuseppe Casper Mezzofanti who became keeper of the Vatican Library in 1833. It is said that he was familiar with over 50 languages and even knew the provincialisms of these various tongues.

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Q: Were Ford engines used in tanks in World War II? ***David Michelfelder, Galway, New York***

A: Yes. Ford's war production included 27,000 tank engines as well as 8,600 Liberator bombers; 57,000 aircraft engines; 278,000 Jeeps; 13,000 amphibious Jeeps and 92,000 trucks.

Q: There's an old steel scow grounded on a rocky reef just above Niagara Falls. How did it get there? ***Lyle Fanson, Windsor, Ont.***

A: The scow is about 150 yards from Horseshoe Falls and has been there since 1918. In that year two laborers, Gus Lafberg and George Harris, were aboard the scow when its towline broke and it was swept down the river toward the falls. Thinking quickly, the two men opened a hole in the bottom of the scow to permit water to rush in. This caused the vessel to sink lower in the water and it grounded on a rocky reef. Immediately attempts were begun to take the men off the scow because it was feared that it might break loose and go over the falls at any moment. William "Red" Hill became the hero of the effort when he went into a breeches buoy and made a perilous journey out over the water to unfoul some rescue lines. Even so, the men were on the scow over 24 hours before being brought to safety. As it turned out, however, they had plenty of time. The scow is still lodged on the reef some 45 years later.

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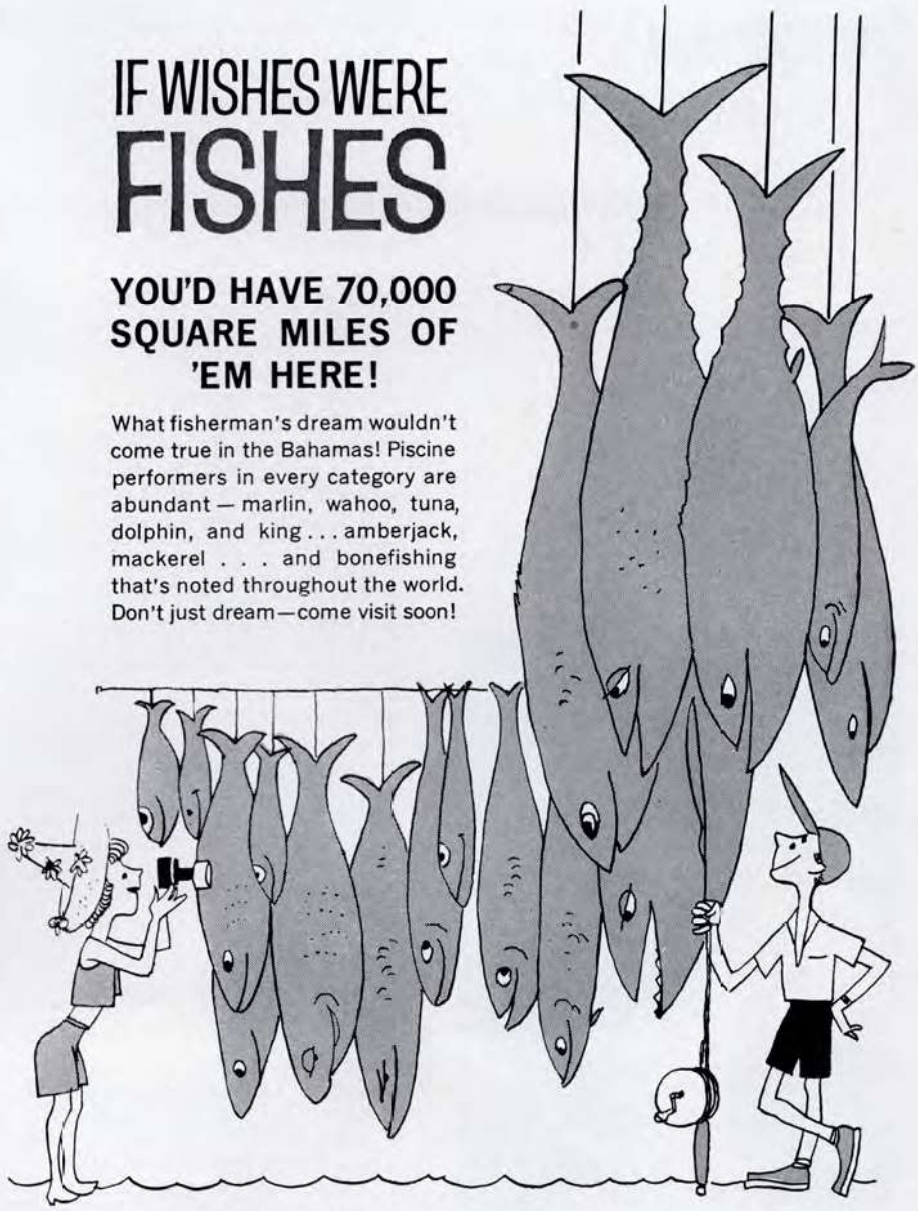

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Brief Encounter... Brief, that is, only on this page, since in the next issue of CAVALIER, Miss Marie Lawrence will be with us for the duration as "Miss May Weekend." Surrounded by briefs and torts, Marie will also be flanked by authors William Saroyan, Joseph Wechsberg, A. J. Liebling, Gerald Kersh and Photographer Dennis Stock, among others, in exploring the *divertissements* of Paris. Not to mention St. Tropez of the gilded girls, Jerry Tallmer's searching appraisal of actor Robert Morse, and Alan Levy's beautifully illustrated article on Jean Seberg. All in all, another wide-ranging issue for every Young Man On The Way. At all newsstands, April 9.

Cavalier

[*Continued from page 92*]

Mabel Boll, who'd pursued him to London with checkbook at the ready, and, with Hinchcliffe at the controls, set out on a flight to India.

They got as far as Italy, where the plane was forced down with engine trouble. However, Levine was received by both his hero, Benito Mussolini, and the Pope, as well as a few assorted Italian signorinas. Grace, who had stayed in Paris all this time, finally gave up and went home.

Levine got more than his usual headlines in Italy. He flew over Mussolini's palace and dropped a present for the dictator's son, but neglected to warn the Blackshirt guard in advance. The guards shot at the plane, and, thinking the present was a bomb, poured water on it. He took Prince Louis Ferdinand of the French royal house for a joy ride, and crashed. No one was injured, but the plane was a mess.

But Levine's peccadilloes were brushed aside after his triumphant return to New York. Grace forgave him, and so did the government. Under public pressure, the million dollars he owed was forgotten. He announced that Mussolini was the greatest man in the world, and that he was going to build a line of sport planes and airliners. The patched-up *Columbia* and Mabel Boll, checkbook in hand, arrived from Europe, still hoping to be the first woman to fly the Atlantic. Instead, with Wilmer Stultz as a pilot, Mabel, Charley and the *Columbia* made the first non-stop flight from New York to Cuba. All three then went to Paris and bought a big German Junkers for an east-west Atlantic flight.

While waiting for the propitious moment, Charley toured Europe again, talking of a round-the-world flight, getting involved in a counterfeiting charge in Austria, trying to make a deal with Russia to sell 500 tractors. Mabel stayed with him until Amelia Earhart took off from the U.S. and landed in Paris. Then she lost interest in the project. Apparently she lost interest in Charley, too, for when Grace showed up in Paris, announcing her intention to divorce Levine, Mabel coolly told reporters, "I fail to see where I fit into the picture."

And again Charley somehow managed to talk Grace out of divorcing him.

His business affairs, however, were past the sweet-talk stage. Columbia Aircraft Corporation had indeed received all the orders it could fill; had Charley been content to be a mere aviation magnate, he could have cleaned up. Instead, while he sought more headlines, the company went to pot. The last of the planes were finally sold at auction to pay their hangar rent.

From then on, Charley was a drowning man grasping at straws. New York police wanted him on a charge of putting up stolen stock as security for a loan. He eluded capture for 14 months, bobbing up in Montreal, Texas and Paris before police discovered him practically under their noses. He was in a New York hospital under an assumed name, recuperating from a leg he had broken while running for a subway.

Now Levine was not only broke but owed $488,000 in back income taxes. For the third time Grace set out to divorce him and this time she went through with it. Levine was arrested for brawling. Later, some friends with whom he lived in Brooklyn came home to find his head in the oven, the gas on, and suicide notes saying, "I just can't go on."

But Charley was resuscitated, and he did go on. He was caught smuggling tungsten into the United States from Canada in 1937, and served 18 months in prison. Three years later he was back in jail again, serving 150 days for helping to smuggle an alien into the United States.

And that was when he dropped from sight. Since 1940 there has been no news of him, and finding him seemed impossible. There was no record of his death, but none of his former associates in aviation had heard of him in years. His name was not listed in the Manhattan or Brooklyn telephone directories, and all efforts to trace him failed. For all intents and purposes, the flamboyant headline-hunter of the 1920's had ceased to exist.

Then, in one of those coincidences that happen every now and then, his name came up during an interview for another story, and we learned of someone who knew where he was. And sure enough, after 22 years in the shadows, there was Charley Levine. He has come down a long way. The three expensive cars are long gone, and the big house and the lush life. Today he operates out of a rented desk in an aging office building well out of the main business district. You can reach him through an answering service; you call them and, sooner or later, Charley will call you back.

He is still in aviation, running a company called Aero-Ads which specializes in towing advertising banners behind helicopters. He is also involved with another firm which, he says, has contracts to build housing on military bases. He does not seem interested in talking about either of these ventures.

Charley has no regrets about his flight or the aftermath, and he still takes pride in his solo hop from Paris to London. He is sorry now that he did not have a publicity man, who might have improved his relations with the press, but it's hard to imagine that anyone else could have gotten him more publicity than he got for himself. In any event, he has not wanted any headlines for over 20 years.

Charley did emerge briefly from the shadows last June, when the Long Island Early Fliers Club invited him and Chamberlin to a meeting to celebrate the 35th anniversary of their flight. It was the first time they had met in 34 years, and any resentments that may have existed had long been forgotten. They had a pleasant time reminiscing, and then Chamberlin went back to his successful real estate business and Levine went back to whatever it is he does.

But if Levine's luck has turned sour now, as seems to be the case, he certainly had it when he needed it. And he can claim one distinction; never in the history of aviation did such an unlikely person become so big a hero.

—Venlo Wolfsohn & Booton Herndon

MAY—TRUE—EASTERN

THE MAN WHO DIED TWICE

The bartender laughed at his own obituary—but Fate had the last, grisly chuckle

By J. P. Cahn

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH OWEN

Dr. Duncan Emrich is a mild mannered, thoughtful looking scholar who knows a choice piece of Americana when he sees one. One fine June day in 1948 when he was poking around Virginia City, Nevada, he came across a piece so choice it almost cost him his neck.

Back in the 60's Virginia City, spraddled square across the fabulous Comstock Lode, was the bare-knuckled Paris of the West. Miners who eventually blasted some $380 million in silver and gold out of great caverns under the city itself, brawled and blazed away at each other on C Street while imported champagnes flowed in the mansions of the overnight millionaires. Top entertainers of the day appeared at Maguire's Opera House while leather-lunged bull-whackers roared approval from the dress circle and pelted the stage with silver dollars.

The chief chronicle of these gaudy events was the *Territorial Enterprise*, a newspaper known nationally for articles written by Bill Wright who signed himself Dan DeQuille. The *Enterprise* was also pretty well thought of locally for the efforts of a young reporter known only as Josh until on February 2, 1863, he signed a piece with a pen name that was to stick with him the rest of his life—Mark Twain.

Rooting through back issues of the *Enterprise*, Duncan Emrich discovered that both DeQuille and Twain specialized in writing the kind of story that would make a newspaper editor today stomp a reporter into the hell-box—bald faced, dead pan hoaxes, the wilder the better. DeQuille called these literary gold bricks "quaints." They were the absolute rage of the Comstock and the making of Mark Twain.

Duncan Emrich decided that a few quaints were exactly what latter day Virginia City needed.

As the subject for his first quaint, Emrich selected the proprietor of the Union Brewery Saloon, a middle-aged, flap-jowled Italian named Frank Lazzeri. Strictly an indoor character, Lazzeri was known throughout Nevada by the unlikely name of Bronco, a title of esteem bestowed on him because of his unique business policy. Bronco was one bartender who felt there was no reason his patrons should have all the fun. The result was that the cocktail hour at his establishment had all the decorum of Saturday night at the bear fights. Residents of Virginia City learned to accept the raucous clatter that issued from the saloon, led by bellows from Bronco himself, as an indication that the festivities were nicely underway at the Union Brewery.

When Dr. Emrich decided to revive the quaint, the great Comstock Lode had long since petered out, and the boom town of Virginia City that had once swarmed with some 30,000 miners, merchants, millionaires and madams was almost deserted. The handful of residents, however, had come across a new streak of pay dirt.

The tourist trade had discovered the crumbling collection of weathered brick and frame buildings and descended on it like a swarm of locusts. Although the locals survived on tourist money, they resented the plump, plushy ladies who barged into their homes looking for antiques to trot out for the bridge club back home.

From the beginning, Bronco Lazzeri declared open season on all tourists. To the considerable delight of his regular patrons, he brazenly boosted the prices of their drinks or short-changed them whenever he got the chance.

For these activities and because he possesed a streak of wry, belligerent humor, Bronco became the champion of the Virginia City home guard. As such he was perfect material for Duncan Emrich's first quaint.

On the morning of Saturday, June 26, 1948, the headline of the Virginia City *News* read: TRAGIC AND SHOCKING DEATH ON THE COMSTOCK. The entire front page and a good part of the rest of the little, eight-page paper, was devoted to an elaborate and grisly report on the supposed death of Bronco Lazzeri.

According to Emrich's quaint, Bronco had been alone in his bar when a huge, mounted deer head, fitted out with silver tipped horns, crashed from the wall and stabbed him in the back. "The terrific force with which the buck's head hit," Emrich spoofed solemnly, "may be judged by the fact that two silver tipped points penetrated Bronco's posterior abdominal region to a depth of six and seven inches respectively."

Describing what happened after the deer head fell, Emrich pulled out all the stops: "Mr. Lazzeri suffered the tortures of the damned for four full hours before friends found him. We can only account for this, ironically enough, through the generosity . . . which made Mr. Lazzeri a favorite of the community. It was always his custom to allow fun-loving members of the town to gather at his bar and their noise—while innocent and carefree—dominated the area. So when Mr. Lazzeri himself was stricken and cried out with the pains of hell in his stomach, residents assumed no more than a normal bout was in progress."

Recounting the way Bronco was finally found, Emrich wrote: "Stretching and writhing on the floor was the twitching body of Mr. Lazzeri. His feet were extended toward the famous china spitoons . . . while his hands groped horribly for support toward the rich plush benches. With one hand Bronco had even clawed through the heavy Brussels carpet to dig at the timbered floor. And all this time Mr. Ed Blake was sitting within ten feet of the Union Brewery doors, [*Continued on page* 98-D]

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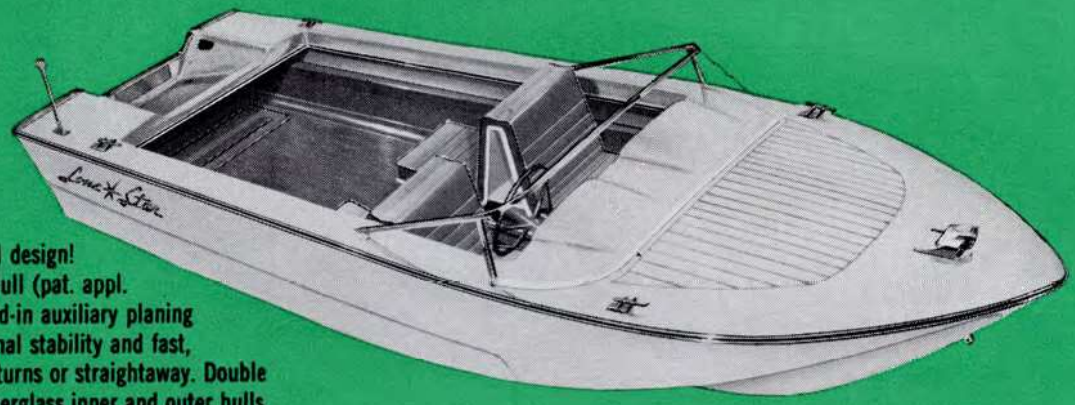

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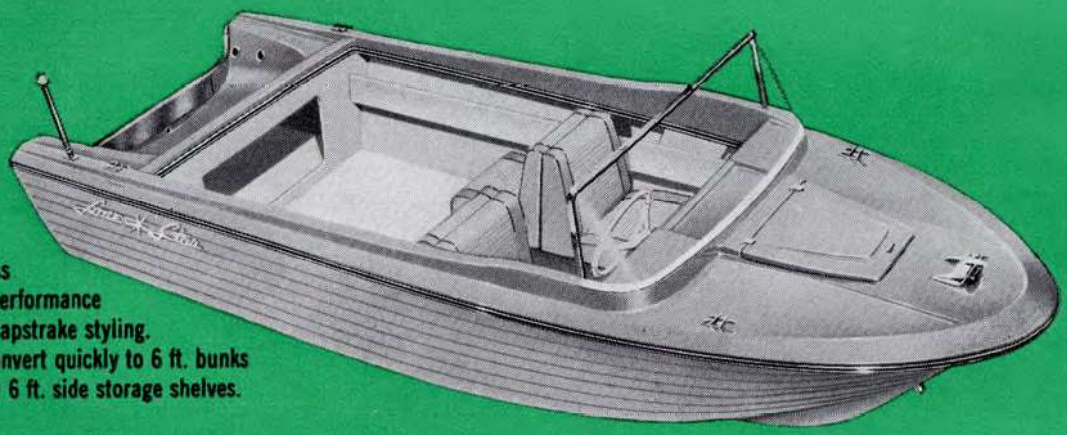

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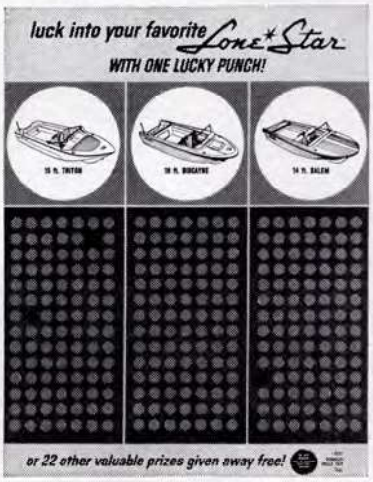
Winners will be determined after close of "Lucky Punch" contest, May 31, 1963, by each dealer with his master seal's winning number list. Winners will be notified by dealer by mail to each winner's listed address; and prizes will be awarded immediately. Contest open to adults only but not to employees (or members of their families) of any Lone Star dealer, the Company, or its advertising agency, Norsworthy-Mercer, Inc. This offer not valid in any jurisdiction where a contest of this nature is prohibited, restricted, regulated or subject to license. At all dealerships in such jurisdiction the 22 prizes referred to above (but not the three national grand prizes) will be distributed on an alternative basis. See your local Lone Star Dealer for information.



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The Man Who Died Twice

[*Continued from page* 98-A]

calmly sunning himself and dreaming of the old Comstock days."

Anyone who had ever been inside the Union Brewery should have spotted the hoax after reading the first few paragraphs. Bronco's saloon was a dark, splinter-floored trap stripped to the bare essentials required for serious drinking.

To make sure the quaint didn't backfire, the publishers of the *News* used the entire editorial column in the same issue to describe the wild hoaxes Mark Twain was famous for, winding up with: "Emrich's yarn is drenched with the same kind of imagination and we take pleasure in presenting the Mark Twain of 1948."

Despite all their precautions, Emrich's quaint not only backfired, but sent a whole broadside whistling through the offices of the Virginia City *News*.

JOIN THE LIFE BRIGADE
and fight the mysterious **BLEEDERS DISEASE**
NATIONAL **Hemophilia** FOUNDATION

By and large, the gruesome obituary was taken as a legitimate news story and one by one the residents of Virginia City gravely padded down to the Union Brewery to hoist a last cup to the departed. Behind the bar, of course, they found Bronco Lazzeri, his face puckered into what passed for a grin, and pleased as Tom Sawyer at his own funeral.

By the end of the day the grin had faded. Bewildered, Bronco couldn't understand why so many of his solemn-faced patrons were outraged when they found he was still among the living. What he didn't know was that they had been busy on the telephone commiserating with friends in nearby Carson City and Reno over Bronco's tragic death. In the flesh, Bronco was living proof they had been taken in.

The effect of those phone calls was something no one had counted on—especially Duncan Emrich. Friends of Bronco's who could get away, immediately trekked to Virginia City to pay their last respects.

When one woman arrived, Bronco sneaked into the Silver Dollar Hotel and, as the would-be mourner passed by on her way to the Union Brewery, draped a sheet over his head and bobbed up in a window wailing like a banshee. The woman promptly keeled over in the street.

In Reno, a group of Bronco's admirers solemnly gathered in a bar to raise a collection for flowers to be sent to the funeral, bolstering themselves with frequent farewell toasts. At the height of the fund and glass raising, someone who had just come from Virginia City sauntered in and broke the news that the whole thing was a product of Emrich's imagination.

The fund raisers instantly decided to blow the flower fund on a length of hanging rope for the imaginative Mr. Emrich.

After the rope had been purchased, it developed there was enough money left over for several toasts to Bronco's health—enough, as a matter of fact, so that most of the lynch party never got out of the bar and the staunchest of them got no closer to Virginia City than a saloon on the Reno city limits.

But word of their expedition did, and Emrich quietly left town.

Although many of the *News'* readers got the joke immediately, and two metropolitan newspapers were so impressed with Emrich's efforts in reproducing Mark Twain's style they asked for reprint rights, it was weeks before the last letter of condolence—or wrath—sifted into the publisher's office.

Eventually the heat subsided and Emrich was once more accepted as a citizen of good standing in Virginia City. Bronco continued to preside at the saloon and the dust raised by his fake obituary finally settled—until almost a year to the exact day after Emrich's quaint had been published, that is.

At 1 o'clock on the afternoon of July 14, 1949, two magazine writers living in Virginia City were walking down C Street when they heard the usual racket coming from behind the doors of the Union Brewery.

Then, just as the two writers were passing the saloon, the door opened feebly and Bronco Lazzeri crumpled across the threshold. He was dying.

When the hours preceding his death were reconstructed, Virginia City was stunned. Aside from the fact he had died from a diabetic attack, Bronco's last hours had followed Emrich's description of his death with gruesome accuracy.

Just as Emrich had written, Bronco had been alone in his bar when he was stricken. When he revived, he painfully clawed his way across the floor to the door feebly calling for help and groaning. Ed Blake, sitting in the sun just a few feet away, heard him but, like the other people who also heard Bronco's cries, figured a "normal bout was in progress."

There was just one grisly difference of any importance between Bronco's death and Duncan Emrich's quaint:

Instead of merely floundering across the floor for the course of an afternoon as Emrich had written, Bronco had struggled to reach the door for a full 10 hours before the real thing finally came to the man who died twice.—**J. P. Cahn**

COMING . . .

Bonus Book Condensation

DIAMOND RIVER

Great jungle adventure.

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Night Beat in the Asphalt Jungle

[*Continued from page* 43]

the concrete wall, not quite sure whether they would be going to dinner soon or watching a building fall down. Hands jammed into pockets, hats slanted down their foreheads, they looked like a pair of Broadway wiseguys waiting for the girls. Giarnella, with his sharp, colorful suits and strong resemblance to the late Tyrone Power, seems like the advance man for a very posh floating crap game. If you didn't spot Ford for a cop, you'd figure he was a hatchet man for a very mean protection racket.

There is something in the eyes of cops and crooks that you never see in work-a-day types. At best, it can be described as a kind of animal alertness.

Giarnella is never truly relaxed. He is always the hunter. I've talked to him in quiet restaurants, asked about the wife and the three little girls in the Bronx; he answers politely, and says that the big one is doing well in parochial school. But he never looks at me directly, and I always feel his mind is elsewhere.

His eyes are constantly roving around the other tables, looking for faces he has seen in the line-up or on the wanted poster board in the squad room. Someone passes a small package across a table. Giarnella stiffens, then relaxes. Just a birthday present, not narcotics. A burly young man in sharp clothes reaches suddenly into his jacket, and Giarnella holds onto his Colt until the young man comes up with a wallet.

He doesn't go to the movies often, because he can't concentrate on the picture. He is always watching for seat-tippers—criminals who push up theater chairs and rifle the purses that drop through the crack. Once he took his family to see *My Fair Lady* on Broadway. The kids loved it. Giarnella was bored. He said he saw through the plot right away, then started watching a guy in the balcony who didn't look right. Nothing came of it.

"No nitro, just glycerine," snapped a Bomb Squad officer, marching out of the lobby through a sea of blue coats.

Giarnella and Ford turned back into the lobby and went up the elevator. People to talk to and papers to fill out. It was close to 8 p.m. before we headed back to the squad room. Most of the places where Al and John usually eat dinner were closed. We stopped at a delicatessen on West 54th Street.

"Sanka and no mustard on the ham and cheese," repeated the man behind the counter, taking Al's order. "What, you got ulcers?"

"Yeah," admitted Al uncomfortably.

We ate in the squad room, on a sooty desk under the squash-faced portrait of Donald Leroy Payne, a very unpopular man in FBI circles.

"There was a call for you, Al," said Eddie Driscoll, who had been catching squeals. "Wouldn't give his name. He said for you to meet him at the corner of 86th Street and Amsterdam at 9:30. Very important. Sounded like a stool."

Giarnella twisted the little gold ring on his finger. "Say anything else?"

"No."

"We'll go with you," said Ford, with curt finality.

"Maybe not," said Giarnella. "We have to meet some policewomen here at 11:30."

Ford scowled. "What for?"

Giarnella tried not to smile at the obvious disgust on his partner's big face. "They're picking up some guy who works nights at the Peacock Theater. They want escorts."

Ford made an obscene gesture. "They give those broads shields and guns and a course in judo, and they still come crying for help everytime something happens. Why?"

Nobody answered. Ford went into the john across the hall and Driscoll opened a typewriter and started on the hours of paperwork that lay ahead. Everyone on the team was at least a week behind in his forms. Driscoll was the only really fast typist on the team, and the bulk of the paper work—the complaint reports, the squeal charts, the locator cards—us-

TRUE

"Harry is very easy to cook for!"

"As I understand it, your wife threatened to leave you—and you want to bring suit to force her to make good on her threat!"

ually emerged from under his thin, strong fingers.

Giarnella called home. He usually called later in the evening, to put the kids to sleep, but tonight he would be busy between 9:30 and 10. Driscoll typed harder as Al talked, pretending not to listen.

"Don't ask Daddy questions like that," Al was saying. "You know Daddy loves his little girls, but he has to work. I can't come home now."

There was a silence on the other end, and then Al's wife came on. Al once said that she could never go to sleep without his call, that it was as important to her as the last cigarette some people grind out in their nightstand ashtrays.

"How's everything, darling? Good, I'm very glad to hear that. It looks quiet so far. Make a good breakfast. I'll be home early and we'll go to late mass together, after the kids. Goodnight."

Giarnella put down the phone and squeezed the bridge of his nose between thumb and forefinger. "Sometimes I think I oughta go back into the bag," he said, but nobody listened because they knew he didn't mean it.

In cop's argot, the bag is the blue uniform, and working in the bag means the relatively sane hours of walking a post or cruising in a radio car. Once in a while a detective goes back into the bag because the grind and the hours are corroding his marriage.

"This is more than a job," says Giarnella, "It's a way of life. No woman can understand it. No woman can ever adjust to being the second most important thing in a man's life. But they have to."

Ford is less thoughtful, more cynical. "Detectives get married," he said one night over a Scotch, "because they can't find girl friends who'll stand for the hours."

In the working-class neighborhoods where most of them live, the detective is a stranger. Neighborhood women ask his wife if he's got a job yet—they see him coming home and leaving at odd hours. The kids on the block know him as a friendly man who never shows up at Scout meetings or class plays. Their fathers wonder why he never joins the bowling league.

Once in a while he makes a good pinch and he gets his name in the papers or his face on television. Then the people next door invite him over so they can show him off to their relatives. Otherwise they don't know him unless they need a parking ticket fixed. They don't believe him when he says he can't do it.

For the $8,000 or so a year that Giarnella earns, he often puts in an 80-hour week, can expect to be called in during his vacation, and must lie to his wife. For years, she made a ritual of making him promise he would never run down a dark alley after a man with a knife or a gun. For years he made that promise. And broke it. Giarnella is a devout Roman Catholic and the lie haunted him. Once he confessed it to a priest. The clergyman said it was permissible under the circumstances.

But a good cop forgets emotions and reminds himself that on an average day in New York City, a man is murdered, three rapes are reported, and 103 homes are burglarized. During the same period 33 assaults are committed, and 131 grand larcenies. There are 10 million people in and around the city. And there are only 3,200 detectives to sift and examine the shattered pieces of inhumanity that total the statistics of violence.

Except for specialized units such as Narcotics, Homicide, and Safe and Loft, most of these "brains" (as they are called by the uniformed force) work out of the precincts. They got their jobs because sometime while in the bag each one of them showed a superior officer something special, made a great collar or developed an influential friend (called a "rabbi").

Giarnella, for example, spent four years in a patrol car in the Bronx before he made the Bureau. His arrest record was extraordinarily high, and his big hand had been felt on many tough young seats around the City Island area.

Early in 1952, Giarnella was appointed to the Detective Division. He spent six weeks at the Police Academy's Detective School, learning the proper methods of conducting an investigation and of interrogating a prisoner. He learned to toss a suspect for a sneak gun in his underwear, for a razor on his hatband, for narcotics in his hair.

He was impressed with the virtues of tenacity (A Case Is Never Closed Until the Criminal Is in the Can) and of observation (Always Listen with Your Eyes). Along the way he developed some working propositions of his own, including: "Any guy that looks me straight in the eye is wrong. He's trying to make me because he's up to something."

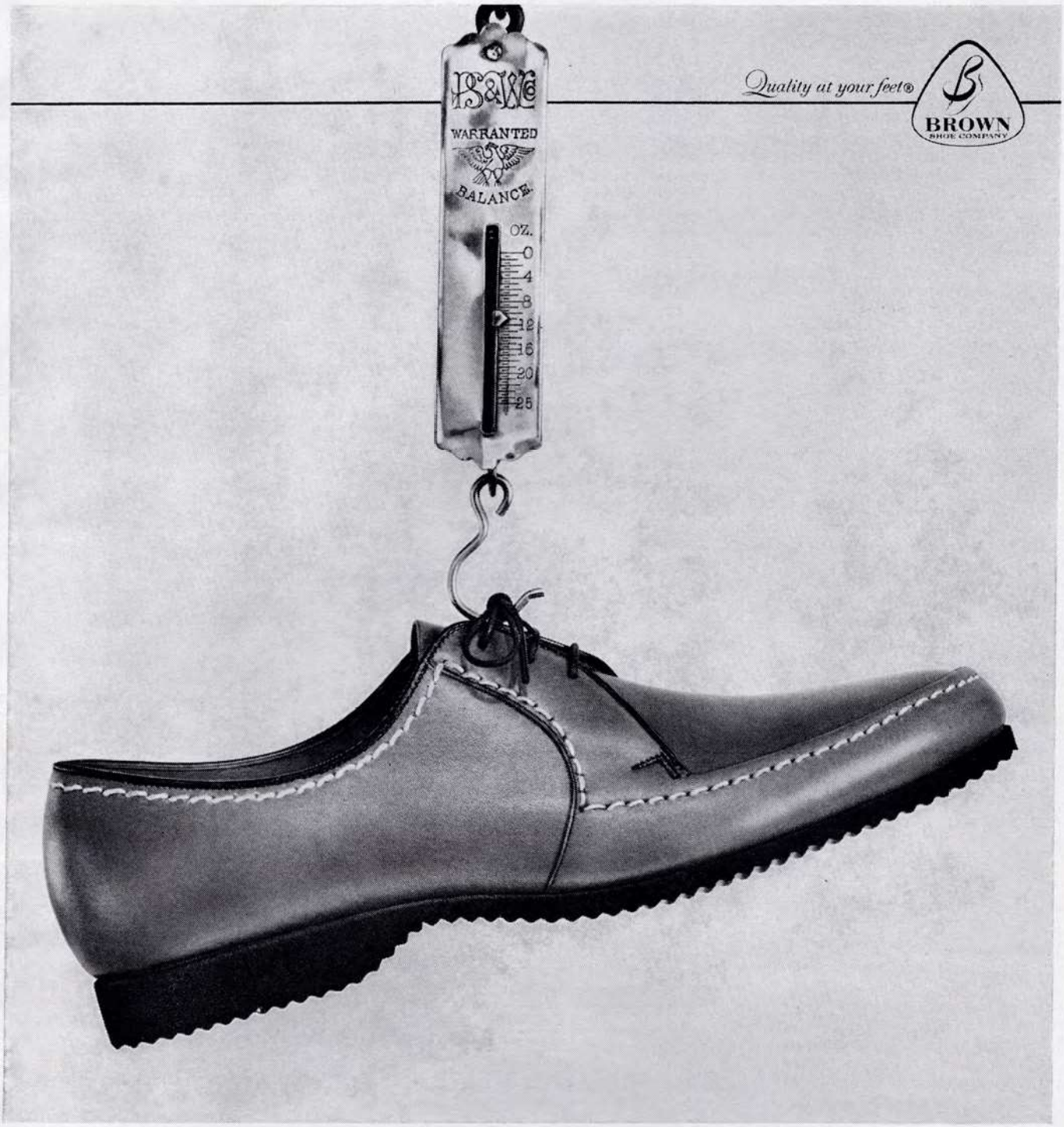
Between them, Giarnella and Ford arrested 153 persons in the past three years, some with great misgiving. They particularly remember three young soldiers out of Fort Monmouth who had "borrowed" a car to get home on leave. "They were decent kids from good families. You hate to make the first marks on a clean record," Ford said. But they did.

This is not to say that Giarnella and Ford are the best detectives in the city. Neither of them are of first-grade rank, and there are other men with better arrest records. But they are good. They are solid, tough working stiffs who push and plod until the pieces fall into place. They ring doorbells, wear out shoe leather, use up gasoline, and pay their stoolies with the money other men spend on fishing tackle. This is an investment. A really good collar might mean promotion to first grade and a raise.

They work well together. Ford is the tough one, the doorkicker, the one who rolls up his sleeves and looks mean, and curls his lip and gives suspects the impression that he will tear them up if they don't come clean. It's a good act. Last Christmas he was nearly worried out of his mind that he wouldn't get the tree trimmed in time.

Giarnella is the father-confessor type. If the suspect doesn't open up under Ford's scowl, he will usually turn to Al for sympathy or protection. Al will move in, all kindness. It took them years to work the little drama out.

But for all their skill, they will never drive sleek cars like their counterparts



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on television. The closest they ever come to fancy dames are the ones they interview after Park Avenue burglaries.

By 9:15 p.m. it was dark and drizzly and the weather had turned raw. Ford's coat collar was up, but he left his hat with a candy-store owner near 86th and Amsterdam. Detectives in Manhattan are expected to wear hats. Orders from Borough Command. Criminals know this.

Al sat in the car, parked by a fire hydrant in front of a cafeteria. His hat was off, too, but he wanted to be seen and recognized. Now and then he caught sight of Ford: a spurt of match flame on the stairs of Peppy's Bar across the street, a shadow in the doorway of the Whelan's drugstore. I sat in front of the plate-glass window of the cafeteria, drinking coffee.

We waited 20 minutes, time enough for anyone to make Al, cautious stoolie or vengeful ex-con. Then suddenly the door opened and closed and Al had a passenger.

Ford jumped in a moment later, his hand in his coat pocket.

I took off then, back downtown with Ford's hat. We had agreed that I would disappear any time a stool pigeon with live information came into the picture, just to avoid queering the situation with an unknown face. We met an hour and a half later to reconstruct the action.

The man turned out to be Tony somebody, an Eighth Avenue bartender who had worked with Al and John several times before. He had been in the saloon Friday night when the homicide had taken place. He knew the names of the three men and the girl involved, even knew where to find the little man with the gun.

Naturally, he wanted something in return. He wanted to get off the West Side, away from the racket boys on Eighth Avenue. He told Al that he'd like a nice quiet East Side joint, with nothing worse to worry about than pretty boys and high-class hustlers.

(Just recently, I found out the end of the story. Al and John had turned the barkeep over to the Friday night-tour team who had been working on the homicide. With his leads, they broke the case, getting evidence from other witnesses and an eventual confession from the gunman. To protect the bartender, they arrested him on a trumped-up charge—a common practice to protect stools—and saw to it that he received a suspended sentence. Al got him installed behind a posh strip of mahogany on the East Side, where he ladles out free ones to the 18th Squad and complains about the pretty boys.)

At 11:30 we were all back in the squad room. By now it looked like Grand Central Station. Two burly females were milling impatiently in one corner. Eddie Driscoll was guiding an old man out the door, a worn, frail, weary-looking man with little life left in his watery eyes. A few years ago, Driscoll had done him a small favor on a nothing case. The man kept coming back for advice, sympathy, encouragement to keep living. No medals are awarded such public service, but it is part of the job.

Ford swallowed his distaste and led his partners over to the policewomen, making polite introductions. One of them took a cigarette out of a huge handbag, but no one lit it for her. Women who carry guns fire their own butts.

The taller woman, who looked about 38, was named Carol. She had a good shape on her and good features, but they were hard set. The men had worked with her before, knew she had a master's degree in criminology from some university, and was a good cop. She also looked as though she had been through the mill—cold eyes, thin lips, the kind of embittered face I've seen on waitresses in truck stops.

The younger one was Ann something, in her 20's, chubby, with the round, open face of an over-aged bobby-soxer. She chewed gum and snapped it loudly. Both of them looked tough and competent. About as feminine as 4.2-inch mortars.

Carol flipped open her notebook efficiently and plowed ahead. "At midnight we will pick up Jimmie Davis, night janitor of the Peacock Theater. Opal Moore, whom we convinced to make a formal complaint, is already at the theater. Opal has witnesses that Davis comes to the factory where she works, at lunchtime, and threatens her with a 6-inch knife if she doesn't go to bed with him. She has resisted his advances. He waves the knife, makes obscene gestures and noises, and swears he will cut up her face." She snapped the notebook shut, glancing severely at Ford and Driscoll, who were trying hard not to laugh.

Giarnella shrugged. "Well, let's go to the movies."

We spent almost half an hour in the balcony of the Peacock, waiting for Jimmie Davis. Al, John and I caught the end of a Brigitte Bardot movie. The two women detectives watched a young man in the last row slide his hand into his girl's brassiere. The chubby one snapped her gum.

At 12:20 the movie ended and the theater manager puffed up the carpeted steps, wringing his hands. "He's here," he whispered, and scurried away.

Carol took a last look at her notebook, snapped it shut and braced herself. "He carries a long knife," she said.

Giarnella and Ford opened their coats, their hands near their guns. The hands drifted away when Jimmie Davis shambled up to the balcony, a broom in his hand. He was lanky, middle-aged, and he walked with the shuffling shag of a wino looking for a hole. A wiry tuft of black hair on his lower lip was the only fierce thing about him.

"You Jimmie Davis?"

"Yassuh."

"We're police officers, Jimmie, we've got a warrant for your arrest," said Ford. "Empty your pockets."

Slowly, Davis emptied his pockets, with the weary resignation of a man who accepts being tossed as a way of life. Keys. A few crumpled dollar bills. A torn leather wallet. More keys. Kleenex. Cigarettes. A knife . . . pocket variety, with a one-inch blade.

"You know a woman named Opal Moore?"

"No."

Ann brought Opal Moore out of the manager's office. She was a scrawny, dried-out woman with frightened eyes. She pointed at Jimmie and nodded her head.

"You know this woman?" asked Ford.

Jimmie's shoulders sagged. "Yassuh."

Back in the squad room, Carol read the charges against Jimmie from her notebook, and Ford rolled up his sleeves, fingerprinted the janitor, and began the interrogation.

"Where do you live, Jimmy?"

"Lenox Avenue."

"How old are you?"

"Forty-three."

"What's your address?"

"Amsterdam and. . . ."

"I thought you said Lenox?"

"I got two apartments."

"Whaddya mean, two apartments? You pay rent on two places?"

"Yep."

Ford began to sweat. "You been busted before?"

"Nope."

"You know this woman?"

"I seen her around."

"You been with her, Jimmie?"

"What you mean?"

"Ever go to bed with her?"

Jimmie shrugged. "I'm married."

"You working at it?"

"I live with my wife."

"In two apartments?"

"Yeah."

"This woman says you threatened her with a knife, that you said you'd cut her up if she didn't go with you."

"Don't believe that stuff."

"She's got witnesses. Why should she lie?"

"I'm married, I don't need none of her."

"Why would she say it, though?"

"She just want to get me in trouble."

"Why?"

Jimmie's eyes narrowed. "She been hungry after me a long time, ever since she don't get it no more."

The questioning went on for another hour, Jimmie's answers vague and contradictory. Opal sat quietly. She said that the little penknife was the one Jimmie had waved in her face. She refused to say the words Jimmie had used to threaten her. Carol took her outside. She told them to Carol.

"Very vulgar language," said the policewoman nonchalantly, writing in her notebook.

Somehow the tragicomedy cast of Carol, Ann, Opal and Jimmie left. It took another hour, some coffee from the delicatessen and a telephone call for a wagon. But they left. Ford looked at the bulletin board: the colored picture of marijuana in bloom, the duty chart, and finally at a crudely lettered sign—You Don't Have to Be Crazy to Work Here, But It Helps.

Ford waved a thick hand through the night's accumulation of cigarette smoke and stale air. "Let's cruise," he said.

It was nearly 3 a.m. now. In New York City, Sunday morning from 3 a.m. until about 4 is a crucial period. The bars close at 3, and the first trickle of bottle babies and well-tanked social drinkers

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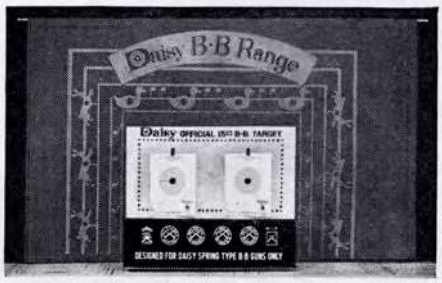

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begins to ooze out onto the street. It grows into a flood by 3:30. According to law, 3 is the deadline for serving, but a thirsty man orders a few before curfew and drinks for another 20 or 30 minutes.

By 4, most of the pub-crawlers are out of the area—by cab, train or stagger. Until then, cops must watch for drunken brawls, muggers and lush-workers.

The streets were fairly free of traffic as Ford guided the Plymouth up and down the side streets from the Hudson River piers to Fifth Avenue, weaving across the west half of Manhattan like a purring metal panther on the prowl.

At the corner of Sixth Avenue and 56th Street, Ford leaned out the window and waved at a stout, graying cop on post. "Good man, real salty hairbag from the old school," said Ford, in the admiring tone he usually reserved for fellow detectives, well-stacked females and expert con men.

"When I was a kid," said Giarnella, "we saw a cop like that coming, we'd cross the street. He'd belt you for nothing. Sometimes I think that's the only way."

Ford suddenly swerved left, began inching up behind two men in leather jackets fumbling with the trunk of a car. He waited until they had opened the trunk, pulled out a spare tire and begun changing a flat before he started cruising again.

At Eighth Avenue and 56th Street, Ford pounded on the accelerator and flipped on the siren.

Fifteen or 20 men bunched in front of a saloon door looked up suddenly, some of them frozen with upraised bottles in hand. They were squared off for a brawl.

Giarnella was out of the car before Ford had stopped it. The two detectives fanned out, moving easily and quietly in the crowd.

"Where do you live?" Ford asked one man.

"The Bronx."

"If you start now, you'll make your train. I hear it coming."

Like cowboys soothing down a restive night herd, the two men ambled in and around the milling crowd, talking softly, smiling, edging between potential combatants.

"Nice night," said Giarnella, "but it's over."

The crowd started breaking up, in ones and twos, toward cars and trains.

"We're salesmen," said one middle-aged man sheepishly, mentioning one of the country's most famous brand names. "Once a month we get together."

"Nothing wrong in that," said Giarnella soothingly.

We cruised for another hour, trailing a few unsteady men into the subway, shadowing a young woman until she got on her bus. The streets were quiet that night after 4. Dawn broke crisp and clear: the only remnants of the night before were broken whisky bottles here and there and bums sacked out in the doorways of churches. The bums would soon be awakened by the bells.

Ford brought the Plymouth back to 54th Street. All quiet. He and Al finished their paper work and caught an hour's sleep in the four-bed dormitory behind the squad-commander's office. By 8 a.m. the day team had arrived, freshly shaven, wide awake and neatly pressed. The teams converged for a while, ran through the complaint charts, and then guardianship of the 18th was passed over. By 9, only an hour later than officially scheduled (which is considered a rare slide), the night team broke up. Ford went home to Queens, Driscoll to uptown Manhattan. "Don't get mugged," they yelled to each other—the ironical, traditional cops' goodnight.

I walked Al Giarnella to his Bronx-bound subway. He said he was sorry that I hadn't run into a big murder or something really exciting for my story, but then he took it back with a grin—he was glad it was just a typical Saturday night in the 18th. He hadn't had a chance to take the wife to church since God knows when, and after a big breakfast, he said, this was the morning.

We shook hands, bought the Sunday papers and split up. I figured the night tour was over. It was for me, and I didn't catch the end of it until Monday when Al told me what happened next.

He had found a seat on the half-empty car and started reading his paper, but the long night and the steady throb of the subway began to dull his mind, close his eyes. The papers slipped out of his fingers. He remembers opening his eyes, seeing with satisfaction that the train was out of the precinct, and going back to sleep.

When his eyes opened again, it was because he thought he heard a scream. "They ought to oil these trains," he thought, and closed his eyes again. Then he was on his feet and moving.

In the next car, a burly six-footer, his eyes rolling wildly, was slashing with a butcher knife at a woman and her baby. There were a dozen other people in the subway car, rooted in horrified fascination.

"When I get hot," the man was bellowing, "I love to cut out livers."

Giarnella says he was still half-asleep, but he moved with conditioned reflex. He unbuttoned his coat and jacket as he moved into the next car. He pulled the .38.

"Put down that knife," said Giarnella easily. "I'm a police officer. That's why I have this gun. No one will hurt you."

The man turned. His face was wildly contorted, his clothes a shredded rubble of cheap, stinking cotton. There was dried blood from an old wound on the side of his face. He was four feet from Giarnella and he raised the knife higher.

Giarnella woke up fast. He wondered if he should fire now, if he should try to put a slug in the heavy arm, or take the safe way and gut-shoot him. Would the bullet ricochet? Would it pass through the knife-wielder and hit someone else in the subway? He thought about a sergeant he once knew who pumped three bullets in a man's belly and the man just kept coming until he planted the knife in the sergeant's chest.

The big man did not look too steady on his feet. Giarnella decided not to shoot.

The man lunged. Giarnella sidestepped and wrapped one of his thick square hands around the back of his neck. He carefully replaced the revolver before he kicked the man's legs out from under him, spread him face down on the rocking subway deck and beat him docile.

When the train pulled into the Tremont Avenue station, a parade of uniformed cops piled aboard. Someone had called ahead.

"He's all yours," said Giarnella, just like the detectives on television.

"I'm afraid you'll have to come down and sign the complaint," said a uniformed lieutenant.

"I just got off night duty, Loot, I want to see the kids. I promised to take the family to. . . ."

"Sorry," said the lieutenant, as if he were truly sorry.

At the Bronx precinct house, Giarnella called his wife. He told her to put that big breakfast back in the stove, and to go on to church without him. Maybe next Sunday. **—Robert M. Lipsyte**

Man vs. His Terrible Tempered Machines

[*Continued from page* 44]

the same operator. They're the real nuts."

He mentioned in particular a bulldozer which committed suicide in Washington state. This piece of equipment had been most cooperative until its operator got drunk once too often and was fired. After that the bulldozer went all to pieces. The new operator could do nothing with it. Finally it threw itself headlong over a cliff and smashed itself to bits. "Sure it did. An almighty wonder it was, too, that the new operator didn't go over the cliff with it."

One man told me about a garbage disposal unit which always works perfectly until his mother-in-law comes near it. Then it simply throws up. Another described an outboard motor at Lake Tahoe, California, which ran very nicely for anybody except its owner. The owner could not even start it. All he got out of it was a short growl. On the one occasion when he did manage to stumble across the proper approach to the engine, it started off with a loud roar and then jumped into the water. As the owner's son-in-law put it: "This is simply another case where the personality of the machine was in conflict with the personality of the owner." He went on to describe what he called a very common occurrence. "Suppose a machine stalls and three or four men gather around, all wanting to have a try at it. The chances are one in the bunch will make it go. Why? Nobody knows."

(Editor's note: I agreed that certain machines will respond to the handling

of certain men, just like dames will. Me, I've always had the best of luck with machines. I like 'em and they like me. But there's a reason. It's because I don't force them and I understand the tender feelings of their hot little innards. Mauri Rose used to say he won at Indianapolis not so much because he knew how to bear down on the gas rod, but how to back off on it. Mauri had all sorts of theories about the reverse thrusts which were applied to a hot engine when the driver backed off too abruptly. He nursed engines; some other race car drivers are notorious for breaking them up. In some cases it amounts to a sort of mystic gift . . . a touch, an instinct, an ear for the music an engine makes, a sense of gears badly meshed, a nose that detects too-hot oil. It's really an affair, this relationship between man and machine—a rhythmic communion, a wordless understanding.)

Now this mystic gift apparently has nothing to do with knowledge or formal education. I've been told about an electronics engineer whose car works like a charm for his teenage son, but the engineer himself is everlastingly flooding, stalling and killing it.

"That engineer refuses to recognize that his car is an individual," Robert Morgan, a San Francisco fire inspector said. "Every piece of machinery, when it comes from the factory, has a personality of its own, some quirk or characteristic not found in other models of the same make." An electric mixer, I gathered, may look exactly like all the other mixers turned out by the factory, but at heart it is sure to be a rugged individualist.

"A knowledge of what a machine is supposed to do isn't enough," Inspector Morgan went on. "The job is to find out how your particular machine, with its own peculiarities, is going to respond to stimuli. That's why the instructions sent along with a new machine aren't much use, unless the machine you've bought happens to agree with the instructions."

Inspector Morgan's outboard motor is peculiarly notional. It will go for 30 or 40 minutes and then he has to take out one of the spark plugs, clean it and put it back. After that it is good for another 40 minutes. "My outboard is stubborn, set in its ways and likes its spark plug clean. So either I clean it or row home."

A philosophy of this kind is the reason, no doubt, why pro-mechanical people sometimes are noticed doing such odd things as slamming the refrigerator door when their radios start to fade out, or jumping up and down on the front porch while their wives cook waffles.

That waffle iron affair sounds absolutely squirrely to me, but anyway, here it is. The incident took place near Camp Fannin, Texas, during World War II, when married officers were having difficulty finding living quarters for their wives. One lieutenant managed to latch onto a dilapidated furnished cottage, complete with an old electric waffle iron. But to make the waffle iron work, the lieutenant not only had to jump up and down on the front porch, he had to jump hard enough to rattle the window panes.

When he and his wife gave a waffle party for other junior officers, the men

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used to jump in relays, while the wives did the cooking. Eventually all that noisy jumping up and down became more than the neighbors could stand, so one night they called the police. Not that this slowed down the waffle making. The police were so intrigued by the situation that they began jumping up and down on the porch, too, while the women started a new batch of waffles.

At least that is what they tell me.

Or take the case of Kenn Roth and the alcoholic boiler. Kenn is a San Francisco oboe player and the boiler is an ancient cast iron model used to heat the apartment building managed by Kenn's elderly mother.

Kenn was feeling melancholy one day, so he broke out a fifth of whisky and went down to the basement for a little peace and quiet and to play his musical instrument. He took a nip from the bottle, blew a few wistful notes on the oboe and then stopped with a pained expression on his face. Something unpleasant was going on in the adjoining boiler room. There were a lot of deep-bellied pops and booms, echoing up through all the radiators in the house. To Kenn it sounded exactly as if that boiler were in the throes of withdrawal pains. It sounded even more like it when Kenn ambled into the adjoining room and looked the boiler over.

At the best of times, this is a dejected looking object. Originally it was an oil burner, converted to gas back in 1932. From the groans and shudders going on at the moment, it sounded as if it were about to blow out all the radiators in the building.

"You poor old bastard. What you need is a little drink," Kenn said, pouring a good dollop into the steam line. "Poor old bastard," he said, wandering back to his chair and taking up his oboe.

In a few minutes he put it down again. The distressed noises had stopped and a happy burbling sound was coming from the pipes. "That boiler settled right down," Kenn explains. After that, whenever there was an unpleasantness in the basement, Kenn would go downstairs and give the boiler a shot of whisky. "I've kept that poor old slob going for 15 years on alcohol," he says.

According to Kenn there would be no point in trying to figure out if alcohol clears out some deposit clogging the works. That boiler needs whisky, periodically, and when it is deprived, it gets mean. "Only you've got to be careful and not give it too much or it'll blow its pop-off valve," he warns.

On one occasion Andy Diamond, shop foreman for the Advance Automatic Sales company of San Francisco, went to unusual lengths to gain the cooperation of a pretty hoity-toity pinball machine. The company distributes a line of phonographs, games and vending machines, elaborate mechanisms, their works a beautiful maze of wires, relays and step-up units. Two years ago, mechanics began to have trouble with a game which featured a bathing beauty. As the game started, the bathing beauty was supposed to go to the bottom of a ladder. By shooting a ball, the player could get her to climb to the top of a tower and dive off with a flashing of lights and a big hurrah.

Every few weeks she would refuse to get out of the water at all. She would simply stay there as if the current were off.

Mechanics had no difficulty locating the trouble. Residual magnetism in the coil was holding up the resetting of the game. They would fix her up, send her back to the restaurant where she belonged and in a few weeks she would go dead again. After she had been in and out of the shop half a dozen times, everybody was sick and tired of that bathing beauty. Andy was on the point of scrapping her when the restaurant owner happened to mention a curious thing he had noticed. "It's funny," he said, "but that game works all right until after a woman has played it. Then she balks."

Andy is a man of great mechanical insights. He shipped her right off to a men's athletic club and they haven't had a bit of trouble with her since. In the virile atmosphere of the locker room, the bathing beauty seems to be perfectly contented.

According to mechanics, that was a good, well balanced machine. It had its idiosyncracy—yes. Something about the way women played it triggered an unfortunate reaction. Otherwise it was perfectly sound. The real problems come when you get to fooling around with an out and out screwball. As mechanics explained, every so often a complete ass of a machine is produced. Built right into the mechanism is a streak of madness. At worst such machines are homicidal, and at best they are erratic, uncontrollable and demand constant attention.

"With a machine like that, if it's not one thing it's another," Johnny Aiello said, speaking with feeling, since he had just gone through a peculiar experience with a television set.

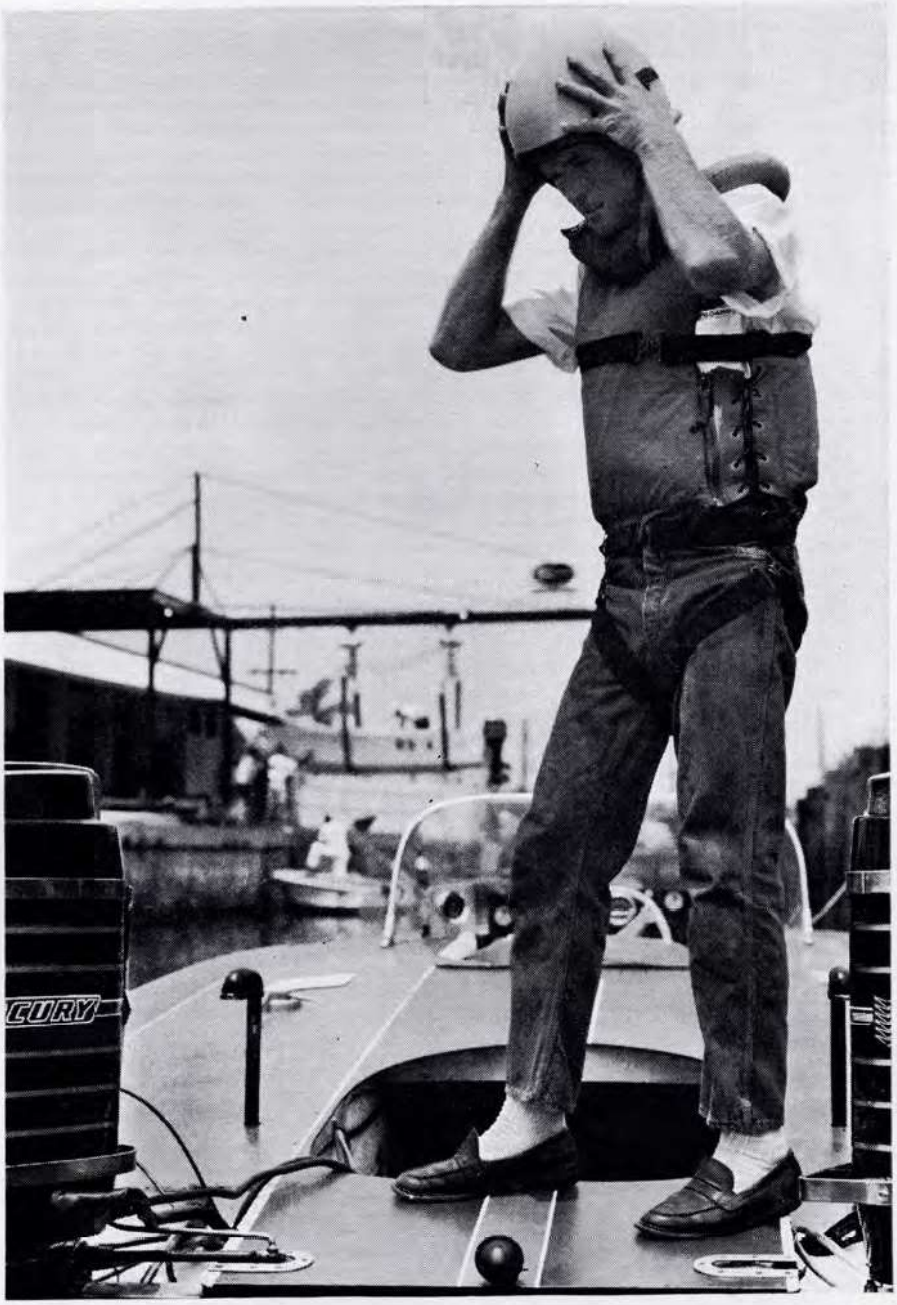
For 14 years Johnny has run the Nob Hill Sales and Service in San Francisco. Recently an old lady called him in connection with her TV set. Johnny knew her set well. In the past it had been subject to a whole string of minor but annoying ailments. "What seems to be the matter this time?" he asked.

"It's taken to blacking out whenever adultery is mentioned," she told him.

"I don't see how that could be at all possible," Johnny said and then cut short her indignant reply by promising to come right over.

The set was running perfectly when he arrived. "Naturally," the old lady told him tartly. "This program is quite free from any discussion of marital infidelity." The set blacked out, she told him, only during *Divorce Court* and came back on again, loud and clear, as soon as the program was over. She even seemed a little proud of its prudish attitude.

Johnny suspected a thermocoupling connection. The old lady always watched television from 3 o'clock on, every Saturday. Testing it at the shop, Johnny found that her set would become overheated after three hours and 10 minutes and would shut off for three quarters of an hour while it cooled. He made the necessary adjustments and packed it back to the old lady. Two weeks later she telephoned. "Is it blacking out *again?*" Johnny asked.



Demolition Expert

This is a Mercury outboard test driver dressing for work at our Lake X, Florida, proving grounds. He's paid to try to demolish Mercury outboards.

His weapons include speed, "stand-still" idling, corrosion, underwater obstacles the size of telephone poles, sand bars and different fuel mixtures (many of them wrong). One of his deadliest weapons is "full throttle time." The idea here is literally to run the motor to death.

That's what he's starting now. He and his cohorts will alternate continuous 8-hour shifts night and day. They'll lock open the throttles on two 1963 Merc 1000's at full speed. The boat will average about 55 mph *continuously* . . . stopping only to take on fuel and change "experts." Every 24 hours, each motor will log about *1320 miles.*

And, when you're reading this same magazine next month, our experts will still be trying to run these same two Mercs to death.

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"Oh no," she said. "We've had no further trouble with *Divorce Court*. But now it's taken to howling during the Alfred Hitchcock show."

"I advised her to trade it in for a color set," Johnny explained. "The set she had was just a nut. If I had cured it of howling during the Alfred Hitchcock show, probably it would have started burping during the commercials about acid indigestion or oscillating and rolling whenever a dance band played. As long as she kept it, she was in for nothing but trouble. Out of every thousand or so sets produced at a factory, one of them is going to be a perfect fool."

Such unbalanced mechanisms—the one bad apple in the barrel—probably account for most of the great legends which have grown up on the subject of machinery, the stories of malevolent construction equipment or cars with a distorted attitude. H. H. Hart of Berkeley, a number of years ago, became so convinced that his limousine was evil that he had it taken out by ferry and sunk in the middle of San Francisco Bay.

"Oh sure, these crazy machines exist," a warehouse man said. "They're unreliable and they're dangerous, but they're mighty rare. It's much more common to find a normal, well organized piece of equipment developing peculiarities through association with its operator. I can pretty well tell, when I take hold of a machine, what kind of guy has been handling it before, whether he knew anything about machinery or whether he had one of these domination complexes. I've even known machines to change their personalities right along with their operators."

He said he had in mind a lawn mower, owned jointly by two of his neighbors. One of these neighbors is a moody man, a man of many grievances, given to sudden flashes of temper. The lawn mower acts exactly like him when he runs it. It starts off snarling and blasts its way around the yard in an eccentric manner, moving in savage little rushes. After a few minutes, for no apparent reason, it quits work entirely. Frequently it will not start again until the other neighbor climbs through the hedge and takes over. This is an easy going man, fond of singing to himself as he putters about his garden. The lawn mower perks up immediately and becomes as merry as a cricket. It even develops a happy chirp to its voice as it works.

"There's nothing unusual about that," Cotton "Crisco" Crouse remarked when the situation was described to him. "You put a man and a piece of machinery together and after a while they not only begin to act alike, they begin to *look* alike, too. I don't mean there's any facial change. But if you look at the man and then look at the rig, there's a resemblance."

Cotton speaks from 15 years' experience operating heavy machinery. Moreover, he is a man with an innate feeling for machines, one of the few who has ever held a wake for a piece of drilling machinery. "That was tough old No. 11," he recalled, with affection. "It'd been all around the country for maybe 15 or 20 years. It was a junk to run, but it was a pleasure, too. It more or less knew what you wanted out of it and it would go ahead and do it. Kept right on up to the day it lay down and died of old age. Metal fatigue. When we heard it was being cut up for scrap, four or five of us held a wake at Joe's place. Every drink was 'To old No. 11.'"

Cotton now works for Haas & Haynie, general contractors, operating a new type of climbing crane, ground operated, being used in the building of the big Nob Hill Community apartments, in San Francisco. This particular crane, he said, is so new it hasn't had time to develop much personality yet, "Outside of stopping whenever a good looking gal goes by. But that's nothing. Practically any rig will do that.

"Naturally, it's the old pieces of machinery which have the most personality. I ran a truck once that would always break down going away from the yard, but never coming home. Finally it went crazy with the heat. One hot day at quitting time I parked it near Lake Merritt and went swimming. For 45 minutes it sat there perfectly quiet. Nobody came near it, but all of a sudden it took off and ran into the lake."

For sheer moodiness, however, Cotton would pick a drilling rig. "It didn't want to work Monday mornings. That had nothing to do with personnel. It was just a machine and it wouldn't work Monday mornings. If you ran it too hard, it'd sweat and then quit. You had to baby it all the time, oil it and wipe it and pay it a lot of attention. But you couldn't talk about it. The general superintendent came by one day and stood there watching it. 'Gee,' he said, looking pleased, 'that machine is sure running good.' So it blew up. Naturally. Nobody could talk to that machine except the owner. Whenever he came around it would run perfectly, just so he could say he didn't understand what all the beefs were about and it was the best piece of equipment in the world. As soon as he left it would break down."

On one point Cotton feels very strongly. Occasionally he overhears people, watching construction work, say, "That piece of machinery just seems to be part of him." According to Cotton, that remark shows a great ignorance. "A machine won't become part of you. *You* become part of the machine and if you don't you'll get into trouble. That's why it's dangerous to let people operate equipment who think they know all about it and won't listen to the motor. A motor will talk to you if you let it. You can tell if it's pulling down or working too hard. If you won't listen, someday you'll get hurt. It'll get back at you somehow, somewhere. Machinery always does. If you're running a cat or a 'dozer, you feel with the seat of your pants as well as your ears."

As far as I could gather, listening to all these discussions, the closest of the mechanical relationships are those that exist between a man and his car. Which may account for the reluctance some men feel toward trading in their old automobiles. As novelist Harvey Fergusson puts it: "They grow dependent on each other, just as couples do who have been married for years."

He himself drives around in a 1950 Plymouth coupe with which he has such a pleasant association that it never occurs to him to turn it out to graze. He pays ungrudgingly its repair bills which, with increasing age, have amounted to nearly as much as the cost of a new car. "I might not grieve if I ever lost it," he said, "but I would feel a distinct shock." And as an example of the unfortunate results which sometimes follow when a man and a car are mismated, he told a tale about one of his friends. This man made a big success and lots of money

TRUE

"Next Tuesday will be our first anniversary—if I can just stick it out."

What does Tom Tresh, Rookie of the Year, do when he hangs up his spikes?

after years of failure and feelings of inferiority. He immediately rushed out and bought himself the biggest, showiest red car he could find.

No good came of it. Within two weeks, the new owner began to suspect that the car was flaunting him. For example, it would stop if he took it out onto the back roads of Oregon.

It behaved itself fairly well in a big city environment, except for an arrogant tendency to back into other, lesser cars when it was being parked. But just let the owner pull up in front of some shabby little beanery in the country and the car invariably would give a loud and insulting poop. The poor owner began to have terrible feelings about it. He was convinced the car had his number and was letting him know they really were not in the same league at all. He had to struggle with himself every morning before he could work up enough nerve to go out and face his supercilious machine.

On the other hand, Scott Perry, a student at the University of Pennsylvania, had a car which appeared to grow *too* fond of him. It was a nice little car which had served him long and faithfully, giving no trouble at all. The trouble started when he tried to dispose of it. Every time he would take it out to demonstrate to a prospective buyer, all hell would break loose. Doors would fly open; the horn would short circuit and finally it would stall, right in the middle of the freeway.

Yes, I know it's hard to believe, but that is the kind of experience I kept hearing about during my research. I even ran into one case which undoubtedly could be called an affair between man and machine—a sort of rhythmic communion, a wordless understanding.

Fred Howard, whose prospecting adventures have taken him all over the West from Death Valley to Alaska, told the story this way:

Ned Keys was an operating engineer. His feet had been frozen when he was lost in the snow in Alaska and as a result both his legs had to be amputated. He recovered, but his personality had changed completely. Formerly he had been a good-natured, company-loving person, but after his accident he grew morose and shunned people. Machines became his only interest in life. He would pat them and talk to them as soothingly as another man might gentle a horse.

Eventually he learned to use artificial legs and threw away crutches and cane, but because of his handicap he had a hard time finding work. After trying unsuccessfully at various companies, he showed up at the old McKinley mine. The superintendent there was blowing his top. Work was practically at a standstill, because the hoisting equipment had broken down and no one could discover what was wrong with it, even though it had been taken apart and put together again at least three times.

Ned Keys felt the hoist all over with his hands and then he got down and stared for a long time at the casing. After a while, he pulled himself up and said, "There's absolutely nothing wrong with this machine. It's just unhappy and discouraged."

He puts on his Guide Step Shoes. Here's why.

"Two reasons. Like anybody else I want good-looking shoes. Shoes I can wear on campus here at Central Michigan. For dress. Everywhere.

"Second. You've heard 'em say, 'A ballplayer's legs are the first to go!' That hit home. I pay attention to my shoes. I can't wear just any shoes. Guide Steps feel different. Feel better. For example, it feels like there's something cupping my heel. Makes my foot feel more secure. Guide Steps seem firmer here in the middle, too. And up front? My toes flex more freely. There's lots more room. In general, Guide Steps feel springier. Bouncier. They feel and fit better than any shoes I've ever worn."

Guide Step lasts are measured in nineteen places. (Ordinary lasts are measured in six.) They're made for the foot in action: for men of action. For men like you . . . in all walks of life. See Guide Steps in "Living (Formula X-500)*" Leather at better shoe and department stores. *Trademark Reg. Pend

Shown: Side gore slip-on/ Insoles of bonded cellulose fiber

The Guide Step Shoe by Johnsonian. $12.95

A Quality Product of Endicott Johnson

"You crazy?" the superintendent asked him.

"No, I'm not crazy," Ned Keys told him. "You've got a very troubled piece of equipment on your hands. But it would run for me."

"Well," the superintendent said, "if it will run for you, you can have the hoist job, legs or no legs."

The regular hoist man who had been growing madder by the minute said he would bet any amount of money that the hoist would not run.

So Ned Keys pulled out a bill and said, "Here's a hundred dollars that says the hoist will work perfectly for me and won't even start for you."

The hoist man, who was a good operator in his own right, called the bet and Ned climbed into the slot and turned the engine on. Right away it started purring like a kitten and then brought up the cage, which had been stuck between levels for three days.

When the cage was in place, Ned turned off the engine and handed the hoist over to the regular operator. At first the engine wouldn't start at all. Then after several attempts, it started with a cough, but when the operator shoved in the clutch nothing happened except the engine stopped. At the end of an hour, Ned collected his bet and worked the hoist without difficulty for the rest of the shift.

When the new shift came on, he stayed around until he saw the hoist was working all right for the on-coming operator and then he went to a boarding house for dinner. He was only half way through his meal when a messenger from the mine came panting in. The hoist had stopped, while lowering men, and a cage full of miners was stranded half way down the shaft.

Ned was rushed to the mine and the hoist worked perfectly for him. When he had brought the men to the surface and everything was running smoothly once more, he went to the bunkhouse and climbed into bed. He was hardly settled before he was roused by another messenger from the mine. The darn machine had stopped again, hoisting muck and ore. This time, when Ned arrived and the hoist worked as prettily as a sewing machine, both the boss and the men began looking at him with grave suspicion, convinced that Ned was jamming the machinery in some way so that it would stop operating whenever he left.

"Well," Ned said indignantly, "all I wanted was a job and I've got that. I am most certainly not trying to hog all three shifts. No man could work 24 hours a day and keep going. Besides, I love machinery too much to do anything that would jam it."

Then he looked the superintendent right in the eye and gave it to him straight. "You've all been calling this hoist a pile of junk, which is an insult to any piece of machinery. This one took all it could stand and then it rebelled. Its feelings are hurt. And when a piece of machinery has got its spirit broken, it takes a lot of affection and kind consideration before it will recover. It knows I love it and that's all there is to it."

Then everybody *knew* Ned was crazy, but since nobody else could make the hoist work they had to keep him on. They moved his bed into the hoist shanty and even brought his meals out, so he could be the hoist's constant companion. Ned called the shanty his lover's den. There was never any more trouble with that hoist. Nor did Ned have further difficulty getting jobs. His reputation spread all over Alaska.

"When I knew him," Fred Howard says, "he was running the biggest hoist in Alaska, handling 60,000 pounds of rock at every load and never a bit of trouble."

For my book, that really was a man with a mystic gift—a touch . . . an instinct . . . an ear for the music an engine makes. . . . **—Jean Muir**

Divorce: The Swindle That's Breaking Men's Backs

[*Continued from page* 39]

attitude toward husbands. The typical divorce court sees a husband as an opponent to be clobbered, a bounder and a cad who plans to leave his wife and kids shivering unprotected in the storms of life. By contrast, the wife is treated with slobbering sentimentality.

It shows up in the statistics. In the United States, *three times* as many divorces are granted to women as to men. It's a basic truth among divorce lawyers that wives get by far the best treatment in the courts. In the words of Dr. Paul Landis, Washington State College professor who wrote the definitive report on divorce in the *Encyclopedia Americana*: "The court is more likely to give the wife's than the husband's plea a sympathetic hearing. Even though both may desire a divorce, it is good strategy for the wife to petition the court." The husband agrees to assume the role of guilty party because that's his only road to freedom.

In some states this kindness-to-wives approaches the fantastic. Says California court reporter John Theakston, an ardent divorce-reform man who has watched in helpless rage while more than a thousand husbands got clobbered: "In the divorce proceedings I've recorded over the past 15 years, fully 90 percent of the plaintiffs were women. Regardless of the husband's testimony, a divorce is almost never denied to a wife."

When a husband agrees to let his wife do the suing, he pays dearly for the strategy. While most states and most courts award alimony to the wife even when she's the guilty party (and some states order this specifically in their statutes), they're most generous with the husband's money when he's the transgressor.

A typical story was told to TRUE by a Florida man, Carl J.: "My wife was an adulteress. I had the proof. But my lawyer thought my chances of winning the case were dim if my wife contested it. He said the courts think it's unchivalrous for a man to accuse his wife of adultery, and he saw some technicalities that an opposing lawyer could use to block me. He advised me to go to my wife and somehow make her agree not to contest the divorce."

Carl went to his wife. She laughed. She'd hired a lawyer too, and he'd pointed out an interesting aspect of Florida divorce law. In that state, as in others, an adulterous wife is allowed no alimony.

Says Carl: "Her position was, no alimony, no divorce. She told me she'd give me my divorce only if I let her be the plaintiff, with me the defendant on some fictitious charge." Carl was mousetrapped. He had to agree. His wife sued him on grounds of cruelty; he didn't contest, and the divorce was granted.

"I earn about $600 a month after taxes," says Carl. "Almost half of it goes to the woman who cheated me."

The prickly subject of alimony has been discussed before in this sanctum (TRUE, June 1960). It is a cancer by itself. Not only is the husband denied the same hearing in the courts that his wife gets, but he is forced to pay for her privilege. Alimony can last for life, keeping the husband a pauper, wrecking his chances of marrying again. Thousands of men are living in shabby despair while their wives, holding jobs and collecting alimony at the same time, bask in luxury. Few states make any provision for ending alimony when the wife no longer needs it. Four states, plus the District of Columbia, fail even to provide for stopping alimony when the wife remarries. Maine's law says alimony should be reduced to a "nominal sum" when the wife marries again: a perfect example of the law's view of alimony. Its purpose is not to support a needy wife, but to punish the husband.

It's always the husband who pays. He starts paying even before alimony is awarded—even before the trial starts. Most states provide in their laws for alimony *pendente lite*, a living allowance to be paid to the wife while awaiting trial, whether or not she's the guilty party. Most states, too, force the husband to pay the wife's court costs, attorneys' fees, and all other expenses of preparing her case—again, regardless of her guilt and usually regardless of her ability to pay from her own private funds.

"A wife can cost her husband a tremendous amount of money," says Connecticut lawyer George McKendry. "She can start a divorce action on no grounds at all. It may take half a year before the case comes to trial. Meantime, the husband can be legally bound to pay her a generous allowance so she can live separately from him. Her attorney sends him the bills for legal services. He's billed for all the court costs. And, of course, he has to pay his own attorney's fees and other expenses. In the end the case gets thrown out of court for lack of grounds—but the husband's money is gone forever."

The total bill can come to thousands of dollars, not one cent of it out of the

wife's bank account. In Connecticut, says McKendry—a fairly typical state in terms of divorce costs—the cheapest kind of case would probably be an action you brought against your wife for desertion, where she didn't contest the divorce. Your lawyer's fee would be about $350. Court costs would come to roughly $75. There'd be a bill for some $20 from a sheriff for serving a writ on your wife and publishing the required legal notices. That would be the size of it. Your freedom would cost you something like $450. At the cheapest, it's too expensive.

"Now," says McKendry, "when it comes to more complicated, contested divorces, there's almost no limit to the amount it can cost the husband." Suppose you're suing your wife for adultery; she wants to keep the prestige and comforts of a married woman and hopes to block the divorce. Adultery is hard to prove in court; you'd need a private detective at a minimum of $100 a day. It might take him weeks to get what you need. Your wife, meantime, seeks to prove something nasty about you to soften the court, so she also hires a gumshoe. There goes another $100 a day. (Oh, yes, *you* pay for *her* gumshoe: he's part of her "costs of preparing a case.") Your lawyer might charge you $200 for services rendered before the trial, as might her lawyer. During the trial, which can drag on for a week or two, attorneys on both sides would bill you for a minimum $150 a day. Witnesses would have to be called in, perhaps half a dozen on each side. The sheriff would get $5 for every witness he subpoenaed, and each witness would get 10 cents a mile for travel to the courthouse. From whom? The same guy who is supporting the rest of the show—you. (It could be worse, though. In Connecticut, witnesses have to pay their own way home.) Maybe one or two "expert witnesses" are called in against you—a psychiatrist, perhaps, or a marriage counselor. They'd bill you too—$35 a day at the least. Then there are the regular court costs and sheriff's fees, in round figures $100.

So without counting alimony *pendente lite*, and before permanent alimony starts, there go two to five thousand dollars down the drain. Does this make sense? Does it make any sense at all when a man, seeking nothing more than his deserved freedom, must pauperize himself to do it?

But wait a minute, you say. Is it necessarily that bad? What of the "quickie" divorces you hear about? Aren't they an easy way out of a bad marriage?

Well, let's look at these quickies. It's true they're quick. Residence requirements are short, courts are easygoing, and the whole divorce mechanism is designed for simplicity and speed. Take Nevada, for instance. After living there six weeks you can sue your wife on the liberally-interpreted ground of "cruelty" and go home divorced a day later. Alabama has a legal loophole that lets you divorce after living in the state only a day or two. In some states of Mexico—Chihuahua, Yucatan, Sonora, Campeche—you can saunter into a town, hire a local lawyer to represent your wife (who needn't

show up at all), and go home divorced in 10 minutes.

But there are some things you should remember about quickies. In the first place, they're only quick if your wife consents to the divorce. If she doesn't want it, you're in for the same costly legal battle you'd face in any other state, a battle you'll probably lose.

In the second place, a quickie divorce doesn't let you out of the alimony trap. Before consenting to a divorce, a wife will usually demand plenty of juice from the husband's bank account. Like most divorce courts anywhere else, the quickie courts will almost certainly award her what she asks. Usually, in fact, she'll do what Carl J.'s wife did: demand that the husband play the part of transgressor, so she can do the suing and get the most favorable alimony deal.

In the third place, quickie divorces aren't legally safe. Mexican one-day divorces are recognized almost nowhere in the U.S. Nevada divorces are opened to question several times a year all across the country (particularly in Maine, New Jersey and North Carolina, which have flatly refused to recognize certain types of Nevada quickies). Thus, with one of these divorces in your pocket, you might feel safe for a while. But then your ex-wife might decide she wants you back and make legal trouble. If you remarry, she can sue you for bigamy. When you die, she can come forward and claim your estate.

No, the quickie courts don't really give you any fairer a shake than the slower courts. All they can do is speed up the actual unlinking of a man and wife who have mutually agreed to part. The man remains his wife's property. He gets his freedom only if she agrees to let him have it. And it is only a partial freedom. He's an alimony slave from then on.

The whole divorce mechanism is rigged against the husband. Pick up any state statute book and leaf through the section on divorce. The very wording shows the law's assumption that it's usually the man who is in the wrong; the wife is the innocent, injured party. Missouri, for instance: the wife can get a divorce if the husband is "vagrant." No reciprocal deal is provided for the husband if his wife goes on the bum. Montana: the wife can get a divorce if her husband makes "repeated publication or utterance of false charges against her chastity." But she can slander her husband all she likes; a divorce court won't give him the time of day.

The root of the problem is that today's divorce laws are an archaic hangover from older (and maybe better) days when women were in a poor position to fend for themselves. A wife was the property of her husband, to do with more or less as he chose. Divorced, she couldn't easily land a job. Chivalry and ordinary male fair-mindedness demanded that the law give her some kind of protection. But what was once protection has become, in our vastly different world, rank injustice against the husband. The modern American woman gets life handed to her on a silver platter. Protection? She needs none. Income? Companies all over the country are weeping over the shortage of office help. Yet in the strange and shadowy world of divorce law, the old-time picture of the wife persists: the picture of a woman clutching her tattered shawl around her, shivering and helpless, booted out into a snowstorm by a snarling husband.

But there are those who would repaint this picture to a closer approximation of the truth: a mink-clad woman cashing an alimony check. Among the leaders of the growing divorce-reform movement is a large, dark-haired, muscular Californian named Reuben Kidd.

Kidd was an Army captain when he married in 1952. He'd been in and out of Army hospitals for disabilities incurred in Korea, and had won a Silver Star awarded for gallantry in action on an Italian beachhead during World War II. At the time of his marriage, his wife's sole asset was a $1,500 equity in a house, which had been awarded to her in a previous divorce. "Wanting to live the part of a responsible husband," Kidd told TRUE, "I immediately paid her in full for this house equity."

After eight years of marriage in which no children were born, Kidd's wife decided to divorce him. "In California," says Kidd, "that's all it takes—plus the legal grounds, among others, extreme cruelty, willful neglect or desertion." Kidd got himself a lawyer. The lawyer showed him that his idea of contesting the divorce was hopeless. "The court," said the lawyer, "will give your wife anything she asks for. The moon, if you can pay for it." The lawyer urged his client not to get into a court fight over alimony, or he'd find himself holding a lifetime bill for $250 to $300 a month. No matter how bitter the pill, said the lawyer, Kidd's best hope lay in knuckling under to whatever out-of-court property settlement his wife asked.

"She and her lawyer," says Kidd, "demanded half my prior-to-marriage property. This consisted almost entirely of savings accumulated from my army pay while fighting in two wars, plus a lump-sum disability payment." A bitter pill indeed. He signed over a great wad of the money his country had paid him to fight for, among other things, his wife's freedoms.

Reuben Kidd came out of this experience howling mad. With no further delay he founded an outfit that may make history: United States Divorce Reform, Incorporated. Its membership now includes several thousand angry divorced men, plus a few women. Its efforts thus far have largely been in the area of publicity: writing letters to newspapers and congressmen, putting the damnable facts before the men of the nation.

In 1962, USDR began moving into a new area: politics. The group sponsored Paul J. Burchett, a college engineering instructor, as a candidate for the California State Assembly. His platform: divorce reform, to bring divorce laws more into line with the facts of 20th century life. Burchett, himself a victim of a disastrous divorce (attorneys' fees alone cost him $5,700) entered the campaign more

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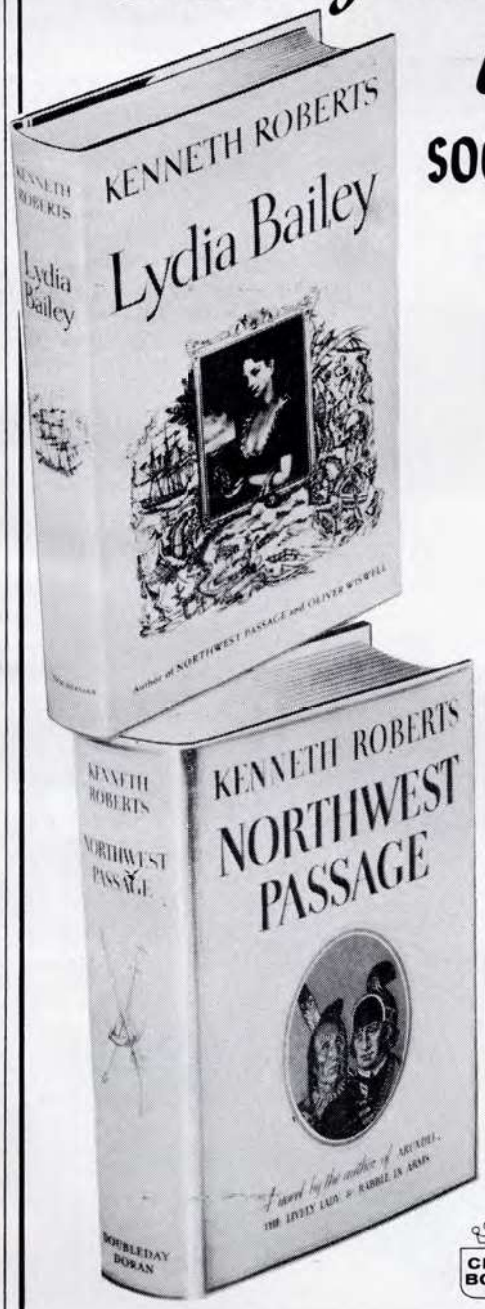

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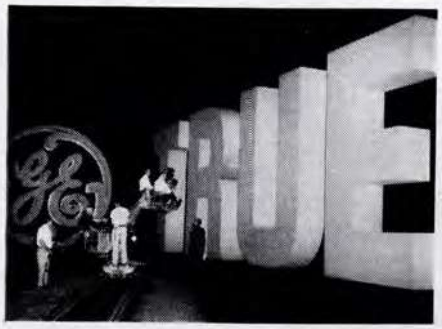

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with the idea of publicizing the issue than of winning the Assembly seat. To his and Reuben Kidd's huge surprise, he came in third in a field of seven candidates in his district. Obviously divorce reform is a meaningful issue to many voters. Next year, or the year after, somewhere in the United States, a divorce-reform man will win an elective office. "This will be the opening wedge," says Kidd. "We'll push on from there. We're going to fight this fight if it takes everything we have."

Reuben Kidd at the moment is concerned largely with questions of property in divorce—alimony and the like. But there is another equally explosive issue which must also be tackled: the question of child custody.

A man who gives life to a son has the right to see the infant boy into manhood. Nobody else in the world has this right so strongly, as long as the man is willing and able to exercise it. Man and boy belong together. If the parents are divorced, let the mother take the daughters; but no power on earth should be allowed to separate a father and his son.

A boy needs his father. Without a man to serve as teacher and model, a boy can't grow into a man himself. Fatherless boys almost inevitably go off the track somewhere: they become sissies, delinquents, school failures, poorly equipped to cope with life. Studying a group of delinquent boys in New Jersey, psychiatrist Dr. Richard Gordon found that 30 percent were fatherless. Among normal boys, only eight percent were living without their fathers.

Yet in the face of this, divorce courts almost always award children, boys and girls alike, to the mother. Says court reporter John Theakston: "I've seen divorces where a mother was proven to be an alcoholic, an adulteress, a nymphomaniac or a current mental patient—yet she was awarded the children over the protests of the father." One study in New Jersey revealed that the father got the youngsters in only one out of 10 cases.

Part of this is undoubtedly the fault of judges who are too easily swayed by a woman's play-acting. Wives are much more skilled at staging tear-jerking emotional scenes than are husbands. But part of the fault lies in the basic laws themselves. They're written with the ogre-husband in mind. Alabama, for instance. If the wife deserts, the husband can have the children—but only after they are 7 years old, and only "if he be a suitable person." Louisiana: during the required one-year wait for a divorce decree to become final, the wife automatically gets the kids "unless there should be strong reason to deprive her of the right."

In all states, of course, the husband usually has to pay for the support of his children whether he ever sees them again or not. Seldom is his wife bound to give him an accounting. Almost never does he get a voice in his youngsters' education or general upbringing.

Bob S. was a man in this kind of trap. After the divorce his wife got court permission to move to another state with Bob's 3-year-old son. Bob got no visitation rights of any kind. Living in a grimy rooming house on less than half his salary (alimony and child-support payments took the rest), he wondered constantly about the boy. Finally, he could take it no longer. He decided to visit the lad whether the law allowed it or not.

His wife had moved in with her mother, who was also a divorcee and who had won from her husband a comfortable suburban house. Bob drove there one Saturday afternoon. Nobody answered the front doorbell when he rang. He walked around to the back yard. A little boy, his son, was playing all alone in a chicken-wire enclosure.

Bob struck up a conversation with a

TRUE

"I'm merely trying to help the government cut down the stockpile of surplus grain and at the same time find a suitable hobby for my retirement years."

fellow who was mowing his lawn in the neighboring yard. Bob didn't tell the neighbor he was the boy's father. "Yeah, it's kind of a shame about that kid," said the neighbor. "Mother is divorced, spends her time running around with different guys. Buys a new car every year, but you can see what the kid has for toys—some old junk. The grandmother stays home with the kid, but she stays in bed most of the day. They keep the kid in that concentration camp—he's less trouble that way. I've even seen them give him his lunch in there. They hand him a sandwich and a bottle of soda over the wire."

Shaking with rage, Bob went back to the courts to get a new deal for his son. But the courts wouldn't even listen to him. "Such matters," said a judge, "are beyond the jurisdiction of this court. Questions of child welfare should be referred to a social agency."

Bob eventually got an agency to look into the matter. But the social worker phoned for an appointment with Bob's wife before calling at the home. Naturally, Bob's wife had the place looking like a normal, happy home by the time the worker arrived.

There was nothing Bob could do but face the facts: the law had taken his son away and would never return him. In the eyes of the law, Bob was not even a father.

Other nations that we consider less advanced than ours are far more civilized in their approach to problems like this.

Let's consider Soviet Russia. In many ways an uncivilized lot, the Russians nonetheless have a sane attitude toward divorce. The laws vary through the republics, but the general picture is this: there are no specific "grounds" for divorce; all the courts ask is whether the marriage can be held together any longer. Kids are asked which parent they prefer to live with. If they can't state a preference, they're generally assigned to the parent of the same sex. As for alimony, the Russians, who expect their women to sweat as hard as men in earning their livelihood, would laugh at the U.S. system of coddling an ex-wife. Alimony in Russia is awarded only if the wife is demonstrably unable to support herself. And even when awarded, it is always limited in time, usually to a year or less.

Or take Lebanon. Here is a country whose divorce system would make any American husband weep in his beer. In Lebanon's Moslem community, a husband who wants to shuck his wife need only announce to her, three times: "I have divorced thee." He then has a Raj'at, or revocable divorce. Any time within the wife's next three menstrual periods he can have her back as a wife simply by saying that's his wish—or, if he doesn't happen to feel like talking, by having intercourse with her. But if he lets the three periods go by without doing anything, he has his Ba'en, or absolute divorce.

And Lebanon's Greek Orthodox men are no slouches, either. Among their traditional grounds for divorce: (1) The wife disobeys her husband's orders not to associate with certain persons or visit certain places. (2) He finds, on the wedding night, that she isn't a virgin. (3) She goes to places of entertainment secretly, or against his orders. (4) When he wants to conceive sons, she, in direct disobedience, secretly destroys his seed. (5) She at any time, except during menstrual flow or when pregnant, fails to welcome his wish for intercourse.

Why must U.S. divorce laws be so complicated? Why is the process of ending a marriage made so difficult and costly?

Let's be fair about this. Men don't ask that a marriage be as easily breakable as a lunch date. This isn't a tropical-island society where food can be plucked from trees. Living is hard work in our culture. We've got to have some kind of guarantee that a man and woman, having produced kids, don't walk away and leave them for the rest of us taxpayers to support and educate. Thus marriage and divorce laws are necessary. But can't they be sensible laws?

Three-fifths of all divorces in the United States involve childless couples. Can't these men and women, at least, be allowed to part on a simple basis of mutual consent? Mutual-consent divorces aren't legal anywhere in the U.S.—except, in some states, after a lengthy separation. Where a man and wife reach a calm agreement to part, the law forces them to rig up a phony case in which the husband plays the part of transgressor so the wife will have a basis for suing. This is called "collusion" and is illegal, though

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not all courts are strict about it. But why should collusion be part of the picture?

Not only is divorce barred where both parties agree, but it's also barred in many states where both are guilty. If you and your wife each show the other to be guilty of adultery, the case gets heaved out of court. The legal principle is called "recrimination"—plaintiff caught doing what the defendant did. Does it make sense? When a man and wife are both adulterers or both drug addicts or both drunks, you'd think a divorce would be as much in order—maybe more—as when just one has gone sour.

But no. For a divorce to be granted in this country, the crazy requirement is that *one* spouse be guilty and *one* be angry. (Remember that forgiveness blocks divorce too.) New Hampshire's desertion law is typical. Husband and wife can get a divorce if they've been living apart for the required period—but *only* if the separation is against the wishes of one spouse. How crazy can a law get?

This "adversary" concept, with one spouse required to be mad at the other, makes divorce much more difficult, costly and long-drawn-out than it need be. It's at the root of the raw deal invariably handed the husband. "One of the main planks in USDR's platform," says Reuben Kidd, "is the idea of throwing out the adversary concept altogether. We want to take divorce out of the courts and hand it over to a system of family centers. Instead of worrying about who's guilty of what, the family center would concentrate on trying to help the husband and wife reach some fair agreement." Judge Ploscowe agrees: "The inquiry should not be whether the husband or wife were guilty of misbehavior," he says, "but whether a tolerable marriage relationship can be maintained."

This makes good sense. Every husband, and every man who is likely ever to be a husband, should get behind men like Reuben Kidd. Let's make our demands loud and clear:

1. Junk the adversary concept. Forget "grounds"; Forget collusion, connivance, condonation, recrimination and all that nonsense. When a childless man and woman agree to divorce, the procedure should be as simple as getting married: a $2 divorce license, two quick signatures, and it's all over. Man and ex-wife walk east and west from City Hall, never to meet again.

2. Where only one spouse wants the divorce, a court or family center may be asked to intervene as mediator in the dispute. If no agreement can be thrashed out this way, the wishes of the husband—as historically the master of the house and as main wage-earner—should govern.

3. Junk alimony altogether. It's an anachronism in a society where women can easily support themselves. Where jointly-owned property must be divided, it should be divided strictly according to each spouse's contribution in buying or earning the property. In no case should the wife get one penny's worth of the husband's prior-to-marriage property.

TRUE

4. Where there are children, they should normally go with the parent of the same sex. Each spouse should contribute equally to their support.

Gentlemen, these are our demands. They're simple. They're just. They're eminently workable. Now—to whom do we present them?

For roughly a hundred years, off and on, there has been talk of turning the whole divorce tangle over to the federal government. Starting in the mid-1800's, bills have been introduced in Congress every dozen years, outlining plans whereby Washington would write the divorce laws and the states would cease to have any more say on the subject. This would, at least, end some of the confusion. It would also end the problems that arise when certain states (Maine and New Jersey, for instance) won't recognize divorces granted under certain circumstances in other states—with the result that a man who remarries finds himself hauled to court on a bigamy rap.

But a federal divorce law seems unlikely. Congress simply doesn't want the job. No federal divorce bill has ever left the shelves of the House Judiciary Committee in a century of trying. What's more, there's no guarantee that Congress would write laws any more sane than those of the states. Congress is responsible for the District of Columbia divorce setup, and it's as sorry a mess as anything else you'll see in a cross-country tour.

No, our best approach is an all-out attack on the state level, such as Reuben Kidd and Paul Burchett have already launched. Start writing letters to your state legislators. They'll read the letters. A politician who doesn't study his mail closely commits professional suicide. When he gets 10 letters on the same subject in a week, in his mind it's a trend; and it's something he'd better see to in a hurry. Tell your state lawmakers you want a whole new divorce deal. Name our four points. Drop a sinister hint or two about next year's elections. And above all, keep up the attack. Hound your politicians until the divorce scandal looms in their nightmares and sits like a lead weight on their heads all day.

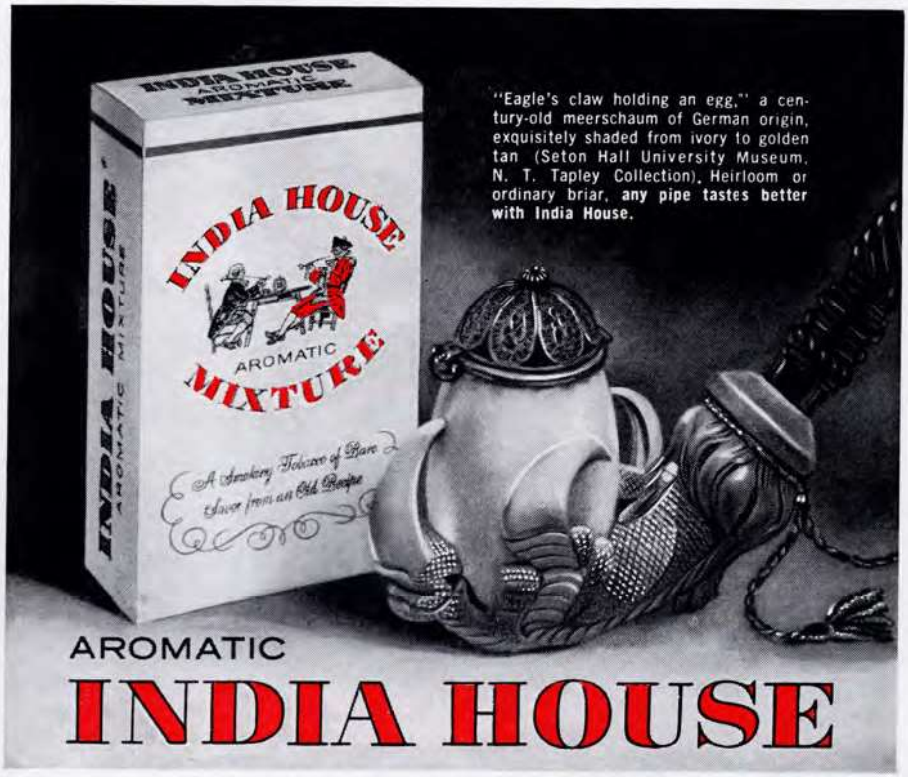
The changes have got to come—and, one way or another, they will. If they don't come by the legal action of state governments, they'll come by the more violent action of angry men.

Men, for example, like Bob S.—the fellow whose ex-wife stole his son. The lawyer who told TRUE Bob's story had a call from the ex-wife not long ago. She'd come home from an all-day beach party and found the boy missing from his chicken-wire play yard. Suspecting foul play by her ex-husband, she'd phoned Bob at his rooming house. His landlady reported that he was gone—rent paid up, belongings removed, no forwarding address.

Bob's wife notified the police. Since a technical kidnaping was involved, they notified the FBI. But no leads turned up. When the day came for Bob's alimony check to arrive, it didn't.

"She asked me what she could do about it," said the lawyer. He grinned. "I told her to sue him—when she found him."

—Max Gunther



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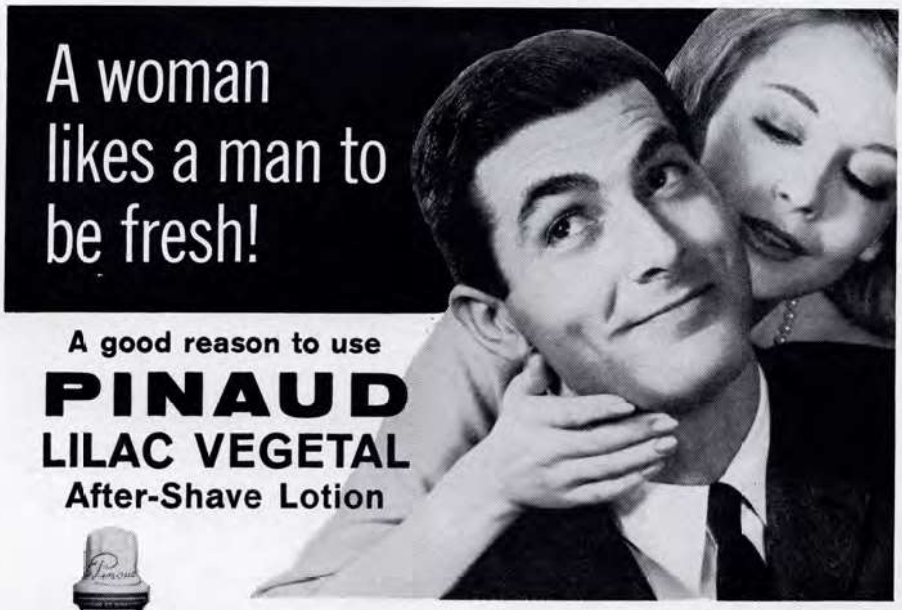

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We Found a Salmon Shangri-La

[*Continued from page* 48]

carried the bright-silver fish ashore and laid it on the river-smooth ledges and collapsed with happiness. Then fatigue came back and we sprawled on the rocks until a line squall came down the river.

Rain misted over the river and the mountains disappeared. We took cover beneath a rain-dripping ledge. Bryan was still fishing. Rain obscured his pool and he yelled when the squall moved downstream. His rod doubled over and he struggled to follow over the rain-treacherous rocks. We scrambled out to watch. Another 12-pounder cartwheeled across the current where I had hooked the second salmon. The salmon broke off on its seventh jump and another line squall moved over the falls. Bryan climbed the rocks to take shelter from the rain.

"That's some holding lie you located," he grinned.

"Located?" laughed Rogowski. "He didn't know they were there until they almost attacked him!"

"We could call it Duffer's Delight," said Bryan.

"Tyro's Triumph?" offered Rogowski.

Rain dripped from the rocks. The mountains loomed black and a rainbow misted over the river.

Another salmon leaped in the sun.

"We've hit the mother lode!" said Rogowski. "The Labrador mother lode!"

We clambered back down to the incredible pool. The rumors of salmon had been right—and almost as astonishing as finding the lost Island of Atlantis. . . .

Our expedition had begun with those rumors. There were brief reports on potential salmon fisheries in obscure journals on the subarctic. There were rumors from the iron fields of the Labrador interior: the helicopter sales executive who had taken salmon from the George on flies, the crew-cut PBY pilot who had seen salmon in the Eskimo tidewater nets at Fort Chimo, the transient Norseman pilot at Lac Rapide who confirmed salmon rumors about the Pas first heard from an Air Force radar officer at Goose Bay, and the Eskimo skin trader at Nain, on the upper Labrador coast, who claimed that all of the rivers that drain the Ungava interior held summer runs of salmon.

The Labrador—people up there call it that, just as they refer to "the Arctic"—has changed in our time.

The old Labrador was seldom penetrated except by the ill-fated Hubbard expeditions and the Grenfell medical parties, but now even the interior has changed. There are still great uninhabited solitudes, devoid even of Eskimos and Nascaupee Indians, but the subarctic emptiness is ending. Soldiers man radar stations on remote escarpments and islands. Geologists and engineers search the pale caribou barrens with bright-lacquered float planes and chattering helicopters for iron and uranium.

Our Labrador expedition consisted of Bob Bryan, chaplain of Choate School and an Anglican float-plane missionary among the Labrador coastal fisherfolk; Ted Rogowski, an attorney whose non-fishing hours are spent in Wall Street and whose vacations are spent shooting documentary films in the wilderness; and this writer. Our expedition began in late summer with August heat shimmering over Long Island Sound as we loaded our Cessna. The weather made the subarctic seem remote and unreal. We were prospectors too, but our equipment was not designed to seek out mineral riches. We were prospectors in search of unexplored salmon rivers.

Our mood soared as we climbed to altitude over Connecticut, and our float-plane shadow crossed the gauze-covered

TRUE

"Tell me, doctor, how long will it be before she can finish repairing the roof?"

tobacco fields below. The rumor-rich rivers waited in the subarctic.

Atlantic salmon rivers are scarce in our time. The thought of finding new and unknown rivers excited us. Colonial America once had salmon runs in all her East Coast rivers from the Chesapeake to Maine, but pollution and dams and timbering had all but eradicated *Salmo salar* until recent years saw the restoration of several minor rivers above Bangor, Maine. The lethal side-effects of civilization have decimated or threatened several once-great salmon rivers in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. European rivers like the Thames and the Rhine no longer hold salmon. The Atlantic salmon is a vanishing breed.

The unknown rivers of the Labrador Highland and the Ungava plateau seem its last frontier in a century of chaos and cities.

There are still salmon rivers of greatness in the Maritime provinces of Canada, but such rivers are scarce. Prime beats are treasured like rare and priceless jewels. The inexorable law of supply and demand has reached the salmon angler's world, and fishing these Olympian rivers has become an expensive sport restricted to the rich. The salmon angler of moderate means has watched his water dwindle with tragic momentum over the past two centuries. There seemed no new frontiers beyond the coastal rivers of the Quebec-Labrador 10 years ago.

The discovery of new salmon water seemed hopeless. But unknown, unfished salmon rivers exist!

The rumors of salmon in five vast watersheds of the Ungava subarctic have only recently been proved—an unprecedented fishing discovery.

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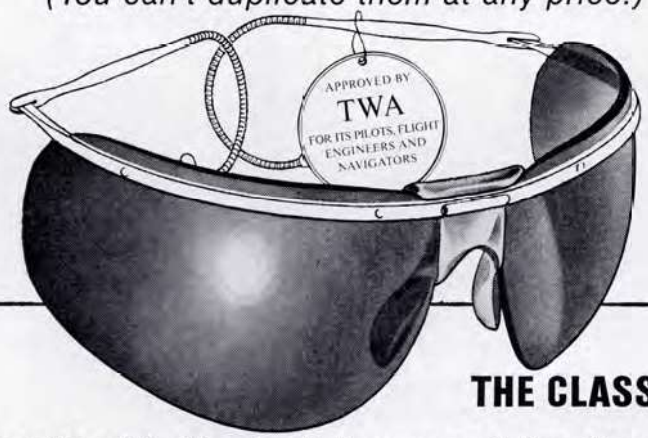

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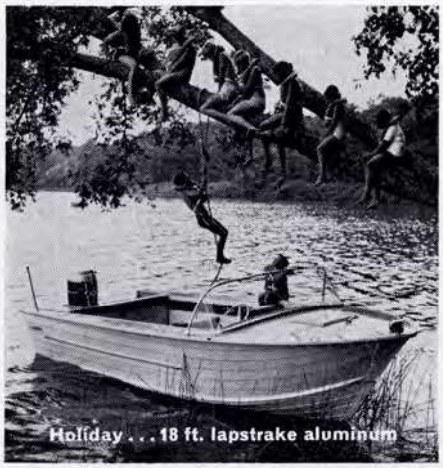

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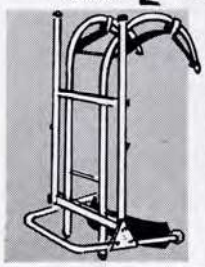

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pilgrimage from their unknown Arctic deeps. At last the tide turns inland and races over the flats. The restless salmon leap and wallow with the tidal currents, and reach the fresh emerald-bright pools of the rivers.

The headwaters of the Whale and the George lie in the untouched interior of Labrador. The Koksoak and the Leaf and the Payne rise in the forbidding caribou barrens of the Ungava plateau, a region of treeless lichen-carpeted escarpments and ink-colored lakes. There is little habitation in this winter world. The subarctic is a great emptiness except for the remote villages at Sugluk, Chimo, George River and Fort MacKenzie. There is also an Eskimo summer encampment at May's Landing, some 40 miles above tide water on the George.

The river was shadowed with twilight and the lingering sun still warmed the ridges when we circled the falls marked on our charts. May's Landing was four miles downstream. We touched down in the currents of the vast mile-long pool below the village. The entire population was clustered on the beach—men in summer parkas and wide-eyed children and sled dogs and round-faced women and grandmothers in shawls of Hudson's Bay plaid. The faces wore broad smiles of welcome.

The next morning, Eskimo boatmen took us upriver in outboard-powered freight canoes to the foot of the falls. We hiked upstream over the glacier fields of granite and our senses were filled with the roar of the river. Finally the Eskimos stopped.

"Saumon!" They spoke no English and the word seemed an attempt at French, *saumon!*

They grinned and pointed to a great churning pool.

Rapids roared and chuted over two great breaks in the ledges and lost their violence in a swirling half-mile of holding water. The current speed looked right. Salmon had to lie in such oil-smooth water, but the light was wrong to see them and the river refused to show her secrets. Our tackle was readied.

We spread out on the rocky ledges that reached down into the swift, smooth current and began to fish. Bryan worked his big Hairwing Orange Charm with standard salmon tactics. Rogowski used the Portland Creek hitch and riffled his Squirreltail across the current. I fished a low-water Blue Charm with the greased-line method and mended each current swing to get a dragless presentation. We fished out several casts without a sign of salmon. Suddenly Bryan yelled and fought his bucking rod. He ran over the rocks after a jump-crazy salmon that threatened to reach the rapids.

Then my line throbbed taut in the current. The fish held for several seconds and then porpoised twice in the slow, rolling half-jump that spells size. It looked like a fresh-run hen fish of 15 to 20 pounds. Then she sulked in the smooth current. Rogowski continued to work his riffling hitch over the holding water upstream.

"Watch out!" he shouted suddenly

He was into a small salmon of 10-odd pounds. They were both running downriver toward me. Three salmon hooked and jumping! Rogowski passed his rod over me with care and skill, then followed

TRUE

"Get our best espionage men on this job. The State Department wants to know what the C.I.A. is up to."

his salmon without fouling our lines.

"Excuse us!" he said, and raced downstream.

My salmon broached and rolled and worked her jaws, and the low-water Charm fell free.

Bryan reappeared without his fish either. "Broke the hook!" he explained unhappily. But Rogowski's salmon was still on when we reached him and jumping wildly.

"Nine, ten, eleven!" counted Rogowski.

The salmon was getting tired. At last Rogowski tailed the fish. He carried the salmon to the beach and the double-hook fly came out before the fish was released.

"Good Lord!" he gasped. "Both hooks are broken!"

We scrambled down to see.

Both hook points were broken behind the barbs. The blunt bends had taken a fleshy hold well back in the mouth, and had held through an 11-jump fight. Rogowski shrugged and replaced the shattered fly. We clambered back over the rocks to the great brawling pool where we started. The Eskimos were gone. Sun filtered through the mist as we topped the ledges above the pool. Now the entire pewter-colored bottom was revealed and we goggled at the sight.

The bottom was bright with fresh-run salmon! The George was generous that afternoon.

Sixteen salmon up to 16 pounds came to our flies and were landed. Several others were lost when our flies came out or fish reached the rapids and broke off. We had averaged better than four salmon an hour, which today is virtually unheard of.

The Eskimos returned and signaled from the bottom of the rapids. Salmon jumped in the lower pools as we hiked down river over the rocks. Another rain squall rattled over our shoulders. We arrived at the freight canoes in a state of rain-dripping exhaustion and euphoria.

The Eskimos had made our base camp at the falls. Their tent was fashioned from white canvas, oval-shaped and some 25 feet long with a ridgepole 10 feet high. A fire burned in a Hudson's Bay stove in the center. We draped the peeled poles and pegs with parkas and waders and rods. Supper was a house-warming of fresh-baked bangbelly and canned butter, broiled salmon, and grilse chowder rich with vegetables and powdered milk.

We chewed happily on the breadlike bangbelly

"You know," Bryan said, "you could coat bangbelly with varnish and keep it forever."

Four days of mild weather followed the late-August squalls. We used the flying weather to probe north toward Ungava Bay and a river not marked on our charts, its headwaters spawned in the treeless mountains below the coast. Small streams spread over the lichen-colored escarpments like lace and fell into a 40-mile fjordlike lake. Its outlet led into two smaller lakes before another outlet reached the sea.

We circled the short reaches of river.

"Looks like Newfoundland," yelled Rogowski over the engine.

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"Except for no trees," I added.

He throttled back and set the Cessna down on the shallow lake above the sea. Fog held in a solid, forbidding wall five miles off the mouth of the river. We watched it while we taxied toward the outlet.

But the fog remained over the ocean while we fished the river below the outlet. The water looked good, but this time we drew a blank. There were no salmon. Yet there were plenty of parr—the six-inch salmon that swarm the shallows—so salmon runs had reached this minor river sometime during the brief subarctic summer.

Our flight was not wasted. We took big brook trout and lakers and Arctic char on almost every cast. The last cast produced an eight-pound brookie that slammed my bucktail and fought me to a standstill.

Later we talked with a trader who knew the river.

"Does it have a name?"

He sounded some long musical syllables in Eskimo.

"The river has no name," explained the trader, "but the nomadic coastal Eskimos call its outlet 'the place where we hunt the martens.' "

"The River of Martens," I thought aloud.

The trader nodded and smiled. "River of Martens," he said. "That's as good a name as any."

Later we returned to May's Landing for an Eskimo celebration in the main house. People had already gathered when we arrived. The room was warm and tobacco smoke drifted stratalike in the lamplight. Eskimo families had traveled 40 miles in freight canoes for the party. Children crowded outside the house, their dark wide-eyed faces and hands pressed against the windows.

Music tumbled from an accordion in the hands of an Eskimo boatman, and the men hopped around the room, stomping the floor and singing wordlessly while the women clapped time with their hands. The dancing and stomping shook the floor and the house, and continued until their faces were bright with sweat.

Then the women and young girls joined them.

The accordion turned to more familiar folk tunes. Skirts swirled and soft sealskin boots drummed the board floor. Two old women joined the dancers, and their bright toothless laughter seemed the lustiest of all. When the dances ended, we traded tobacco and dollars for some Eskimo art and goods—sealskin slippers and boots and wooden kayaks and sculptured soapstone carvings. Then the Eskimos gave Bryan the pelt of a white Arctic wolf.

"From our village to the Flying Priest," the Eskimo words were translated to Bryan. "The pelt of one who steals the caribou from us in the winters."

Some days later we sprawled in our encampment making flies to replace the patterns lost to salmon or broken on the rocks. Bryan still had not shaken a run of bad luck with the salmon, but had taken impressive numbers of yearling grilse, which is the name for young salmon. He decided to learn to tie flies.

TRUE

"Which wife?"

"Might change your luck," said Rogowski.

We sat crosslegged making Hairwing Charms and Minktails and Miramichi Black Bears. Like all beginners, Bryan decided to concoct his own pattern, and searched our materials for exotic combinations.

"How about some Arctic wolf?" he asked.

We shrugged and grinned with condescension and threw him the wolf skin. He ignored us and struggled through two hairwings of questionable configuration.

"You think they'll work?"

"Maybe on wilderness salmon," I grinned.

And so help me they did. Bryan stopped to fish an enormous churning pool and was into a high-jumping salmon of 12-odd pounds in two casts. We stopped to watch. Bryan played and parried the salmon faultlessly. The fish was almost finished when two Eskimos—who had followed along over the rocks—tried to help. One grabbed the leader and the other grabbed the fish. There was an explosion that showered us with water. The frightened salmon was gone.

Bryan knotted the second wolf-wing to his tippet. Five casts later he was off again. Fifteen pounds of salmon pirouetted wildly into the white water. The torpedo line ran through the guides and his backing blurred off the reel. The fish leaped again in the rapids.

"He's gone!" groaned Bryan.

But the salmon was still on. It turned and came back up the pool while Bryan fought to recover the long current-taut loop of line. The white water had taken its toll, and he soon tailed the fish in the ledge shallows below the falls. We cheered. The Eskimos grinned happily.

"Twenty-five pound?" they estimated, trying to recoup some standing with the gross exaggeration.

"Fifteen," said Bryan with a grin. The Arctic wolf had changed his luck.

The village Eskimos had heard about the Flying Priest, and Bryan was asked for Anglican services. He spoke no Eskimo, since his summer parish lies among the English-speaking villages in the south, and a young man volunteered to translate the service. We gathered in the main house of the village. Rifles were racked beside the radio which linked these villagers with the outside world at stipulated hours. Women and children gathered first. Then the men entered with their sons and settled themselves on the front benches. The men whispered together and chose a hymn.

Abide with me. Their faces were grave. *Fast falls the eventide.* The familiar melody had a strange oriental sound in the Eskimo.

The sermon was short and simple. Its message was translated into the singsong sounds of Eskimo while the wind rose in the darkness outside. Bryan explained that we had used the primordial pathways of the geese to come from New York to their subarctic villages. He told them that New York was a great village, where many people lived together on the beaches like the geese on the River of

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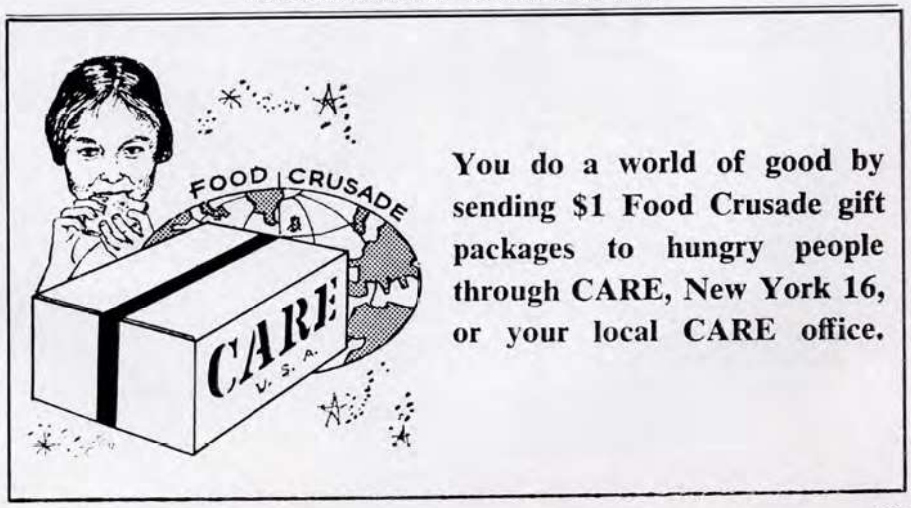

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the Whales. The Eskimos nodded. They had heard of this village.

Bryan concluded with the thought that men still had not learned in their hearts what the geese have always known: that our world is small and all men are brothers.

There was a final hymn. The old women huddled near the stove sang with their faces raised and eyes closed. The voices were thin and reedlike and high-pitched. We kneeled on the rough board floor for the final prayer. Bryan dropped down to his knees and his black coat, bunched taut over his broad-muscled back, rose above his hips to reveal the huge sheathed knife that hung from his belt.

We walked outside where the white-canvas tents of the village were iridescent in the darkness. The northern lights seethed and shimmered overhead, warning us that the brief subarctic summer was nearly over. Our expedition was almost finished too. We suppered on fresh grilse and tinned vegetables and dark tea.

Later we refueled the Cessna from drums cached at May's Landing and began to break our camp. Our gear was gathered on the beach above the plane. Salmon still leaped and rolled below the falls, and it was difficult to leave a river filled with fresh-run fish.

When the others were not looking, I succumbed to temptation and waded out to fish a small reach of holding water near the plane. There was a break in the underwater ledges where I had moved fish several times before. Just as I reached a casting position, the holding lie was disturbed by the wild gyrations and rolling of a small male salmon. Then the dancelike disturbance subsided and the salmon slipped beneath the surface. It was strange. The salmon showed again, repeating his performance. Now the light changed and revealed the bottom ledges. The male had joined his mate, a bigger bright salmon poised under the swift surface.

Rogowski had followed me with his cameras. "Those two seem paired off for spawning," he said. "Sometimes you can take them both if you get one and rest the other."

Both fish seemed settled now.

I selected a small Atherton Squirreltail and knotted it to my leader. It was an easy cast. Ten casts were worked over them without apparent interest from the fish. Then the little low-water pattern came down the current again, and I lost sight of the salmon when the wind riffled across the pool.

The drift stopped softly.

The line tightened and bellied downstream. *Salmon!* I set the hook and the rod came alive. The 12-pound male writhed into the air and windmilled wildly down the current. Six jumps later I worked him carefully into the shallows and sprung the tailer and carried him ashore in triumph. Rogowski held him on the tailer while we rested the larger female.

"Maybe she's ready," said Rogowski presently.

The male salmon had recovered his equilibrium, and Rogowski held him in the shallows while I waded into casting position for the female. The suspense was overpowering.

She took the third heart-stopping cast and slashed out across the current into the white water. I worked her back cautiously. Twice she reached the rapids and twice I worked her back. We were both exhausted when I hand-tailed her 16 pounds in the shallows. Then we carried both salmon back to the pool, and coddled them in a quiet backwater until they recovered. Finally they worked free of our hands and slipped out into the current.

The salmon paused over some pale gravel. We watched them until they moved out into the deep water and disappeared below the algae-mottled ledges. Our expedition was over. Below the rapids, where the white water lost its force in the dark boulder-broken currents of the pool, a salmon leaped sea-bright and silver in the sun.

—**Ernest G. Schwiebert**

Attention Adventurous Anglers—

If you charter or fly your own plane to the Ungava Bay area, you can get information about camps with cached food and fuel from Wheeler Air Service at Fort Chimo. Wheeler has planes at Chimo and also at Goose Bay and Knob Lake in Labrador with which it will airlift parties to remote rivers or adjacent lakes.

Small float planes like the Cessna 180, with considerable range and well outfitted with navigation and radio gear, are advisable. Survival gear for 30 days should be stored in the floats. Take camping equipment good enough for freezing weather.

There is now a new commercial salmon camp in the Ungava, and its guests are flown in from Knob and Chimo. Arctic Anglers Camp is operated by Bill Littleford and Bob May, who have 30 years of subarctic experience between them. Their salmon water on the George is exceptional. Information and bookings are available through the Sports Travel Center, 15 East 48th Street, New York 17, New York.

As the rivers are incredibly clear, low-water tackle is advisable. Best patterns in hair flies were Rusty Rat, Half-Stone, Miramichi Black Bear, Atherton Minktail and Squirreltail, and Hairwing Orange Charm; in traditional low-water patterns: Silver Blue, March Brown, Thunder & Lightning, Black Fairy, Blue Charm, Orange Charm. Flies were used in sizes 1 through 8, on 12-foot leaders tapered to 1X.

Salmon averaged 14 pounds and grilse 5, with the latter making up less than 30 percent of the catch. The runs occur through August and September.

TRUE

"Hold the tip—if this is the bridal suite."

The Case of the Looting Lover

[*Continued from page* 51]

he was down to a couple of hundred. He knew of a nice little neighborhood bank where he could make a well-planned withdrawal, but he needed an assistant. He was highly selective when it came to assistants; Hamby knew full well the importance of personnel, the right man for the job. He preferred sailors, for at the completion of the job they could ship off on a long voyage.

On this foggy night in Seattle, Hamby began his search for talent by changing from his natty, tailor-made suit to the clothes of a seaman. He proceeded to what seemed to be an ordinary two-story house in the harbor area, and knocked three times on the door. A heavy-set man with a cauliflower ear opened it and nodded him in. Hamby preceded the guard down a narrow flight of stairs to the basement. Under a cone of light a group of sailors surrounded a roulette table. As Hamby played he studied the other players. Opposite him a thin-faced teen-aged sailor called Jerry was losing steadily. When the boy lost his last buck and turned to go, he found Hamby blocking his way, a sympathetic smile on his face and a roll of money in his hand.

"Here," Hamby said gently, "play this for me."

If the boy had won a little, no further action would have been necessary. But he kept losing. Hamby sauntered back around the table, hands in pockets. When he was directly behind the croupier both hands came out of his pockets—and each held a small automatic.

"Don't anybody move," he said quietly. The croupier froze, but cauliflower ear, busy guarding, went for his gun. Hamby's face twitched slightly with annoyance. Keeping his left-hand weapon steady in the back of the croupier, Hamby fired the automatic in his right. The guard fell and his gun clattered on the floor.

"This game is crooked," Hamby announced in his low, resonant voice. "They've been taking sailors' money here too long. Jerry, reach in this drawer and throw the money on the table so everybody can get back the bills he lost . . . Okay, now let's go."

Outside, safely away from any pursuers, the kid bubbled over with excitement. It was the greatest thing that had ever happened to him. When Hamby suggested that Jerry meet him in the morning, he agreed with alacrity.

And that's how Hamby secured an assistant he could trust. The hiring had been a little dramatic, for Hamby really hadn't anticipated any shooting. But then, of course, he never did. Why couldn't people do what he told them to do, and live? Particularly since he had practiced long and hard, and was an excellent shot.

Next morning the bank robbery went off smoothly. Hamby, well dressed and smiling, followed his customary procedure. He entered with his assistant, noted that only one teller and a young woman were on duty, and courteously asked the teller to change a $50 bill. He got his usual kick at the man's expression when he looked up into the muzzle of an automatic.

"You're right," Hamby said, easily, "this is a holdup. Take it easy and no one will be hurt. All right, Jerry, hop around there and see what you can find in the safe."

Two minutes later the two were gone. From the time Hamby had picked up his assistant to the time of the successful robbery, less than 12 hours had elapsed. In that time he had had a good night's sleep and made $6,000 clear. Jerry he had dismissed with a few hundred bucks and the urgent warning to ship out.

Hamby was fully as successful in his pursuit of women as he was in signing up new assistants, even though his standards were much higher for female companionship. Girls should be beautiful, of course, but in addition they had to be well mannered and intelligent, and like a touch of excitement. He had a half-dozen or more scattered over the country who met his specifications, and upon whom he could call for both recreational and vocational activity. Each knew him under a different name.

To Mildred Harrison, one of his favorites, he was Boyd Browning. He first saw Mildred in Detroit, playing a small role with a traveling stage show. She was a sweet girl who would not have gone out with just any stage-door Johnny; but when Hamby sent her flowers, then his card, then showed up in person, well dressed, with cultured voice and the delicate, sensitive face of a young minister, Mildred knew that here was a man with whom her honor was safe. At first they read poems together, and she was enchanted by the soft words of love that fell from his lips as his long delicate fingers gently turned the pages. Within three days she had agreed to quit the troupe and go to California with him. She'd be great in motion pictures, he said. He had to leave immediately for Winnipeg, he told her, but she could finish up the week in Detroit, then come to Winnipeg and they would go west together.

What business did he have? He smiled gently and changed the subject. Next day he gave her the railroad tickets. She had a compartment all the way through. As the train came into Winnipeg she pressed her nose against the glass, trying to see him on the platform. The train came to a stop, and long minutes went by. Then he slipped in the door and closed it after him. He was breathing hard, but she didn't notice that. What really attracted her attention was the high vest he had on, the kind ministers wore. So that was his secret! Her sweetheart was a minister. She fell into his arms.

Minutes went by, and still the train remained in the station. A tap came on the door of their compartment.

"Come in," Mildred trilled. Two policemen looked in. They saw a young minister and his wife sitting together, holding hands.

"Sorry to bother you," one of the policemen said hastily, tipping his cap, "but there's been a bank robbery and murder

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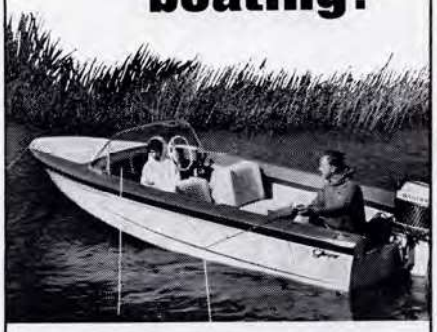

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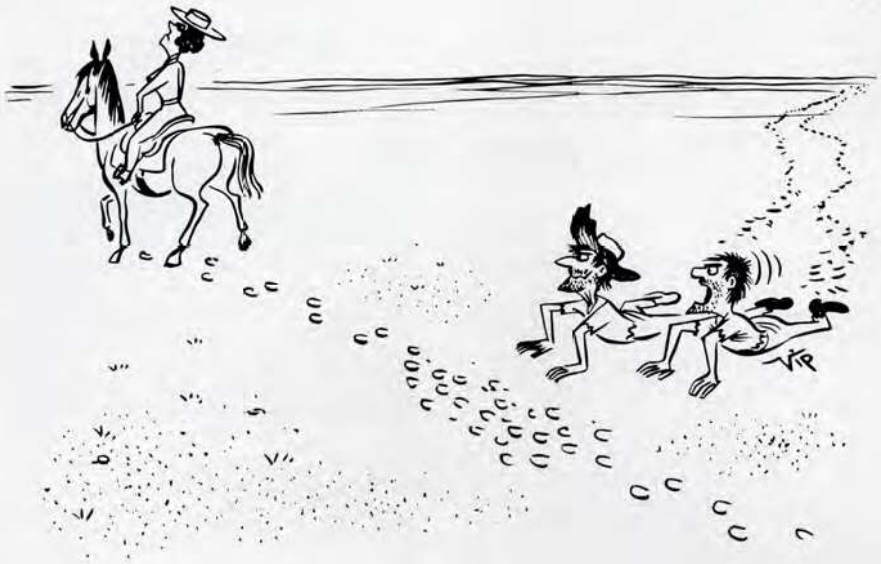

"Do you have to get fresh with *every* girl you meet?"

at a small town near here. We're checking every exit to make sure the bandit doesn't get away."

"My goodness," the young minister said. The policemen wished them goodnight and a nice trip, and went off down the train. Soon it started, and Hamby leaned back against the cushions and sighed. He had a beautiful girl, three days and three nights of love to look forward to, and a satchel full of money. At the end of the trip, or shortly thereafter, the principals split up temporarily.

As Hamby continued his unorthodox practice of withdrawing funds from banks without bothering to make deposits first, word of the courteous bandit spread, particularly over the West. The police of San Francisco came up with the novel idea of catching him before he could strike, and began a constant watch at railroad stations, hotels and rooming houses. When Hamby, sensitive and well mannered himself, heard of this inhospitable new attitude, his feelings were hurt. He immediately determined to infuse, through personal example, a little more friendliness in the town.

He persuaded the girl friend who had succeeded Mildred for the nonce, a redheaded, warmhearted, former schoolteacher named Emily Spence, to help him in his crusade. They found the rumors of inhospitality to be greatly exaggerated, however. Police had only smiles for such an obvious pair of honeymooners as the handsome young man and the laughing girl who, dripping rice at every step, boarded one of the hotel buses at the railroad station. They registered as Mr. and Mrs. Howard Allen, lived at the hotel a few days, then found a pleasant little honeymoon cottage, completely furnished.

They were apart only a few hours a day. Howard Allen, or Gordon Hamby, if you prefer, fell into the habit of having his lunch alone at a cafeteria on Kearney Street, near the offices of the Railway Express Company. Before long he had become friendly with two company employees who also lunched there regularly. When the wife of one of them became ill, Hamby pressed several large bills into the distraught husband's hand.

A few days after that Emily woke up in the morning to find a roll of bills on the pillow next to her. Howard Allen was gone. Later that day, far to the south, a pretty Hollywood bit player named Mildred Harrison received a long-distance telephone call from the man she knew as Boyd Browning. After scolding him for having been away so long, and being reassured that she was the only woman in his life, she finally permitted Hamby to give her a series of complicated instructions.

Two nights later, when a Santa Fé express train stopped for water near the California-Arizona state line, three men got out of a touring car parked near the tracks and walked swiftly toward the Railway Express car back of the tender. One of the men was Hamby. His friends back in San Francisco had mentioned that a shipment of currency was going to be on the train, and Hamby was curious to see what it looked like. The men inside the car seemed reluctant to open up, but one of Hamby's companions just happened to have some dynamite along. With its persuasion the door opened, and Hamby stepped in, gun in hand. One of the guards was so dazed by the explosion that he drew his own gun instead of raising his hands. Hamby shot him down.

The money was there, all right—$50,000 of it. Hamby transferred it to his car, and the three men drove off into the night, shortly to part.

In the meantime, Mildred Harrison had driven those 800 dry, hot miles over 1917 roads from Los Angeles to Albuquerque. She had made arrangements with a local garage to house the car for a month, then checked in at a hotel as Mrs. Boyd Browning, to await Hamby's call. It came at daylight, after the train hold-up.

"Hello there, darling," Hamby said cheerfully. "I am ready to leave."

"I'll be right there," she said, and hung up.

She drove out of town according to her memorized instructions. After a large sanitarium on the outskirts of the city she took the first road to the right, and followed it until it became a little-used, one-lane dirt track. A short way up that a car was pulled over to the side, and as she neared it the man she knew as Boyd Browning stepped out and gave her a wave of welcome. She opened the door and practically fell into his arms.

"Oh, darling, darling," she whispered, on the verge of tears.

"There, there." He held her tight and soothed her, but only for a moment. "Come on, we've got work to do."

He drove the car into a concealing growth of brush, then took a huge plaster cast out of it. The cast shaped his leg exactly. "Help me get into this," he said.

Mildred stared at it. It came up past his knee. "But you'll be helpless!" she cried.

"That's right," he said jauntily. "Come now, help me."

Together they got the cast on. Mildred drove to the garage where she had arranged to leave the car. From there they took a taxi to the station. Both the garage proprietor and the taxi driver were most solicitous about the pretty girl and her injured husband, whom she had just picked up at the sanitarium outside town. At the station the red cap and the Pullman porter joined Mildred in helping him on the train and down the aisle to a compartment. There, with a great deal of twisting and turning, consultations and instructions, and with even the porter joining in their giggles, they managed to get him through the compartment door and into the seat. Only then did they all realize that they had blocked the aisle for two deputies looking for a gang of train robbers. The deputies were good sports about it, though, and both wished the young man a speedy recovery.

The recovery was more than speedy; it was miraculous. Tired as he was, it would have been impossible for Gordon Fawcett Hamby to travel from Albuquerque to Chicago with a good-looking girl *and* his leg in a cast. But when the train pulled into Chicago the cast was back on again. If any Chicago policemen were detailed to watch the incoming trains for suspicious characters from the West, they obviously didn't give a second glance to the handsome young man with a broken leg being pushed down the platform by a red cap as a good-looking girl walked alongside. Somewhere in Chicago, however, Hamby's leg was cured again, and permanently. And Mildred was again alone.

A man like Hamby is compelled by his own ego to be the biggest or the best, to play in the big league. To Hamby, this was New York. His small, successful operations in the West brought in enough money, but even with the train robbery, did not satisfy ambition. He had to knock over a New York bank. There might be shooting; his fingers twitched at the thought.

Surely no bank robber, before or since, has ever carried out a preliminary investigation like the one conducted by Hamby in the summer of 1918. He strolled

the streets in Manhattan, Brooklyn and the Bronx, occasionally stepping into a neighborhood branch bank to change a bill. He frequented the Seaman's Institute, renting a room, talking with sailors. And he went to art galleries. At one he saw a tall, willowy girl with long black hair copying a Corot. Hamby made a shy remark of admiration. She looked at the sensitive face and long delicate fingers of the young man and quickly came to the 100-percent wrong conclusion that he was a fellow artist, and harmless.

By the time Hamby had concluded his first exploratory trip to New York, he knew that he could find male assistants at the Seaman's Institute, he had spotted a most convenient bank in Brooklyn, and he had Anne Peters in Greenwich Village.

After leaving to make a small withdrawal in the Midwest, Hamby returned to New York in late November, 1918. He went straight to Greenwich Village and tapped on the door of a studio apartment. The door opened, and a tall girl with long black hair looked out. Hamby smiled. Anne Peters froze in shocked surprise, as though seeing a ghost.

"Jay Allen!" she said. "I thought I'd never see you again."

"I had to go away," he explained. "But I couldn't stop thinking of you. I wondered how your painting was progressing."

Anne looked at him for a long moment. "Come in and see," she said.

She showed him her latest paintings and water colors, as he sat smoking on the divan making intelligent, encouraging comments. He was thinking of taking up painting seriously, he said when she was through. The first thing to do was to rent a studio. Did she know of one?

"You're in luck," she said. "There's one right next door."

During the next few days Anne helped him get started painting. They shopped together, buying easels, paints, brushes.

"Let's go on a painting trip together," he said to her one afternoon. "Wouldn't that be great?"

Anne said no, but she said it only twice. They began planning the trip.

Hamby had been devoting only his days to art; his nights had been spent in a far different environment, the Seaman's Institute. There he had run across a 19-year-old seaman named Elton Wing, who was down on his luck in the big city, and he had fed the boy a meal or two and let him share his room in the Institute. The old Hamby magic was working; he now had two people he could trust, a lovely, cultured girl, and an unemployed youth. As for a bank, he had definitely decided on the East River Savings Bank, across the river in Brooklyn —although the bank didn't know it.

One cold morning in December—Friday the 13th of December, 1918, to be exact—Hamby hired a cab by the hour and, with Wing, proceeded to the bank to make a withdrawal. He had the driver, George McCullough, wait a few doors down the street, and he and Wing went in. Two tellers were on duty at adjoining windows—DeWitt Peale and Henry Coons. Hamby went to Peale's window and made his usual request for change.

Peale nodded, counted out the change carefully, and then looked up into the muzzle of an automatic.

"Just hand over the money and you won't get hurt," Hamby said.

But Peale seemed to be in a state of shock. Almost as though hypnotized, he stepped back toward the burglar alarm in the floor. Hamby's nostril twitched. Why couldn't people do what he told them to do? He shot Peale between the eyes.

The other employees of the bank looked up at the shot, but Hamby quieted them with a wave of his gun. He signaled Wing, and the boy darted around the partition to make the collection. The door to the vault was open.

Coons, the other teller, started toward it. Almost casually Hamby pointed the gun and pulled the trigger. Coons crumpled and lay still.

Wing ran into the vault and came out with a bag containing over $13,000. The two then left the bank and started to the cab. A cry came after them from the bank: "Holdup! Holdup!"

Through sheer coincidence, at that very moment a detective named Albert Doody was walking down the street. He heard the cry and saw Hamby moving fast to the waiting taxi. "Stop," Doody shouted.

Hamby fired his third shot of the morning. The detective fell to the sidewalk, seriously wounded.

Hamby stepped in the cab and directed the frightened driver back to Manhattan. Hamby gave Wing a thousand dollars and told him to ship out. He left a hundred on the seat for the driver and warned him to say nothing. He walked off down the street, whistling.

That night, with two men dead and a detective at death's door, police scoured the underground hangouts. Hamby and Anne went to the theater. When he took her home, he went in with her. He was through at the Seaman's Institute.

As the handsome and happy young Bohemians lived, loved and painted, two detectives, Bernard Dowd and William Roddy, worked long hours trying to find the bandits. Every exit from the city was under constant surveillance. Detectives remained on duty at Grand Central Station, for example, for some time. They were on duty when a young man and woman, dressed in paint-stained clothes and carrying easels, palettes, and paint boxes, came down the platform. The young man was waving his hands and raving about the simply adorable pattern made by the tracks. The detectives paid no more attention, and Gordon Fawcett Hamby left New York riding first-class with a beautiful girl and a bag full of money. It wasn't long, of course, before he left the girl, too.

What do you do after you've pitched a no-hitter? Psychiatrists say that man is at his happiest when striving for success; after attainment, there's a let-down. Hamby had pulled a successful bank robbery in the biggest city in the world, killed two men and wounded a detective, and had got away under the very noses of the New York police. (So had Wing, although he was destined to be caught several years later and die in prison.) Where do you go from there?

There was a subtle difference in Gordon Fawcett Hamby's *modus operandi* when, after scattering some of the East River Savings Bank's money around South America with Mildred Harrison, he returned to the States in the spring of 1919. At first he seemed his old self, as when he checked into a hotel in Minneapolis under the name Jay B. Allen, and told the clerk—not asked, *told*—that a letter was waiting for him.

It was. In it was a slip of paper with the number 704 written in a familiar hand. Hamby smiled, took a hot bath, shaved, dressed and proceeded to Room 704. He tapped. It opened.

"You've got your nerve, Jay Allen," Anne Peters told him, eyes flashing. "You run off and leave me in Indianapolis, I don't hear from you for months, then I get this telegram. . . ."

"But I'm here now, darling," Jay B.

[*Continued on page* 130]

"What would we talk about? I don't know port from starboard!"

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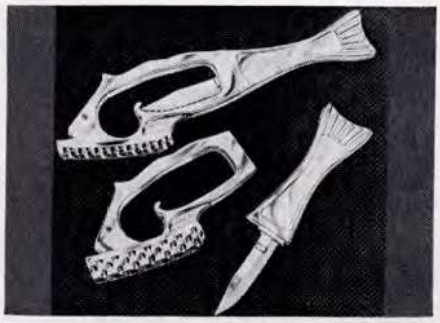

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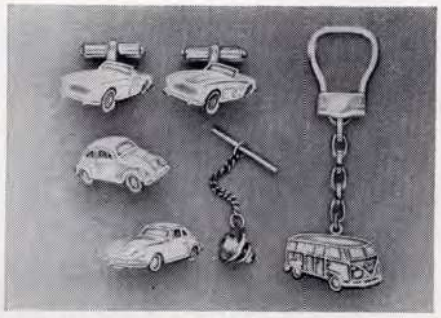

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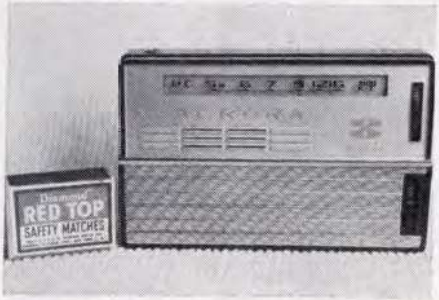

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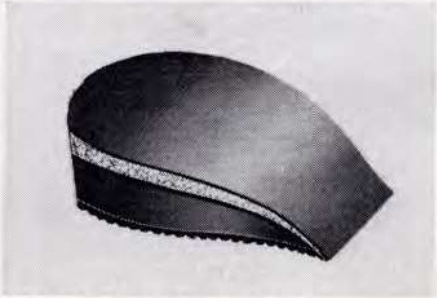

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goes shopping

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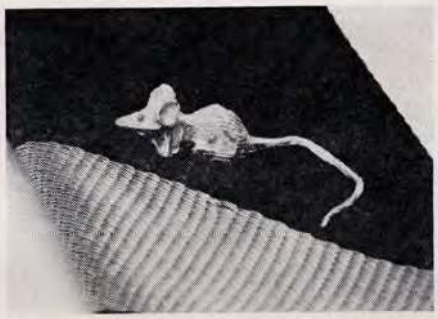

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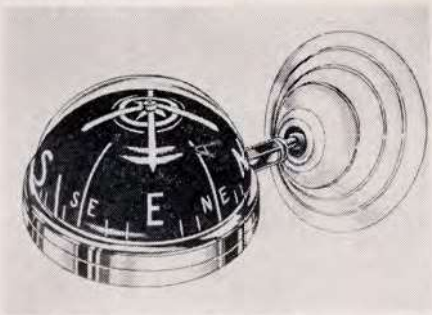

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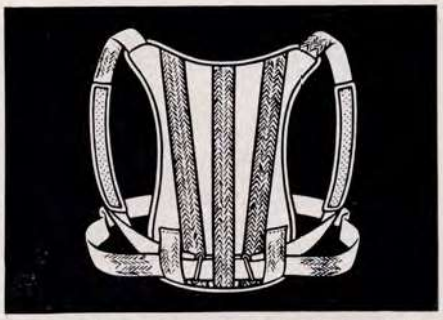

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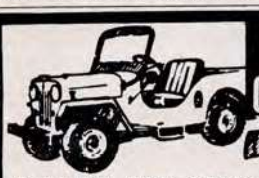

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[*Continued from page* 127]
Allen-Gordon Fawcett Hamby said, closing the door behind him. "And so are you."

In the next couple of days Hamby decided on a bank, and found two young men to help him make his withdrawal. They were introduced to him by a bellhop; it was the first time Hamby took on a job with such casually selected assistants. He showed his doubt in a strange way. One morning he suddenly asked Anne to move into a smaller residential hotel that very day.

"But why, Jay? Why?" she asked.

"I don't know why," he said, and he probably spoke the truth. "But please, darling, do it for me."

Next morning, in the new hotel, Anne couldn't sleep. She looked for a long moment at the handsome, sensitive face on the pillow next to hers, so innocent in sleep, then quietly dressed and went down to the lobby for a cup of coffee and a morning paper. The name Jay B. Allen was spread all over it. Quickly she skimmed the story: bank robbery. Police pick up two young men spending big money. Jay B. Allen named as mastermind. She hurried to her lover without one thought of calling police.

Up in the room, Hamby wasted no time in denials. He had foolishly registered in this hotel, too, under the name of Jay B. Allen. Police would check the register of every hotel in town, as a matter of routine. By now they'd have been to his room and found the bed unslept in. They'd be waiting outside. This was the closest yet. And it was all his fault—what a sloppy way to rob a bank.

"Look out the door," he told Anne. She did. Nobody was there. He motioned to a familiar stack of bills on the bed, kissed her, and slipped out. Tense, gripping the gun in his pocket, ready to turn and fire at the first cry, he went down to the lobby and out to the street. Nobody stopped him. That night a grubby-looking tramp, squatting by a fire in the hobo jungle west of town, read in the late papers how the police had missed Jay B. Allen. A sleepy clerk had shown them the wrong page of the hotel register.

Gordon Fawcett Hamby sighed and stretched, and when the west-bound freight pulled out he was on it.

In Seattle, with a new wardrobe, new car, Hamby resolved never again to be so careless in the matter of assistants. A thought struck him, and he grinned. He'd go to employment agencies. Hanging around their various offices, he struck up a conversation with many a job-seeker before, at an agency in Tacoma, he found what he was looking for. This perfect assistant was a clean-faced young man named Bob Davis, who'd been out of work for weeks. Davis had a wife, a baby, a little house with the rent overdue and a spare room. Hamby, whose name was now Boyd Allen, bought him lunch and turned on the charm.

"Look," he said. "I'm bored with expensive hotels and restaurants. I haven't had a home-cooked meal in years. Why don't you take in a boarder? I'll give you $300 a month."

A family could live mighty well on $300 a month in Tacoma in 1919. Bob and his pretty young wife fixed up the spare room, and their new boarder, arriving in a long gray car, moved in.

Hamby got along fine with Bob, but not with Bob's wife. He couldn't understand her. She rebuffed him. Sweet talk, expensive presents—he tried everything. It got so he was constantly sending Bob off in the car for something, then renewing the attack on his wife. It became an obsession. He had to have her. Whether she was frigid, whether she was just plain faithful American girl, whether he used the wrong toothpaste—whatever the reason, she continued to turn him down. She pleaded with Bob to throw Hamby out, without saying why. Bob refused, for a reason of his own.

The tension mounted. One day smooth, slick Hamby lost his head and tried to overpower her. She screamed so loud the neighbors could hear, and he turned away, frustrated and furious. When Bob came in, she turned on the tears. Davis finally admitted that the reason he couldn't ask Hamby to leave was because the two were going to rob a bank in Olympia.

That did it. "Have you lost your mind?" she cried. "Oh, Bob, Bob, you've got to get that man out of this house tonight. If you don't, I will."

When Hamby came in, she left.

"Well, what's eating her?" Hamby asked.

Davis reluctantly broke the news. "I can't go through with it, Boyd. I'm sorry and all, but my wife won't stand for it."

Hamby stared at him. First she turned him down, now this.

"I told you not to tell anybody," he said. He took out his gun, shot Davis in the chest, then stood back and watched him fall. That would teach both him and his stuck-up wife not to fool around with Gordon Fawcett Hamby.

Neighbors heard the shot and called the police. Hamby barely got away. This time he had no plan for escape whatever.

Though he took back roads and avoided capture, he didn't cover much distance. The morning sun found him at a small inn near Mt. Rainier. He was hungry, and the gas tank registered empty. He had no choice but to stop. The innkeeper sat down and chatted with him while his wife fixed ham and eggs in the kitchen. He insisted on Hamby's having another cup of coffee, made a big production of counting out change. By the time Hamby realized he was being deliberately delayed, it was too late. The innkeeper's wife had called the sheriff on the kitchen phone, and there he was at the door.

Hamby pulled his gun. "I wouldn't shoot if I were you," the sheriff said. "This place is surrounded. You can't get away. You've got a better chance."

"Talk fast," Hamby said.

"Up here in the northwest the laws are pretty lenient on somebody who's shot a man in self defense. Now if you run, even if you don't get killed, it'll look pretty bad. But if you give yourself up, and plead self-defense, you might even get off scot-free."

Hamby hesitated only a second, then lowered his gun. The sheriff took it and led Hamby out to the waiting car. In a few hours he was turned over to the police at Tacoma. His plea of self-defense didn't go over too well. The pretty young widow of Bob Davis testified that her husband had never had a gun, and friends and neighbors backed her up. Hamby was convicted of murder, and sentenced to life imprisonment.

As Hamby began serving his time, police all over the country were still looking for the person known as Boyd Browning, Jay B. Allen, and by other Hamby aliases. Because Hamby had never used his real name on a job, the news of his imprisonment under that name meant nothing. Only through the wildest coincidence did New York police hear of him. A detective named Fay, bringing a prisoner east, happened to fall into conversation with another detective who had just happened to hear some of the details of the Davis shooting and the subsequent arrest of Hamby. The description alone—tall, handsome, soft-spoken, courteous—was enough to ring a bell in Fay's mind. In New York he reported what he had heard to Detectives Dowd and Roddy, still assigned to the case, and on that tip they took cab driver McCullough west to look at him.

"That's him," said McCullough.

Word got out that the courteous bandit had been found, and Dowd and Roddy practically smuggled him across the country. Other cities wanted him, too. Once in New York Hamby confessed to everything. His trial for the murder of the bank tellers was almost a farce, in that he refused to permit his court-appointed attorney to do more than go through the motions. He said he was guilty, and he wanted to die and get it over with. Although, he pointed out calmly, it really wasn't his fault in the first place.

"I *told* them not to move," he said. "If they'd only stayed still, nobody would have gotten hurt."

In a trial that began on a Monday and was over on Tuesday, jury and judge acceded him his wish. On the evening of January 29, 1920, Gordon Fawcett Hamby, debonair as ever, called out to his fellow prisoners in death row, "So long, fellows, I always did like to try everything once." He was led to the electric chair. He stood in front of it for a moment, then took a last drag on his cigarette, flicked it away, and stepped in, dramatic to the last.

—Carter Price & Booton Herndon

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

My Life and Laughs in a Household Zoo

[*Continued from page* 55]

garden. Beyond the woods stretched out great lawns as green and smooth as billiard tables where flocks of peafowl wandered, the cocks spreading their incredible trains. I swore then that I would someday own a peacock. There was also a gamekeeper who had the habit of shooting at small boys with a shotgun loaded with rock salt. He got me only once but that was enough; rock salt stings like a hive of hornets.

On rainy days I sat in our library and read. During their 200-year residence in Pennsylvania, my family had managed to build up a library containing at least one volume devoted to virtually every subject conceivable.

For several years, my favorite reading was children's tales about animals. To me the wild animals were the Little People—disliked, despised, but also feared and regarded with awe. True, not all wild animals were so regarded, and for that reason I was more drawn toward animals capable of defending themselves against humans than those who were helpless. I was far more attracted to hawks than to pheasants, to snakes than to butterflies, to skunks rather than rabbits. I had no interest in domestic animals.

One of the books in our library concerned the adventures of a Mr. Du Chaillu on the west coast of Africa about 1860 and his experiences with gorillas. When I was 5 years old, I was so fascinated by the pictures that I was determined someday to get a pet gorilla. When I was 8, with my birthday coming up, I dared to ask my grandparents for a gorilla. Instead, for some reason, I was given two angora rabbits covered with long, white fur.

The rabbits lived in a hutch with a wire runway that could be moved from one spot to another, and every evening I went out to move the hutch to a fresh, uncropped bit of lawn. Once I went out on a clear, warm spring evening. There were two wild rabbits with their noses against the wire, talking to my pets.

They were only rabbits, but the contrast between the wild cottontails and the domestic rabbits was the contrast between a Mohawk Indian—lean, alert, mysterious and romantic—and a fat, uninteresting townsman. As soon as they saw me, the wild rabbits were gone in two great bounds, but I was never to forget them. It was not that I loved my own pets less but that I loved the wild ones more.

I saw the rabbits only when they emerged from the hutch for food or to hop around the wire runway. What went on inside remained a mystery, but I did notice that the female was growing progressively more nervous. Finally she seemed to disappear entirely, and only the male ever came out. I began to wonder if she had escaped, so one evening I doubled back and, lying on my stomach, watched to see what would happen. I saw her cautiously emerge. Behind her came six white balls of fluff. As far as I was concerned a miracle had happened.

I burst through the hedge shouting with excitement. The male gave a terrified thump with his hind legs. The female dived for the doorway with the babies after her.

I couldn't believe the rabbits would regard me as an enemy. I knelt down outside the runway and pleaded with them to come out. Like most children, I was convinced that animals could understand human speech and would respond to logic. Unfortunately, the mother rabbit continued to cower inside the hutch and refused to let me see her babies. I was forced to admit that rabbits were not small human beings wearing fur coats. They were animals whose thought processes differed basically from mine.

The babies prospered.

Then one morning I went out to the pen with the usual offering of lettuce, carrots and rolled oats. As the babies had grown older the mother had lost much of her protective nervousness and the family had grown quite tame. I rounded the privet hedge, expecting them to be standing with their forepaws against the wire waiting for breakfast.

But the pen had been torn apart. Even the heavy hutch was broken open. Scattered on the grass were the dead bodies of the rabbits, the two parents lying side by side and the smaller corpses of the babies flung around the lawn.

There were footprints of dogs everywhere in the soft earth of the pens, and I knew what dogs they were. One of our neighbors kept a pair of German shepherds and allowed them to run loose at night.

Still in a trance, I went to the garage, got a spade and buried my first pets. Suddenly I was taken violently ill.

When I felt a little better physically I told grandfather, "I'll never have another pet as long as I live."

Not long after, I was introduced to skunks by the children of old family friends a few miles away. It was not exactly a painless introduction, on the part of the skunks, the children, both families, the car, and the chauffeur. And certainly not for myself.

I had been persuaded by my friends, who were about my own age, that it was possible, if a skunk's attention were distracted, to dash in from behind, grab the animal's tail, yank him into the air, and thus disarm him. Conceivably this method may work, though I never had the courage to try it again.

But if I got the solitary treatment from everyone at home for several days thereafter, I also got a couple of skunks. They were about the size of large cats, and completely black except for a forked white stripe down the back of each and a white tip on the tail. I put them in an open pen in the yard, with a cover over it to keep out the rain, and gradually tamed them by bringing them food and getting them accustomed to me. In the end I was scratching them behind the ears, and they were following me around and playing.

The German shepherds who had killed my rabbits came once more. This time their target was my pet skunks. For the first time, presumably, they found out just how effective a skunk's defenses are. For some reason, they never paid our place another visit.

I was 12 before I acquired my next pets. My grandparents had a town house which they rented out, and that year it was leased to a family with a boy about my own age who shared my interest in animals. This family spent their summers in Nova Scotia and I was asked to accompany them.

While I was there I picked up a pair of porcupines, Claude and Claudette.

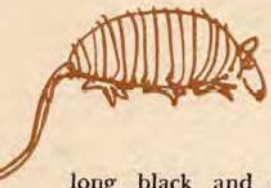
Porcupines are not popular with lumbermen because they strip trees of their bark, and I was horrified when one lumberman told me profanely that he killed every quill pig he found. I begged to be allowed to ransom the next two, and a few days later the man presented me with two indignant porcupines. Getting them back to Rosemont was quite a problem, for the pair quietly and systematically ate their way out of every box I put them in. I finally solved it by putting them in a wire cage, but this had the disadvantage that the porcupines could reach you with their quilly tails through the wire.

I encountered no trouble from my grandparents about the porcupines. Grandmother was a little disappointed that I hadn't returned a normal, healthy boy evincing a keen interest in baseball, hopscotch, rolling a hoop or whatever it was that normal, healthy boys did. Grandfather, as far as I could tell, didn't even know that the porcupines existed. The place was fairly large, and I could have raised Bengal tigers as long as I kept them out of his way.

I had taken for granted that I was now an authority on all wild animals. I soon found out different. Claude and Claudette had no sense of humor, no desire to play, and very little intelligence. Stolid, unimaginative plods, they cared about nothing save eating and sleeping. Taming them was easy. Born invincible, the nervous apprehension that tortures most newly caught wild animals was simply not in their make-up. Before the week was out, both were lumbering over to me for apples, carrots and the salted peanuts of which they were especially fond. Their regular diet was rolled oats, bread, beets, turnips, potatoes and such bark as they could strip from our trees before Bounds, the gardener, caught them. Removing a porcupine from a tree is a difficult task because it clings like a limpet and there is obviously no way you can grab it. Bounds solved the problem by forcing the end of a clothes pole between the porky and the limb and then using the full leverage of the pole to pry the creature loose. Fortunately, a porcupine can drop almost any distance from a tree without injury.

Although Claude and Claudette did not have the type of

personalities that would have endeared them to most people, I was fascinated by their fool-proof method of defense. They were covered with a beautiful coat of thick, black hair that made them look more like teddy-bears than dangerous animals. As far as one could tell by looking at them, they did not have a quill to their names except for the tip of a white spear or two that showed in the black brush of the tail. But when my dog Rags approached them, the porcupines would turn their backs, raise their tails, and with a quick movement hunch up their shoulders like a man pulling up his coat collar on a cold day. Instantly, their fur coats folded forward to reveal a perfect briar patch of long black and white quills pointing in all directions.



A porcupine does not stand entirely on the defensive. Although they cannot throw their quills, their stumpy, powerful tails are covered with the miniature spears, and touching a porcupine's tail is equivalent to pulling the trigger wire of a set-gun. Immediately the tail lashes back and forth with astonishing rapidity, and at each blow half a dozen or so quills are driven into your hand. These quills are terrible objects. They are barbed, not like a fish hook, but with innumerable little scales that lie down when the quill enters the flesh but open when you try to pull it out. A dog or a wildcat is condemned to death if he ever gets a mouthful of porcupine quills. He cannot extract the quills and they will work their way deeper and deeper into his flesh, festering as they go.

Perhaps I am being unfair to the quill pigs when I say that they had absolutely no intelligence or desire to play. Sometimes when I was feeding Claude, he would rear up on his hind legs, brace himself with his stubby tail, and grabbing my hand with his forepaws, try to wrestle. I was never quite sure whether he was just trying to get the food away from me or really wanted to play. Probably it was a combination of the two ideas. The play of most wild animals is actually a mimic combat. This is why playing with a wild animal is a tricky business. The dividing line between play and attack is a fine one. Usually the owner and the animal work out an understanding as to how far the animal can go, but when a stranger comes along, the animal does not draw a line.

Claude and Claudette never used their quill-studded tails on me once we had come to our understanding. But when quarreling over food, they would often bite each other, although neither would ever strike the other with his tail. They treated me like one of the family.

With strangers it was different—they were prepared to use their full armament. The porcupines moved at a heavy, dignified pace that strongly reminded me of grandmother's majestic stride. Also, like grandmother, they turned aside for no one, magnificently confident that everyone would give way for them. The inevitable historic collision finally occurred.

Grandmother was walking through the rose arbor just as Claude and Claudette started through the arbor from the other side. They met half way through. Claude and Claudette were walking side by side and neither broke stride for an instant. Grandmother swept down on them imperiously, but the porcupines kept on. Just when a clash seemed inevitable, Claude raised his tail, with its long, daggerlike quills, and shook it suggestively.

Grandmother gave way. Forcing herself painfully into the rose vines, she cowered there while the porcupines paraded past—without bothering to cast another look at her.

Some wild animals make good pets because they are cute, amusing, intelligent or playful. Others are interesting simply because of their curious habits or appearance. There was very little you could do with the porcupines; they did not like to take walks, play, and had rather negative personalities. But I liked to watch them trundling about and I took an unending satisfaction in their terrible hidden defense.

I got my next wild animal pet by accident. One afternoon as I was heading for the Ashbridge farm a flock of crows rose from a nearby corn field. They are dramatic birds when seen at close hand—a big crow may have a wing spread of a couple of feet. I stopped to watch them, and as I did so there came the crack of a gun.

The leader of the flock swerved in flight and pitched sideways with an almost human cry. He fell in a long slide and plunged heavily into the tall grass.

Now I saw that a car had stopped on the dirt road. A man was leaning out of it with a gun. Another man was in the seat beside him and I heard them laugh together. Then the car drove off.

I ran toward the spot where the wounded crow had fallen. I picked him up, taking care not to injure his wounded wing. Most birds in such a situation will struggle hysterically. Not so the crow. He eyed my hands expertly, picked a good spot and then struck with his pile-driver beak. The first blow broke the skin, the next made a considerable wound. I took off my sweater and wrapped him in that, holding his beak shut with one hand. Then I hurried home.

The wing healed, although my new pet was never able to use it as well as before—he always flew with a limp. I set about taming him, taking the precaution of putting on heavy leather gloves.

The first time I tried picking him up he began an attack on the gloves with his powerful beak, and became so interested in trying to break through that I was able to let go of him completely. He perched on my fist and tore away at the gloves until I tried to touch him with my other hand. Then he gave an outraged squawk and jumped down. But the gloves fascinated him. He kept coming back to have another go at them, and even after he became tame he continued to regard the gloves as his special toy. If I left one lying around he would find it, pull it over to me, and wait solemnly until I put it on. Once the glove was in place, he'd jump on my hand and start worrying the leather like a puppy with a slipper. His other specialty was untying shoelaces. He did this as a joke. If I was busy he would steal up from behind almost literally on tiptoe, quietly stretch out his long beak, neatly untie the laces and then go bounding off chuckling to himself. When I turned around he would squawk with delight and execute a perfect war dance of triumph.

Outside, he rode around on my shoulder, giving me an occasional friendly nip on the ear just to make sure that I hadn't forgotten him, and making short, clumsy flights to low branches. In the house he developed a passionate interest in small objects, especially if they were shiny, that he could pick up and hide. He'd hurry with his prize to the nearest sofa cushion and stuff the object underneath. Then he'd flit away from the scene of the crime and perch on the back of a chair, preening his feathers with a particularly innocent expression. If I came along and retrieved the stolen article, he'd go into a perfect Donald Duck fury, bounding up and down on the chair back and screaming with indignation. This pilfering got to be so serious that I called him Jesse James.

Keeping Jesse in the house soon turned out to be impossible. He made life miserable for the maids, hiding behind drapes and nipping them on the ankles as they went by or snatching pieces of food off the plates. He would walk quietly along the window seat, reach out and tear a page of the book grandfather was reading, ducking away before grandfather could slap him. It was grandmother, however, who finally decreed that the house would have to be out of bounds for Jesse. Grandmother did not have a pronounced sense of humor, and the first time Jesse bit her on the ankle she was not amused. In fact, she kicked him. Jesse considered this an unparalleled outrage and never forgave her. Usually his ankle nips were nothing more than a light dab with his beak, but after recovering from the kick, he waylayed grandmother in the dark hallway and really let her have it on the bone. Instead of running off chuckling in his usual manner, he marched away muttering anathemas to himself, and after grandmother had finished rubbing her ankle and straightened up, he stole back and stabbed her in the other ankle. Grandmother sent for me and pronounced the awful sentence, "That bird must go!"

So Jesse was exiled to the garden. There he devoted his talents to annoying Rags. Whenever Rags went to sleep under a shady tree, Jesse would steal up on him, give the dog's long hair a quick tweak, and fly off before Rags could snap at him. Poor Rags slowly began to acquire a haunted look.

Until I acquired Jesse, it had never occurred to me that birds had any particular personalities or were intelligent. In fact, I don't think I have ever owned an animal who had a more active mind. Jesse never seemed to rest. He was always thinking up some new game and seemed physically incapable of sitting still a minute. All the *Corvidae* (so-called because of their cone-shaped beaks) seem to be remarkably clever birds—crows, jays, ravens and magpies. All of them are great thieves and cause so much trouble that they are ruthlessly persecuted by humans. Although every man's hand is against them, they still survive, yet they seem to be almost the only birds for whom no one has a

good word. I can only say that I know of none of the beautifully colored song birds possessing the brains and personality of a crow.

By the time I was 14 I had developed the collector's passion that seems to strike all youngsters and many adults. I wanted to own a private zoo and was eager to obtain any sort of wild animal.

Gradually I acquired a great horned owl, a macaw, a green monkey, a turkey buzzard named Susie, a number of snakes, and even a Chinese walking fish who, unhappily, went for a walk and was run over by a car. I got to know at least a little about a number of very different creatures. In general, the more intelligent and active an animal is, the more difficult and potentially dangerous he can be. Take Wayatcha, the raccoon, for example.

I got Wayatcha when he was still a baby from a grocer who found him one morning in the storeroom. Wayatcha had got his head stuck in a jar of applesauce. I took the tiny coon to the loft of our garage-barn and tried to get the jar loose. After struggling with him for half an hour and getting badly scratched, I finally had to break the jar. Wayatcha suffered no ill effects from his experience except a terrible bellyache from eating too much applesauce. I spent the next week trying to overcome the little wild creature's timid nature, and the next two years trying to put the fear of God in him.

The trouble with Wayatcha was that he had more brains than I had, and he quickly found it out. By the time he reached his full weight of 25 pounds he was running the household, and everyone, including me, lived in mortal terror of him. A big male racoon is a formidable animal. The idea of disciplining him did not occur to me. It had never been necessary with my other pets, and I took for granted that all wild animals responded to love and kindness. Not that Wayatcha was vicious; he was simply determined and saw no more reason why he shouldn't always have his own way than would a spoiled child. After much mental agony, he managed to take cookies from my hand, although he snarled and ran if I tried to touch him. But he didn't really lose his fear of me until I tried to play a joke on him.

One afternoon while Wayatcha was sitting on the barn floor beside me eating cookies, I held out a handful of raisins with my fist closed. Wayatcha finished the cookies and waddled over to inspect my fist. He smelled it, located the raisins, and tried to pry my fingers open with his little black hands. When this did not work, he patted my hand and looked up questioningly. I chuckled to myself and said nothing. Then Wayatcha sat down with my fist in his lap to think it over.

Racoons are very fond of clams and they open them by a sharp bite at the joint. I had forgotten this trick, but Wayatcha had not. A few minutes later he had the raisins and I was getting first aid with a bottle of iodine. That was the end of Wayatcha's backwardness. After that he thought nothing of taking a flying leap at me as soon as I opened the cage door and hanging on to my necktie with one hand while he went through my pockets with the other.

We were all fascinated at the wonderful manner in which he could use his hands. He was as clever as a monkey at opening doors and uncorking bottles. Then the cook made a serious error. Wayatcha, like all raccoons, had a tidy habit of washing his food before eating it, and he selected the kitchen sink for this purpose. Since he ate at all hours he was a nuisance, whining and pulling at the cook's skirts to turn the water on for him. At last in desperation she took 15 minutes off and taught him the trick of the spigots. He learned at once, but nobody was ever able to teach him how to turn them off again. The result was that we had to keep all the bathroom doors locked. Simply closing them did no good, for Wayatcha could handle the door knobs as well as a person.

As Wayatcha grew bigger, he became increasingly difficult to control. For a long time he never bit. I'd be playing with him in the living room when Wayatcha would decide it was time to go to the kitchen for a light snack. He would start off at a trundling gait which looked clumsy but was surprisingly fast. As he was perfectly capable of opening the icebox and going off with the evening's roast, I had to catch him. If I caught him on the open floor, I could pick him up, put him out of the house, and lock the door; but if Wayatcha managed to get hold of a table leg or one of the water pipes, it was impossible to move him. Even when I was carrying him off, Wayatcha's long arms were reaching out to grab any passing object. Once while we were passing through the maids' dining room where the table had been set for supper, Wayatcha managed to clutch a corner of the table cloth with results terrible to behold.

When Wayatcha had been a cute baby, my grandparents and even the maids had been willing to forgive him a multitude of sins, but now as a big boar coon he wasn't nearly so charming. Still, the decision to forbid Wayatcha the house was mine. I had grown tired of wrestling with this junior brain and cleaning up after him. Not that Wayatcha wasn't perfectly house-broken, but he labored under the delusion that somebody might have hidden food behind the books in the bookcase, under the rugs, or on top of the highest table. By the time Wayatcha had satisfied his curiosity, repairing the damage was a good hour's hard work.

But Wayatcha had no intention of being kept outside. He patrolled the house like a sentry, and as soon as anyone opened a door or a maid leaned out a window to shake a mop, Wayatcha was on the spot in a matter of seconds. From then on he was in, for no one could close a door or window against Wayatcha when he wanted to exert his full strength.

Wayatcha was two years old before he ever bit me, and then only because he was frightened and confused.

One afternoon, I missed Wayatcha. Supper time came and still no Wayatcha. It was almost dark when I saw Rags sniffing at the mouth of a big drainpipe that ran from the garage-barn to the compost pile. I couldn't see anything in it but I heard a curious, frightening whining. I crawled in. The pipe was so small that I was barely able to worm my way along. I had got some 10 feet up it when the whining started again. I said, "Wayatcha?" doubtfully and put out my hand. He sank his teeth in.

The pain was excruciating and I screamed in agony. Then I tried to wriggle backward out of the pipe, but I could go only inches at a time, and meanwhile Wayatcha was following me, biting as he came. I was afraid he'd get me by the face and kept putting up my hands to push him away. Each time I did so, Wayatcha would seize my hand.

By the time I finally got out of the pipe, my hands looked as though I'd run them through a meat grinder. Wayatcha followed me out. He started for me again and I ran. After looking around, he marched off, muttering to himself. He never returned.

My greatest mistake with Wayatcha was allowing him to control me instead of my controlling him. Once a powerful wild animal learns that he is stronger than his owner, he becomes potentially dangerous. Frequently, wild animals are extremely rough with their own families. It is unreasonable to suppose that they would put a human being in a different category of treatment.

Disciplining wild animals is a complicated technique. For example, if I had tried to punish Wayatcha by using a whip I would only have infuriated him. What I should have done was to put a collar on him while he was still fairly small, and use a lead-pole with it. Lead-poles are equipped with a snap on one end which can be opened and closed by a wire leading to the handle. When Wayatcha was heading for the kitchen, I could have snapped the lead-pole to a ring on his collar and held him. If he proved stubborn, I could have kept on the lead-pole for several days until he realized that he could neither reach me nor escape. Eventually a "habit pattern" would form, and Wayatcha would have accepted the fact that he had to obey.

To what must have been the intense relief of my grandparents, father and mother returned that summer.

After being separated from me for so many years, my parents were not unnaturally very indulgent. Father considered it a foregone conclusion that I would go to the Naval Academy at Annapolis and enter the service. He dismissed my interest in animals as a passing phase. Mother was quite confident that by quietly developing the social side of my life I would soon be weaned away from animals. As a result, I was forced into a round of dancing classes, parties, and church socials. I rebelled so against this regime that father had to be called in several times to apply military discipline.

So, though I loved my parents, it was not with unmixed feelings that I saw them depart the following summer for a three months' stay in France. However, they arranged an elaborate social program for me to follow while they were away, centering mainly around our swimming pool. At that time a private swimming pool was an almost unheard-of luxury and was a guaranteed attraction for young people. I was then 16, and before she

left Mother had called up all her friends who had youngsters about my age and urged them to use the pool as if it were their own. Shortly after my dear parents had departed, I solved the problem of my social career by putting a 10-foot alligator in the pool.

I still think I had some justification. Making our estate the social center of the Main Line had not proved to be a success. Every day I had to spend an hour or so cleaning up the collection of newspapers, magazines, chewing gum wrappers, broken bathing caps, cigarette packages and other junk, much of which had been thrown into the pool. At first the guests simply ignored me. Most of them seemed to regard the pool as their own personal property. A girl would arrive with four or five boys in tow. The boys took for granted that they were honoring me. They never bothered to thank me.

One day the bunch of hoodlums really had a ball. They started by throwing all the pillows from the porch into the pool. Some of the girls wandered into the house, lying on beds and couches and burning cigarette holes in the upholstery. Someone else backed a car through the double doors of the garage and broke them. I asked the girls if they would mind staying out of the house while in wet suits. The girls assured me they would do as they pleased. I asked the boys if they would clean up some of the mess they had made. The boys told me I could handle that. As they were all sons of old family friends, my grandparents didn't like to call the police. The crowd left about 9 o'clock that evening, having nearly wrecked the place.

I remembered a trapper in South Carolina who had written me a few weeks before asking if I could use a 10-foot alligator. I telegraphed the trapper, and in due time a huge packing case arrived by express. A note was nailed to the case explaining that the trapper had named the 'gator Daisy, after his wife.

I got Kennedy to help me carry the case down to the swimming pool. The pool was enclosed by an ornamental fence which I hoped would restrain Daisy if she tried to go for a walk.

When I got the top planks off, even I was a little taken back by the sight of Daisy. Ten feet is a lot of 'gator, although admittedly much of that is tail.

After the long trip in a cool, dark box she seemed almost dead. I managed to dump her out and began to lever her over the grass with a rake handle as though manipulating a log.

It was a hot summer's day and we were in the broiling sun. Daisy and I were still a few feet from the edge of the pool when she suddenly came to life. In all my experience with animals I have never seen any that moved as quickly as Daisy. Suddenly twisting herself into a V, she struck me with her powerful tail, using it to knock me toward her open jaws which were coming toward me from the other direction.

I went over backward, as much from astonishment as from the blow of the tail. Daisy's jaws came together with a stunning crack that sounded like a giant slapping two boards together. Holding her off with the rake handle, I scrambled backward. Daisy whirled around and, rising on her short legs, made a rush for the pool. She went astonishingly fast, dived in headfirst, and vanished.

Cautiously I went to the edge of the pool and looked in. There was Daisy swimming around like a seal. She swam entirely with her tail, her legs folded up under her, but when she came to the end of the pool and swung around for the return trip, I could see the flash of her white belly. I looked forward to Daisy's meeting with the Main Line younger set.

The next day, shortly after lunch, three cars swung in the drive bearing a happy crowd. A few minutes later there were shrieks of laughter as the car tore through a hedge, followed by occasional outbursts of mirth as the party spread over the lawn.

I was carrying Dracula, my Great Horned owl, around at the time, and getting Dracula back on her perch took a few minutes. When I headed for the pool I could hear the sound of splashing, almost instantly followed by such a fearful scream that I broke into a dead run. I was suddenly cold with terror. Racing for the pool, I was positive Daisy had killed somebody.

Fool's luck was on my side. One of the boys was being pulled out of the water, his pimply face dough-white. A group of terrified girls were climbing out at the far end, while the rest looked on in horror. To my intense relief I saw that Daisy was still lying in her accustomed place at the bottom. Someone had seen her, screamed, and started a panic.

The reaction of the youngsters was interesting. They had grown so used to using the pool as their own that any attempt to stop them seemed not only outrageous but vaguely illegal.

Poor mother had intended to launch me in society. Instead, she gave me a dislike and suspicion of society which lasted for years.

For the next few weeks, Daisy never left the pool except to sunbathe on the edge. Feeding her was no problem. When I saw Daisy cruising around, I would throw her a fish. As soon as the fish hit the surface of the water, she would shoot toward it, her broad, oar-shaped snout making a little V-shaped ripple as she came. A few yards from the fish she would submerge and glide swiftly toward her quarry, but the ripple would continue on the surface, marking her progress. When she struck, the blow was almost too fast to see. A sudden swirl, a flash of Daisy's white, open jaws, and the fish would vanish.

I was able to go in swimming with Daisy even if the first few times were a nerve-racking experience. Alligators have a habit of holding large prey under water until it stops making bubbles, and then stowing it in a hole until it decomposes enough to make it readily eatable. Daisy followed me about for some time, sniffing at my legs doubtfully, but as soon as I splashed she went away and lay on the bottom.

After several weeks I took for granted that Daisy would never go far from the pool and began leaving the fence gate open. But one night there was a terrific thunderstorm. Possibly the thunder frightened Daisy, or possibly the damp earth seemed to her ideal for a stroll. When I came down the next morning Daisy was gone.

I had no trouble following her trail through the flower beds and across the Ashbridge wheat field—it looked as though someone had been dragging a log. But when Daisy reached the Johnson estate and managed to get under the iron fence, I could find no more trace of her.

I went to the rose garden which was in full view of the Johnson mansion and was looking about for traces of Daisy when a window opened and Mrs. Johnson leaned out. She called, "My dear, what's the matter?"

Thinking quickly, I called back, "I'm looking for a lost puppy."

"How sweet of you, dear," she said. "I'll come down and help you look." And the window banged shut.

I hadn't counted on that. In a few minutes Mrs. Johnson came out and went from flower bed to flower bed, parting the bushes and calling, "Here, darling, here boy!" I had a horrible vision of Daisy suddenly sticking her head out from between two bushes and snapping her jaws in Mrs. Johnson's face, but luckily at that moment I found Daisy's spoor going through a hedge. Leaving Mrs. Johnson, I followed it eagerly across a stretch of damp grass under the iron fence to the next property.

Here was a tennis court with wire backstops and there, wonder of wonders, was Daisy. Tired from her long walk, she had simply lain down and gone to sleep.

Now came the problem of how to get her home. I went back and got mother's two-seater run-about with a rumble seat. Since there wasn't room for both me and Daisy in the front, she had to ride in the rumble. She sat in it like a person except that her tail hung over the edge. Driving back to the house was quite an experience. People would go by, glance at Daisy sitting in the rumble, do a double take, and then scream, "It's a crocodile!"

Daisy bit me only once and then quite by accident. She was lying on the edge of the pool and I was feeding her fish by hand. Once when she didn't open her mouth I reached out to pat her on the head, a trick that usually made Daisy open her jaws. But this time Daisy grabbed my hand.

The sudden shock of the powerful jaws clamping shut paralyzed my left arm to the elbow, and I was sure my hand was gone. Daisy sat still for some time, obviously thinking the situation over. Then she slowly and carefully opened her mouth. I saw my hand lying there on her tongue, still intact except that four of Daisy's long teeth had gone through it.

My arm was too numb for me to control the muscles, but with my right hand I slowly worked my left off the teeth while Daisy sat with her mouth obligingly open. I felt no pain all the way to the Bryn Mawr Hospital, and when I walked into the accident ward I merely told the intern, "My pet alligator bit me."

The intern excused himself and left the room. I waited a long time. Afterward I found that he considered me a dangerous

mental patient and was asking for help. Finally he returned with an older doctor who took one look at me and said, "That's Polly Mannix's son. I know the family. They're the kind of people who probably would have pet alligators." And he set about treating my hand.

When my parents returned that autumn, Daisy had to go to the Philadelphia zoo, where she still lives.

There was one great disadvantage with all the animal pets I had had: I could do nothing with them except keep them as non-paying guests. I could not claim to be a true zoologist, or even a naturalist in the great tradition of Gilbert White, Ernest Thompson Seton, and Thoreau. I wanted the animals to live with me as friends, but I wanted to see them do something. What can anyone do with any wild animal kept in semi-captivity? I had no idea until the last summer I spent at home.

Leafing through some old magazines one rainy afternoon, I came upon an article about falconry by Louis Agassiz Fuertes. Fuertes was unquestionably the greatest painter of birds of prey who ever lived, and his pictures of a gyrfalcon striking down a heron in full flight, a peregrine knocking over a grouse on the Scotch moors, and Arabs hunting bustard with lanner falcons hit me. I determined to be a falconer.

By great good luck I met another youngster named Mark Sands who was also interested in falconry. Like all amateur falconers, we discovered our greatest problem was how to get a falcon, preferably a peregrine falcon (known in America as a duckhawk).

After gathering all the information we could, we left on a trip through the mountains of northern Pennsylvania in Mark's old Chevy, stopping to study the side of every likely looking cliff through binoculars in the hope of seeing the white-wash-streaks of mutes dropped by the parent birds as they stood guard beside the eyrie.

At the end of a week we were pressed for time—and money. It was almost Memorial Day, and we had learned that day marked the deadline when young peregrines would be hard summed—have lost their baby down and grown their flight feathers. Once the nestlings, or eyesses as falconers called them, could fly, there would be no way to catch them. We decided we had money enough for one last day.

Then we got lost. We were driving along a wagon track so overhung by pines that it seemed like a tunnel. Then the trees suddenly dropped away and we found ourselves looking out over a valley. Beyond it, a cliff reared up. By great good luck, the sun was behind us and low enough so it struck the side of the cliff with perfectly flat lighting that made every detail stand out.

From a barn covered with brilliantly colored hex signs, a flock of pigeons suddenly took off. And from the cliff, a peregrine burst out. With a few hard cuts of his long, sickle-shaped wings he towered up into the clear air. He seemed to ignore the pigeons. He went higher and higher, shooting always upward. Through our powerful glasses, I could see him turn his head to study us for a moment with his wonderful telescopic eyes. Deciding that we were harmless, he continued to mount, finally turning his attention to the pigeons.

At first glimpse of the steel-blue, streamlined body, the flock had started at full speed for the shelter of the barn. I could hear the whistle of their wings as they put forth every ounce of effort.

Then the peregrine stooped. Half closing his wings, he dropped headfirst through the air like a stabbing knife. At first he gave a few, hard flaps with his wings to add impetus to his fall, but after that he simply guided himself with wings and tail. A peregrine plunges so fast that it can overtake a falling object and play around it as a grayhound would play around a plow horse.

Without a pause the hawk tore through the living mass, the pigeons opening a hole that instantly closed again. I thought he had missed, for the hawk had nothing in his talons when he reappeared below the vari-colored flock. A second later, I saw the dead body of a pigeon hurtling downward, struck dead in mid-air by a single blow of the peregrine's short, stiletto-sharp hind talons. The hawk swung back, and as the dead bird plummeted toward the earth, he swept past it, picking the pigeon out of the air as easily as a child would catch a tossed autumn leaf. Instead of returning to the cliff, the peregrine mounted with the pigeon in his talons.

As he rose, he gave a rapid series of shrill cries. He seemed to be calling but there was no response. Up and up he went.

A flash of movement; a gleam of a white breast along the cliff face. The female had decided to leave the nesting ledge and join her mate. The mate had seemed like the most magnificent flying device ever conceived, but as the female mounted up beside him, he became small, for she was a good third larger and correspondingly stronger and swifter. To a falconer, only the female deserves the noble title of "falcon," the male being called the tiercel, meaning "a third."

But although the tiercel was smaller than his powerful consort, there was no question who was head of the household. For the next minute he gave his tardy wife an eloquent tongue-lashing that would have blistered the feathers off an eagle. The French call a little husband who bosses a big wife "a marriage of hawks," and now I could see why.

Having given his wife a dressing-down, the tiercel dropped the pigeon and, turning on his wing, flashed away down the river still clearly in a rage. The falcon watched him anxiously, paying no attention to the falling quarry. Now surely the dead pigeon must strike the river and be lost. Then as the tiercel disappeared, the falcon made an easy swing toward the dropping bird, casually collected it with one foot, and mounted toward the eyrie on hard beating wings. As she rose, we could hear a series of monotonous cries, "Eeek—eek—eek," from the eyesses. Then the falcon seemed to vanish into the cliff.

Neither Mark nor I spoke for a minute; we were too excited. Nothing in the world moves like a falcon. It is the graceful flight of a swallow with the power of a thunderbolt behind it.

So enthusiastic were we that for some time neither of us considered how we were to get to the eyrie. It was about 50 feet from the top of the cliff, and over 300 feet from the base.

"I know a guy named Brad Bradley," said Mark after a long pause. "He can climb anything. We'll get him to go up."

The next day, back home, Mark called to say that Brad was willing to help us out. We were to supply the rope. The next morning, Mark and Brad picked me up at 2 a.m. for the assault.

We reached the valley shortly after dawn, and one after another started up the face of the cliff. For a time I kept on well enough. Then I began to feel weak and dizzy, and knew in a few minutes I would become helpless. But the top grew nearer and nearer, and suddenly I felt my arm grasped. In a moment, Brad had jerked me over the edge.

When we reached the top and approached the ledge over the eyries, the falcon exploded from underneath us and darted about like a huge swallow, giving her angry "chit-chit-chit" call. Brad tied a double bowline in the end of the rope and put one leg in each of the two loops, while Mark took a turn of the rope around a sturdy pine and braced himself. My job was to stand on the edge of the cliff and relay Brad's instructions to Mark.

Brad lay on his belly and wriggled backward, Mark slowly paying out the rope. In a few minutes Brad called up, "I'm opposite the eyrie. Stop lowering."

The falcon was now perfectly frantic. She dived repeatedly at Brad's head. He ducked but paid no other attention to her as he stuffed two of the young birds inside his shirt.

The next second he sprang out into mid-air. The rope groaned as it tore into the bark of the tree while Mark payed it out rapidly. Brad glided swiftly down until he reached the branches of a hemlock far below us. Once in the safety of its branches, he untied himself and climbed down.

Brad was sitting under the hemlock waiting for us when we got back. The two little eyesses were beside him wrapped in his shirt. They were twin powderpuffs of white down with huge beaks and brown eyes. The brown flight feathers were just beginning to force their way through the baby fuzz, which frayed off like cotton in our fingers when we lifted them.

My baby falcon rode back to the Main Line cuddled against my coat. She was puzzled, frightened, belligerent and homesick, all in about the same degree. Her talons were still small but sharp as daggers. Once when she managed to clamp down on my bare wrist, the curved talons sank into my flesh like red-hot needles into butter.

When I reached home, I put the eyess in the loft of our garage-barn, where she would spend the next three weeks until her long flight feathers had grown into place and she was ready to fly. I named her "Tara," after a famous Medieval falcon.

Most baby wild animals, after they recover from the first shock of capture, respond to the warmth of the human hand and the desire for companionship. I expected Tara to behave

in the same way and to show the cheerful friendliness of Jesse, the crow. But falcons are aristocrats. They are not only born free but remain so forever. They are never tamed; instead, they become "manned," which means that they grow accustomed to the presence of a human being and learn to follow a certain routine in relation to him. The man is never the falcon's master; instead he becomes the falcon's servant. It is this distinctive association between man and bird that makes falconry unique.

When Tara was hard summed, I started manning her. The basic device in controlling a hawk is the hood, a little leather cap which fits over the bird's head, blindfolding her. For some curious reason, all birds become calm when plunged into darkness. Although I had obtained a hood, I did not use it. Learning how to slip the hood over a falcon's head without infuriating her is a difficult trick, and besides I couldn't believe it necessary. I was sure that I could win Tara's affections as I had Jesse's. As a result of my inexperience, Tara never became completely manned.

I did, however, use other standard falconry equipment. I put light leather straps called "jesses" around her legs. These jesses are the badge of a trained hawk, as a collar is of a pet dog. Through holes in the ends of the jesses I fastened a swivel and then passed a leash through the swivel. Thus equipped, I could either carry Tara on my gloved fist or tie her to a cylindrical wooden block on the lawn that served as a perch.

To man Tara, I carried her for hours on my fist, keeping tight hold of her jesses. Without a hood, this was a long, discouraging process. Tara screamed, baited (jumped) off my fist, hung by her jesses, had to be put back, fell off, and would finally end by sitting crouched on my hand panting wildly with open beak.

But eventually she learned to take her meals while on my fist. I kept offering her bits of food which I learned to pop into her open beak when she tried to bite me. For a long time, Tara simply dropped the pieces or sat sullenly holding them in her beak. Finally I learned that the sticky, raw meat had a tendency to adhere to the inside of her mouth, and she had trouble swallowing it. So I spit on the meat first to make it slippery, then Tara swallowed it more readily. At last I could give her a dead bird and she would pluck and eat it while riding around on my glove.

The next step was to induce Tara to jump to my fist from the block for food. When she learned this trick, I tied a long, light line called a "creance" to her jesses and persuaded her to fly several yards. The last step was teaching her to fly to the lure. The long-winged falcons, because of their twisting, swallowlike manner of flight, cannot land readily on the falconer's fist when coming in from a distance; so they are taught to return to the lure, a small leather bag ornamented with feathers and swung at the end of a long line, which they strike in mid-air as though it were a flying bird. A small piece of meat is tied to the lure as a reward for them. When Tara learned to hit the swinging lure, she was ready to be flown free.

I put off the fatal day as long as I could. Although Tara would come to the lure immediately, I well knew that she was not tamed like my other pets. But a falcon permanently tethered to a wooden block is not a falcon. Finally, I decided to take the chance.

Loosed from the creance, Tara behaved exactly as she had before, making short flights to the lure and allowing herself to be picked up and returned to the block. Greatly relieved, I gradually lengthened the distance from her block to the lure.

Then one afternoon for no apparent reason she suddenly swung away and went zooming off over the trees. She took a long swing over the Ashbridge pasture, and even in my anxiety I thrilled at the sight of her hedgehopping over the tall grass one moment and then shooting up into the sky to do a slow wing-over before gliding along easily on outstretched wings. The flight of a falcon makes the flight of all other birds seem clumsy by comparison.

There was a light breeze blowing and Tara drifted toward the Ashbridge barn and lighted on the roof. I crossed the field and hurried into the barnyard. As I did so, pigeons burst from their roost under the overhang, coming together to form a flock. To my astonishment, Tara paid no attention to them.

I ran under the overhang and scared out the few remaining birds. This time Tara went into action. She dived from the roof and, shooting after the birds, singled one out of the flock. Remembering the neat, clean kill of the tiercel at the eyrie, I stood waiting for her to knock down the pigeon with a single blow.

But Tara was a young falcon and this pigeon was an experienced old bird who knew all about hawks. As Tara plunged down on him, the pigeon executed a neat barrel-roll, closing one wing and spinning. Tara whistled past. Now she opened her wings, spread her tail like a fan and shot upward to be above the pigeon again. With one graceful movement she turned over in the air and came down at a slant.

This time, surely, she must hit the bird, but instead of repeating his former trick the pigeon closed his wings and dropped as though shot, falling almost as fast as the stooping falcon. Tara made a wild grab for him as she went past but the unexpected maneuver had thrown her off balance. She recovered and made a straight rush at the pigeon. For a few seconds both birds whirled about in the air like dead leaves. Then the pigeon maneuvered himself on top. Instantly he began to mount. With his shorter wings, he could rise more directly than could Tara. She followed him upward a few hundred yards and then, discouraged, came swinging back to the barn and alighted on the roof. Now she consented to come down to the lure.

For the first time in my life I had seen a pet wild animal in action. It was not only the excitement of the chase, it was the miracle of seeing both birds display such unexpected abilities. Pigeons had always seemed to me fat, stupid creatures, but this bird had shown himself not only a crack flier but a very clever fellow. Tara, true, had been both outwitted and outflown, but she had corrected her mistakes each time and would clearly learn from the encounter. What a change from the majestic but dull bird sitting stolidly on her block.

I had taken for granted that hawks were such superior flying mechanisms that they could capture other birds without trouble. As I was to learn later, not only pigeons but all game birds are perfectly capable of protecting themselves from any except the most experienced hawk.

From that day on, I became an enthusiastic falconer. I did not neglect my other animals. But if they were the steak, peas and potatoes of life, Tara was the champagne.

Occasionally I had been asked by a Boy Scout troop, a ladies' club or a school to give a talk on animals. I had some rather amateurish home movies of my pets and always brought an animal or two with me. These talks were pleasant enough but never caused any particular stir, and I never thought of charging for them. Then I added some pictures of Tara in action after pigeons and starlings to my film, and took Tara along to fly in the auditoriums.

Instantly the whole attitude of the audiences changed. Tara made a sensational hit. She was not a particularly big bird—she only weighed about two pounds and had a three-foot wing spread—but there is something about a falcon that fascinates people. I spoke at the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, and received calls from New York and Boston. For the first time I was able to ask for a fee—at first only $10, then $25 and finally $50.

Mark Sands had also trained his bird and, having no compunctions about using a hood, had done a much better job than I had. Mark had named his falcon "Lucybelle" and trained her to work with his setter, Jack. Nearly all bird dogs were originally developed to work with hawks. I often went out hawking with Mark, Lucybelle, and Jack. We seldom caught much but that was not the idea. The thrill of hawking is in the chase, not the capture. Falconry is the sport of flight.

The next year I left for the Naval Academy. It still remains a mystery to me why father should have regarded going in swimming with alligators or handling rattlesnakes as a dangerous procedure while considering plebe year at the Naval Academy a salutary experience. Although I made a conscientious effort to conform, there was something about me that at first infuriated and finally baffled my superiors. Once, after parade, the commandant himself called me out and had me march up and down in front of him. At last he gave up in despair. "I can't figure it out," he announced hopelessly. "His brace is correct, his rifle is correct, and his uniform is correct. But somehow, when the corps passes in review he always looks as though he's going duck hunting."

For eight terrible months I tried to follow in the family tradition, but finally, although the authorities did everything possible to carry me through for my father's sake, it was decided, as the commandant wrote father, "that he is definitely not officer material." So I returned home.

It was the headmaster of my old school who talked my parents

into sending me to college, and then performed the far more amazing feat of talking the admission board of the University of Pennsylvania into taking me. An enthusiastic naturalist, he had always been sympathetic with my love of animals and, having a grotesque sense of humor, had considered the alligator in the swimming pool hilarious. "Let this boy take zoology and you'll be astonished at what he can do," he assured the skeptical board. "He has a genius for it. He'll be a credit to the university."

On the basis of this promise, I was admitted to the university. Six months later I flunked zoology—and transferred to the English department.

After graduating from college, I spent three years working in traveling carnivals, having learned the technique of sword swallowing from a performer who was in the hospital suffering from a bad case of peritonitis as the result of a mis-swallow. Later, I bought his set of swords from his widow. Meanwhile, both my grandparents had died and I found myself in possession of an extremely modest income. I began to try writing magazine pieces again.

That summer I met a pretty little girl named Jule Junker who was working as a model and did radio shows on the side. Jule and I were married, and for a wedding present I gave her a little Cairn terrier named Wriggles. My income wasn't large enough to support both of us, and it seemed no magazine would buy my articles. We'd heard that living was cheaper abroad and decided to move to some foreign country until I could develop a salable style.

I'd never abandoned my interest in animals, and one day Jule and I were talking to J. W. Johnson, a well-known animal dealer, who was complaining about the shortage of dragons. "We used to get in regular shipments of them from Mexico," he remarked. "But they're so fast and bite so hard the trappers nowadays don't like to go after them."

Jule said mildly, "I had no idea there really were dragons."

Mr. Johnson laughed. "To animal dealers, 'dragons' are the big iguanas. Some of them measure as much as six feet and stand as high as a small dog. They can run like rabbits and bite like bulldogs. The natives claim about the only thing that can outdistance them is a bird."

Immediately I thought of a trained hawk, but at the same time I knew that no hawk could hold one of these big reptiles, nearly the size of Daisy, the alligator. There was only one bird capable of such a feat—a trained eagle.

I knew of someone who had a captive American bald eagle. The bird had come down during a storm with her wings covered with sleet, and a New Jersey game warden, Mr. Thompson, had put her in his chicken house.

So Jule and I drove to New Jersey in our station wagon. Mr. Thompson was glad to show us the eagle. She didn't look particularly impressive sitting on a rail in the chicken house. She was a uniform brownish-black in color, and her nares (the waxlike flesh at the base of the beak) and her legs were a dirty yellow. Judged from her plumage, she was at least 2 years old, but bald eagles do not get their full white head and tail feathers until they are 6 or 7 years old.

"I'll show you something funny about this bird," remarked Mr. Thompson. He picked up a corn cob and, opening the door of the chicken house, tossed it inside. The cob was still in the air when the eagle shot from her perch and seized it. Then she began to play with the cob, as my crow Jesse would with a bright bit of metal, tossing it in the air, leaping up to meet it as it came down.

While we watched, Wriggles ran over and put her forepaws on the wire front of the house to look inside. Instantly the eagle dropped the cob and hit the wire full force. Wriggles fled yelping, but the eagle continued to beat against the wire, twisting it with her talons in a savage effort to get at the fleeing dog.

Years before I had dreamed of a bird large enough to be impressive, with the hunting instinct of a falcon, but with the intelligence and the personality of Jesse. This was the bird.

Mr. Thompson was quite willing to dispose of the bird for $25. Then I got my first experience in handling an eagle. The bird had a six-foot wing spread, talons two inches long, and strength enough in her mailed fist to kill a wolf. I had put on a heavy leather falconer's glove, more than adequate for handling even the most powerful hawk, but in the struggle to put jesses on her feet the bird grabbed me by my gloved hand with all her strength. Her terrible rear talon went through the padded leather as though it were linen. My arm went numb to the shoulder with the strength of her grip. When I finally broke away, there was a hole in the back of my hand so deep I could see the muscles moving and the bare bone. My hand swelled like an inflated rubber glove and my wrist turned black and blue from the pressure.

Because of the swollen hand, it was some time before I could begin manning the bird. Jule and I were living in an apartment in New York, so the eagle moved in with us. There was nothing for it but to allow her to fly loose around the living room while Wriggles stayed with us in the bedroom. She tore the stuffing out of chairs, got in the bathroom and ripped open the toothpaste, amused herself jumping up and pulling the pictures off the walls. Then she collected the stuffing from the chairs in the middle of the room and played games with it, bouncing up and down on the heap as though on a trampoline.

She had absolutely no fear of us. Wriggles she frankly regarded as something eatable and spent a considerable part of her time trying to pull him out from under the bed. When forcibly expelled from the bedroom, she would wait outside the door for another chance.

I took for granted that we could never keep dog and bird together and even began to have considerable doubts that I could ever man this monster. But the eagle really manned herself. She gradually became accustomed not only to us but to Wriggles, whom she came to recognize as a member of the family.

I looked forward to working with her. I invested in a much heavier glove—an ice-hockey goalman's glove—and even strengthened that with a thin board down the back to take the force of her hind talon.

Since it was impossible to train the bird in New York, Jule and I decided to leave for Mexico as soon as my hand healed. We had fitted a crossbar in the back of the station wagon, and the eagle learned very quickly to ride around sitting on the bar. Although there are doubtless many ways of manning a eagle, personally I'd recommend toting one about with you in a car for a week. Being constantly confined with its master naturally tends to tame the bird. By the time we crossed the Rio Grande into Mexico, our eagle was well manned.

There, at every village we stopped, children would rush out calling *"Un águila, un águila!"*—Spanish for "an eagle." Finally we named the bird Aguila.

We traveled south from Mexico City and made our headquarters in the little mountain town of Taxco. We rented a house with a little garden caught up in the cleft of a hill that made us feel as though we were living in a penthouse. From our garden we could look out over miles of mountain peaks. The nearer hills were covered with ancient burro trails. Sometimes we would see pack trains carrying silver ore crawling down the terrible slopes.

We stopped several of these trains and asked the Indian drivers about iguanas. Yes, there were iguanas back in the hills. They were *muy brazo,* very fierce. But none of the drivers seemed to know exactly where to find them.

Then one day Jule and I met Chon. Chon was 12 years old and stood some four feet high on bare brown legs. Yes, Chon knew where there were iguanas and would lead us to the place when we had the *águila* trained. We promptly hired Chon as houseboy for the magnificent sum of 50 cents a week. Then I set about training Aguila.

The first step in training was to get Aguila to fly short distances to my glove for meat. Aguila had no objection to coming for the meat but she preferred to walk. Finally, I found out the trouble. Aguila was so big it was difficult for her to take off. She had to beat the air vigorously with her wings to rise, and after two years in a chicken house and two months in an apartment, Aguila was badly out of condition.

I finally hit on the idea of putting Aguila on top of a hill, going down to the valley below, and calling to her. Going down hill, Aguila had no trouble taking off. With her great wings spread to the utmost, she came sweeping down the side of the hill like a glider, picking up momentum every second. Unfortunately, she didn't know how to stop herself.

I was so delighted to see her flying, and Aguila was so intent on the meat in my hand, that not until the bird was 10 feet

away did it occur to us that she couldn't stop. Both of us realized the problem at almost the same instant. Aguila began screaming with anger and apprehension and I tried to get out of her way. I was too late. The eagle hit me full on and knocked me sprawling, making a crash landing on top of me.

Although neither of us was hurt, Aguila clearly considered the whole business my fault. She went into one of the hysterical tantrums which we were later to know so well. Bounding up and down on me, she buffeted me with her wings, at the same time making convulsive grabs at my chest with her talons. Luckily I had on a heavy leather jacket; and instead of clamping to me, Aguila clamped to the jacket. Once her talons went through the leather and locked, she was fastened to it. I managed to get the jacket off, and kept out of her way until she stopped, exhausted.

I waited until she quieted down and then walked over to her, holding out the meat on my gloved fist and saying, "Well, old girl, it was all a mistake. Up you get!" Without any hesitation Aguila stepped up on my fist, taking the jacket with her. She sat there panting while I carried her back to Taxco. I put her on her block under the mango tree and went for her bathtub. Aguila liked a daily bath. Her bathtub was a coffin we had purchased from the local undertaker—the only thing in Taxco big enough to hold her. Aguila's baths took about half an hour, and only when she was completely cooled off and relaxed did she relinquish her grip on the jacket.

In two weeks' time, Aguila not only learned how to land, she also strengthened her wings so that she could take off on the level. She was able to make short flights to my fist now. Mindful of my experience when the falcon Tara went soaring off, I kept Aguila on a creance during this period—a clothesline, which Jule handled. Whenever the bird decided she was going too fast to make her landing and veer away, Jule had to run with her, as though playing a kite. The strain was too much for Jule's arms, and she had to tie the creance around her waist. Jule was just heavy enough so that by letting Aguila pull her along the ground she brought the eagle down without injury—to the eagle, at any rate.

During these daily expeditions with Aguila, one fact became more and more painfully apparent. It would be a physical impossibility to carry the eagle into the hills where the lizards lived and still have enough energy left to crawl around the rocks to start the game. So Jule and I bought a horse—a wise old mare named Teresa.

Teresa did not actually bolt when she saw Aguila headed her way at 50 miles an hour, but she showed the whites of her eyes and walked around on her hind legs, something she hadn't done for years. Yet at the end of a few days she and Aguila had got used to each other. At last we were ready to begin iguana hunting.

The first lizard we saw was a moderate-sized one, about as long as a small dog. Jule was carrying Aguila on Teresa, while I followed on foot.

When we were still a long distance away, the lizard rose on his deceptively short legs and his forked tongue began to flicker in and out as he tasted the breeze. Long before we were in proper flying distance, the lizard became alarmed. He started to slide off his rock, but he moved slowly with frequent halts. This was the moment to cast off the eagle.

Jule held up the bird with the traditional falconer's cry, "Gaze ho!" Aguila crouched her head down between her hunched shoulders and turned her wonderful telescopic vision on the hills. She could have seen a rabbit two miles away—a moving rabbit. But she could not see the lizard in plain sight at 200 yards.

There was nothing to do but ride forward. Jule touched Teresa with the spur and the mare trotted toward the iguana. For a second the lizard squatted down like a rabbit freezing. Then without warning he flashed up the slope.

Before Jule could throw her off, Aguila had sprung off her fist. For a few precious seconds her great wings beat the air while she hung almost motionless. Then slowly she overcame the initial inertia and shot away after the lizard.

Unfortunately, the iguana had not waited patiently for the end of these maneuvers. He was speeding up the slope so fast his long body seemed to be a flickering shadow. But Aguila had reached her full speed by now.

Jule and I stopped breathing as the eagle swiftly overhauled the fleeing lizard. Aguila suddenly reversed her wing stroke and, flinging out her terrible yellow legs before her, shot in for the kill. Just as she did so, the lizard reached the top of a cliff.

Before him was a sheer drop of 60 feet onto merciless rock ledges. The iguana never even paused. He rushed straight out into space. Aguila zoomed up in a sharp curve, then, keeping her wings rigid, she dropped sideways down the side of the cliff, cutting the air like a falling knife.

But she was too late. The iguana hit the rock, his feet beginning to move while he was still in the air, and darted into the mouth of a cave. Our first attempt had failed.

For a week Jule and I carried Aguila into the mountains every day, and every day the eagle continued to make futile attempts to catch the swift lizards. Finally it was through Wriggles that she succeeded.

Once on a mountain side, we had left Wriggles to chase rabbits while we rode on to look for iguanas. This day we spotted a dragon almost at once.

Jule held Aguila while I started to crawl around behind the creature and tried to make him run toward the eagle to escape me. I had to climb down a long slope in order to get below the lizard. It was not dangerous, but it took a long time. Meanwhile, Wriggles caught sight of me and came cavorting down the slope.

The iguana saw her, but the big lizard simply half rose and hissed. Wriggles was charmed. She approached closer to sniff. The iguana snapped and swung around, keeping his open jaws facing the dog. At this moment Jule had a stroke of genius and threw off the eagle.

Everything was in Aguila's favor. She came whizzing down the long slope and almost before the lizard knew what was happening, the great bird had him. Although we wanted the iguanas alive, I allowed Aguila to kill and eat this first one to encourage her in future hunts.

For awhile we optimistically thought our troubles were over. But a week later we had a sharp reverse.

Aguila had an unfortunate habit of using her beak instead of her talons to kill, a trait typical of the bald eagle. It is a most annoying trait for a trained bird, and now she suffered from it.

Wriggles had bayed an iguana on top of a rock. Counting his long, whippy tail, the lizard must have been six feet long and stood higher than the dog. Wriggles was prancing around screaming at the iguana to get off his rock and fight. Suddenly the lizard's tail lashed out, and Wriggles went rolling down the hill. Jule was on the trail ahead of me, coming down the steep slope with Aguila on her fist. The eagle took off with one great sweep of her wings. She hadn't been able to see the iguana until he moved but down she swept toward him now with open wings. This time, instead of coming in with a rush and seizing the iguana with her powerful talons, she lit beside it and tried to catch the reptile with her beak.

Instantly the iguana reared up, his blood-red mouth wide open. As Aguila moved in, he struck out with his tail. The eagle was knocked sideways, but she struck back with her wing. The iguana rushed in under the blow and locked his jaws in the bird's breast feathers. Aguila broke away, leaving a mouthful of feathers in the lizard's jaws. The iguana thought he still had the eagle and stood holding the plumes, momentarily bewildered. This gave Aguila a chance to grab the lizard by the head, but the iguana rolled with her like an experienced wrestler.

Then Wriggles came charging back up. Keeping a wary eye on the lizard's tail, she nipped at his flank. The iguana spun around, snapping angrily. Aguila managed to get on her feet and jumped over the lizard's back, the reptile's head following right at her toes. Aguila alighted, turned, and reached out with one foot to grab the iguana by the muzzle.

But something went wrong. Aguila missed her hold and I saw the lizard lunge forward. The eagle sprang back, then went up into the air and came down on the iguana's back. She promptly held his mouth shut with one foot while pinning his neck down with the other.

By that time I had come up. I tore my shirt into strips and tied up the iguana. He later became quite tame and lived for many years in the Philadelphia zoo.

When we came to examine the eagle, we found her standing in a pool of blood. The iguana had bitten through one of her toes. The toe healed perfectly, but the talon came off and never grew back again. Fortunately, it was one of the minor

talons and did not affect her hunting ability, but for a long time afterward Aguila would not fly iguanas.

Almost as soon as we had arrived in Taxco, I let it be known that I was in the market for any kind of wild animal, and soon our patio resembled a zoo. One of our first pets was an armadillo Jule bought in the market place. An armadillo resembles a cross between a tortoise and a small pig.

Army, as we named him, settled down almost at once, making his home in a little niche behind the toilet. Through him we were able to solve an ancient riddle which had long puzzled naturalists about armadillos. These miniature knights in armor line their burrows with dead leaves and straw, but it has always been a mystery how they transport their bedding, for they have no way of carrying it with their paws, and their narrow, tubular mouths cannot open wide enough to admit anything larger than a small insect. At the cost of some of my best shirts, we were able to find the answer to this problem.

Marie, our Indian housekeeper, used to spread my clothes out on the patio to dry after washing. One day she reported that a shirt had vanished. The next day, another shirt was gone, then another. We decided to keep watch.

Sure enough, shortly after the clothes had been spread out to dry, we saw the tip of Army's nose appear around the bathroom door. Once he was sure the coast was clear, Army trotted over to the nearest shirt. Lying across it, he bent his body so the shirt was caught up in the under fold of his armor-plating, then he shuffled backward into the bathroom, taking the shirt with him. We followed and found he had made a nest of clothes back of the toilet. To Army's great indignation his nest was removed, and he was forced to get along with some old gunny sacks instead. He never forgave us for stealing his horde, and after that, whenever anyone entered the bathroom, he'd hurriedly clutch his sacks with both front paws and hold them firmly until the intruder had left.

Once, during a short trip, we stopped at a gas station, and while the tank was being filled I noticed what seemed to be a dead animal not much bigger than a rat tied by an old piece of string to the pump. On closer inspection, it turned out to be a baby coatimundi. About as big as a small dog, coatimundis possess long, pointed noses and even longer and thinner tails, striped like a barber's pole. This one was more than half dead —starved, mangy and covered with lice and dirt. The station attendant told me the creature was named Poncho and belonged to his young son, but he would gladly sell the baby to me for a peso. I made the purchase, whereupon the son burst into tears.

I felt like a monster. Jule asked the sobbing boy, "Do you love Poncho very much?"

"Yes, señora," wept the boy. "And as soon as he got big enough I was going to skin him and make a cap."

We found that Poncho had a brother, and bought him, too.

Back in Taxco both babies proved to be as vicious as any ill-treated, half-starved wild creatures could be, and getting them washed and deloused was a painful process. They put up such a fight that I got the impression they'd rather have stayed where they were and be skinned. But that night, after taking a refreshing bath in the toilet, they climbed up on the bed and went to sleep with us. The coatis were more fun, and caused more trouble around the house, than all our other pets put together. Even though they are fairly close relatives of the raccoons and use their forepaws in much the same way, temperamentally they are very different. Poncho and Pedro were far more active than Wayatcha ever thought of being, even when he was a youngster. They had the same quick, nervous energy and fierce curiosity that Jesse, my crow, showed. They were always ready to play, either with us or with Wriggles, and when they had worn everybody out they would play with each other. Nothing in the house was safe from them, for they could open the icebox, the closet doors, and any box that wasn't locked. Every day I took them for walks in the hills where they had a wonderful time catching bugs, investigating holes and playing tag among the rocks.

Perhaps the most appealing pets we had were the kinkajous. We had two, mother and daughter. The best way to describe a kinkajou is to imagine a teddy bear with a long prehensile tail. The kinks were comparatively slow moving but they got around. They would hang from the chandelier by their tails and grab food off trays as it passed below them. When they were tied up, which they were on occasion to preserve our sanity, and an object was out of reach of their arms, the kinks would turn around and lasso it with their tails. This was particularly annoying when the mother took to drink.

When we had friends in to supper, it had at first seemed a great joke to give the mother kink a cocktail, which she drank very neatly, holding the stem of the glass firmly with her tail. Unfortunately, she soon developed such a taste for liquor that she became a nuisance. Worse yet, she couldn't carry her liquor—after all, she weighed only about 10 pounds—and after a couple of dry Martinis she was in a lamentable condition. Like most alcoholics, nothing could persuade her that she was under the influence, and instead of lying down and sleeping it off, she would insist on doing a tightrope-walking act along the mantelpiece. Watching her weave her way along the narrow mantel was a horrifying experience, for we never knew when she'd fall off and go crashing down on the hard tiles. As a result, we had to run around under her, ready to catch her in case she toppled. When she felt herself slipping she would make a wild snatch with her tail, generally roping a candlestick or a vase, and then everything would come down together. The next morning she would lie on the bed holding her head, and when Jule offered her a breakfast of nice hot oatmeal, the kink would scream and try to bite. Finally we had to limit her to a small glass of wine.

We had a number of other animals, each of whom had his own personality. One was our little cacomistle, or ring-tailed cat, related to the civets and a curious mixture of weasel and cat in her habits. Concha (we named her after the silver mine where she had been found) behaved part of the time like an ordinary house cat and part of the time like a ferret.

She was a tiny thing, no bigger than a rat when one of the miners brought her in. She was very gentle, but you couldn't get rid of her. She followed Jule everywhere, and if Jule went too fast, Concha, after making a desperate attempt to keep up, would sit down and cry like a baby.

We also had a pair of fawns brought in by a hunter who had shot their mother, and Jule raised them on a bottle. She used a medicine dropper to save a tiny squirrel, who became known as Reddy, and a great pet. And we kept several birds: a white egret, a boat-billed heron, two hawks and a caracara. The caracara was allowed the run of the patio and, like all the vulturine birds, proved to be remarkably smart and a wonderful pet. Caracaras can best be described as a cross between a vulture and a hawk. I don't know why the vultures should be so much cleverer than any birds except the crow family. All I have ever owned were remarkably intelligent. The caracara was about the size of a chicken and was an accomplished thief.

The most remarkable pets we had in Mexico were the vampire bats. I first heard about the vampires through a report that possibly they had migrated north and crossed into Texas. Together with Charles Mohr, then with the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, we decided to explore caves in northern Mexico and find how close the vampire colonies were to the border.

Jule and I planned to keep a few of the bats as pets and see if we could tame them. No one seemed to know much about the weird creatures. Vampires are comparatively small. Their bodies are only about three inches long, and they have a wingspread of a little more than a foot. A single vampire can drink only about a tablespoon of blood, but a horde of them can weaken a sleeper through loss of blood. True vampires are found only in this hemisphere and were first reported by the conquistadores.

Although Jule was six months pregnant, she insisted on coming along. We discovered our first vampires in the cave of Los Sabinos, about 200 miles south of the border. The village of Los Sabinos consisted of half-a-dozen thatched huts deep in the jungle, a few people, and several sheep, pigs and goats. The villagers discussed the bats as calmly as New Jerseyites would talk about mosquitoes. The bats came every night to feed on their stock—and on them. The people retired to their huts as soon as the sun went down and carefully filled in every chink. If anyone forgot a chink, when he awoke the next morning he was dripping blood from several wounds. When the animals got bitten so badly they became weak, the villagers took them into the huts, too.

I asked if they'd ever thought of moving. They had, but this was a good, high spot in the jungle with a spring of excellent water. There were no ticks, mosquitoes or polluted wells. What were a few vampires?

Two Indians, father and son, offered to act as guides to the cave. I noticed them calmly testing a 150-foot fiber rope of a type usually used by climbers preparing to ascend the Matterhorn.

"How high is the roof of this cave?" Jule asked.

"How high is the sky, señora?" the son replied carelessly.

The Indians told us that no one knew how deep the cave might be. "Several people have tried to reach the end, señores," the father explained. "Maybe some succeeded. Nobody knows because they never came out again."

It was several miles to the cave and part of the path, now little more than a faint game trail, led up the precipitous side of a mountain. The entrance to the cave was shrouded by a forest of curiously twisted trees that looked like the papier-mâché creation of a Hollywood murder-mystery set. Our guides led the way down a steep slope into a natural amphitheater, hung with jungle creepers as big as cables. Across from us a black slit like a giant, toothless mouth showed in the white limestone. Vines overhung it like a straggly mustache. The older guide pointed. "This is the vampire grotto."

We climbed through the opening into the great entrance hall 70 feet high. The younger guide picked up some animal bones. "Sometimes animals are foolish enough to spend the night in the cave entrance," he remarked. "They never see daylight again."

Perhaps. It would be extremely unlikely that any number of the little vampires could kill a large animal in a single night. The bones probably belonged to sick animals that had wandered into the cave to die—but they gave an uncanny touch to the place nonetheless.

We lighted the lamps in our miners' helmets and started downward into the cave. The entrance hall was filled with boulders, piled together like children's marbles. We stepped from one to another, descending deeper and deeper into the earth. The vast mouth of the cave diminished behind us until it looked no bigger than a rathole. Then it vanished completely. We began feeling our way down a great slope in utter darkness except for the puddles of light from our lamps. At intervals the guides lit candles and left them sticking to the rocks to mark our path back. The burning wicks shone in the intense darkness like tiny fireflies.

Then the slope ended in a straight drop, falling away into a vast block hole so deep that not even our powerful flashlights could reach the bottom of it. The guides started climbing down the sheer wall, working their way from handhold to handhold. As each of us followed, the others flashed their lights on the handholds. Bats began to pour out of the hole like clouds of black confetti, but they were the little, insect-eating kind, and although I could feel the wind of their leathery wings, none of them touched us.

Below us, the guides had stopped on a ledge. I could see them playing their lights back and forth along an overhang which projected over nothingness. One after another we landed on the ledge and looked over into the abyss. "This is where we use the rope, señor," the old man explained.

They doubled the rope so we could use one strand as a safety line and climb down the other. I slowly inched backward over the edge and let myself down 70 feet. Then the rope ended. I hung there, knowing I could never climb up hand over hand, especially with a knapsack on my back containing 60 pounds of scientific equipment.

"I've come to the end of the rope. What shall I do?" I yelled.

"Just let go," the guides shouted. "There's a ledge right under you. Let go and you'll drop on it."

I turned my headlamp down and saw the ledge. As soon as I was off the rope, the rest came down one after another. We climbed down to the floor of the cave and Charlie Mohr held up his hand. "Hear them?" he asked.

I listened, and heard a noise that sounded like the chittering call of ordinary bats combined with the whistle of steam from a teakettle. "That's the cry of the vampires," said Charlie.

We moved forward slowly into a big room with passages branching off on all sides. They were separated from the main hall by fringes of stalactites hanging like draperies around the openings. Getting down on our hands and knees we crawled under a strip of the fringe, and saw ahead of us a series of great, billowing terraces like monster fountains turned to stone.

We began to climb the terraces. The rock was as smooth and slippery as ice, but there were occasional hollows full of water where we could sit and rest. Suddenly on the wall ahead we saw little shapes running and leaping among the formations. The long shadows thrown by our lamps added to their height, and they looked exactly like little men rushing frantically about, trying to decide what to do. Every now and then one of them would crane himself up to peer down at us.

These were the vampires. Running on their hind feet and the elbows of their wings, they could go as fast as four-legged animals. They kept turning their enormous ears about as rabbits would, to pick up the noise we made. As we came closer, several sprang off into the air. Others stood their ground, chattering fiercely. I grabbed one old warrior whose fur was a deep reddish brown and as soft as moleskin. He fought savagely in my gloved hand, screaming with rage. As we put him into the collecting box he spit out two slivers of a brown substance we could not then identify, but later we found that he had sliced two small pieces of leather from my glove.

Charlie tried to catch some with a net. The vampires seemed to understand perfectly what he was doing. Several of them leaped straight up to avoid his strokes. Others bounced along the ledges like rubber balls and vanished into holes. Some vampires ran up the walls, lifting themselves with two long fingers growing out of the elbows of their wings. These fingers are amazing instruments, each ending in a curved nail like a squirrel's claw. Turning up our lights, we could see dozens of vampires hanging head down on the walls above us. They looked like miniature bearskin rugs, with the open mouths and grinning teeth pointing downward.

We found three young vampires in a pocket of the rock huddled together, with their weird little bulldog faces peering out at us anxiously. Every time they saw the net coming near them, two of the little devils would grab the third and shove him forward while they hid behind him. The victim would stare at us for a moment and then dive under his friends, shoving them back over his shoulder. Jule pulled them apart and lined all three up on a stalagmite, but before I could get a picture one of them had kicked another and the fight started all over again.

When we got back to our hotel in Valles, the nearest town to Los Sabinos, and opened our collecting box, we found our vampires in a state of shock. We had three adults and two little ones. The old warrior who had bitten my glove was the only one who showed any animation—he was still willing to fight. Charlie added to our troubles by telling us that vampires have to eat their own weight in blood every 24 hours or they'll die.

Jule went to work with her medicine dropper—filled with fresh blood contributed by the local butcher, who thought we were crazy. The only bat she could work with was the old warrior. But he didn't take kindly to being force fed. He bit, shrieked, whistled and struggled in Jule's gloved hand. He positively refused to suck from the end of the dropper. "Give him time," Jule insisted. An hour later the old boy had quieted down enough so he'd sit crouched in Jule's palm, only snarling slightly when she scratched his head.

Jule tried the medicine dropper again. This time an astonishing thing happened. The bat sat up, stretched out his neck, and with his curious pink, club-shaped tongue licked the drop off. Jule offered him another drop and he licked that up, too. He was feeding.

The other bats were rigid from shock and Jule had to massage them gently until they came around. By 2 o'clock that morning, she had managed to feed them all.

When we got back to Taxco, our bats were so used to us that we could feed them from a burro we rented for the purpose. The burro didn't mind—most of the time he didn't even know he was being bitten.

I wanted to see how vampires would attack a human being, but here Jule unreasonably rebelled. So I had to act as the subject while Jule took notes.

But the bats positively refused to bite me. They would crawl up and down my bare arm or over my legs and never offer to bite. Finally Jule broke down, but they wouldn't bite her either. It was very discouraging.

At last we decided that they were still nervous about us. I would have to pretend to be asleep while Jule hid in our bathroom and watched through the curtains.

In spite of all our precautions, the bats still stubbornly refused to cooperate. I finally did fall asleep and it was Jule who reported what happened.

As usual, it was the old fellow who proved to be the boldest. He was hanging with the others from the cornice of our bedroom. He woke up, licked his lips, and stretched his wings, one after the other. Then he began to turn his little bulldog head from side to side, nose twitching.

Instead of flying over to the bed, he climbed down the wall, using his hooks, hopped across the floor like a toad, and bounded onto the bed covers. He sat there some time watching me and listening to my breathing. Then he quietly reared up on the tips of his wings and crawled up the covers toward my face, every motion elaborately cautious.

When he reached my face, he moved back and forth around the pillow, looking for a good place to bite. We later found that a vampire tries to get a spot with few nerves and plenty of blood, so he seldom chooses the throat. When he finally decided on a good spot, he approached cautiously and nipped the side of my neck gently. I tossed, and he scuttled back hurriedly and waited until I was quiet again. Then he tried the lobe of my ear.

Here Jule interfered. "I just couldn't stand there and watch him drink your blood," she told me later. I must say that I was just as happy.

We did, however, watch the bats drink from the burro. When a vampire bites, he stretches his mouth open to the fullest extent and makes a quick slash with his two long incisors. He does not stab but slashes out two small gouges and instantly jumps back to watch the quarry's reaction. If he has hit an insensitive spot, he begins to lap, not suck, the flowing blood. If the animal shakes himself, the bat waits until he quiets down and then tries another spot. Once the vampire has found a good spot, he always returns to that same place again. Each of our bats had a different spot where he fed on the burro. Indians told us that they can kill bats by seeing where they've bitten an animal and smearing poison on the scab. The bat seeks out the old well—and dies.

I can't say the vampires made particularly good pets. They learned to recognize Jule and would come to her for blood from the medicine dropper, while they avoided me. Even when they became so tame that Jule could pick them up, stroke them, feed them, and hang them up on the wall as though she were hanging up a scarf, they never responded to affection and never showed any interest in what was going on about them. When it was time to leave Mexico, we let them go. I've no doubt that they found their way back to their cave in Los Sabinos.

We could live in Mexico for $50 a month, and I was able to make this much by writing for the old pulp magazines, with an occasional piece in the better ones. But Jule was pregnant now and the arrival of a baby would seriously disrupt our budget. Raising a baby in Taxco—even for Jule—would surely prove more complicated than raising a pet. Jule's family, the Junkers, generously offered to take us in during this trying period, along with any spare animals we felt we couldn't do without. So in 1941 we left Mexico and returned to the Main Line.

The baby turned out to be a little girl, and we named her after Jule. Aguila tried to eat her, and it took Jule some time to persuade the bird that this new creature was part of the family, like Wriggles, and not a new kind of iguana.

We'd only been back a few days when I wrote a story called "Hunting Dragons with an Eagle" and sent it to a magazine. When it was published it became a minor sensation. A few weeks afterward, Universal Pictures asked me to make a technicolor picture based on the story and offered to supply a cameraman and a director. We were to go back to Taxco and shoot the picture on location.

The Junkers generously offered to take care of baby Jule while we were in Mexico, but there was also the problem of Aguila. She had been very suspicious of iguanas ever since she was bitten, and although she would still chase them in fine style, when the iguana turned to fight, Aguila would alight and march around him at a respectful distance until we came up and rewarded her with a piece of meat. This procedure worked very well for catching the lizards uninjured, but for the purpose of making motion pictures it just wouldn't do.

Since bald eagles were now protected by a new and wise federal law, we decided to use a golden eagle. I was able to obtain one from Colorado, and we named this bird Tequila, after the fiery Mexican drink.

Tequila was as different from Aguila as two birds could possibly be. Physically she was considerably larger. Aguila weighed about 10 pounds and had a six-foot wing spread, while Tequila weighed over 15 pounds and had an eight-foot spread. Tequila's hind talon was half again as big as Aguila's, and her grip was correspondingly more powerful. The ice-hockey glove that I'd used with Aguila wasn't thick enough to stand Tequila's grip, and her hind talon went deep into the flesh. My hand was so swollen I couldn't use it for several days.

As soon as my hand healed, we left for Mexico, taking the two eagles with us. We reached Taxco without trouble and were able to get our old home back. Chon was delighted with the new eagle and proved as skillful in working Tequila as he had been with Aguila.

As we had hoped, Tequila made a better hunter than Aguila. Her usual method of attack was to knock an iguana down with a strafing attack—diving over him and delivering a terrible raking blow with her hind talons as she went past—and then, swooping back, to pick up the unconscious reptile and carry it off to eat. Usually she did not go far, but occasionally she would pick up the lizard, set her wings and soar across the valley to the next ridge. This was easy enough for Tequila, but since I had to go after her, it was hard on me. I had to climb down one cliff, cross the intervening valley, climb the second ridge, get the bird, and bring her back on my fist.

We made the picture for Universal without incident, except that Aguila took a violent dislike to our director. Aguila was now an expert flier. She would go soaring off until she was only a tiny dot in the blue sky. At first it was often difficult to bring her down for the pictures, but we soon solved that difficulty. The director had only to show himself and instantly the tiny dot would begin to grow. We could see the bird dropping, her wings folded tight against her body, her feet folded up under her ready for the strike. The director would wait as long as he dared and then race for his car. Promptly Aguila would unfold her wings and flash in. Several times she almost caught him as he dived into his coupe, slamming the door behind him. Then Aguila would circle the car, screaming with fury, until I calmed her down.

After a few of these attacks she realized she couldn't fly the director down. On the next attempt, she circled the car as usual, screaming lustily. Then she suddenly quieted and landed gently on top the coupe. There she waited, without a sound, cocking her head on one side exactly like a robin listening to a worm. After a few seconds, the director cautiously opened the door, stuck his head out and asked, "Is she gone?" In a flash, Aguila had him by the back of the neck. It took three of us to pry her loose.

After the motion-picture crew left, Jule and I decided to take a vacation in Acapulco. Acapulco was then little more than an Indian village with only one good hotel, the Mirador. Leaving the animals in charge of Chon, we drove down to the sea coast.

We spent the first few days swimming and resting. Then we took a boat cruise up a lagoon about 12 miles north of Acapulco called Pie de la Cuesta. Here I decided to do some bird photography, for the lagoon was full of magnificent tropical birds. There were also the black, hook-beaked cormorants sitting on mangrove stumps. Although the cormorants were not colorful, to me they were the most interesting because I knew they could be trained to fish, much as hawks are trained to hunt.

No one knows when cormorant fishing began, but it probably originated in the uplands of China because the narrow streams and fast currents there make the use of nets impractical. There are records of it going back to 1000 B.C., and it was probably old then. The Chinese made quite an art out of the business.

According to early authorities, a flock of trained cormorants operated in a way that would put to shame a well-trained pack of foxhounds. Once they had located a school of fish, they'd spread out and form a ring around it. Then they'd begin working in, grabbing fish as they went. When one bird swam back to the boat to disgorge his catch, the two cormorants on either side closed in to take his place. If one bird got out of

formation, the whole flock would scream and beat with their wings until the miscreant got back in place. There was always a head cormorant who operated as a kind of top sergeant.

During the middle of the last century, cormorant fishing was quite a fad with French and British sportsmen, who even went to the length of dressing up like Chinese mandarins for the business. A head cormorant called North Pole was sold for $500. The birds were taught to fly to their owners' fists like trained hawks, and during the training period their beaks were covered with straw scabbards (an excellent idea, as I discovered). They were worked without leash strings, but wore collars. They did not retrieve, and the owner had to wade over and take the fish away.

I decided to adopt the European technique. I practiced first with anhingas—fishing birds that are smaller and more delicately built than cormorants and can catch only small fish. Although I almost lost my right eye when an anhinga struck at me with his long, needle-sharp beak, I succeeded in training them reasonably well. Two years later, when we returned to Acapulco on another trip, I started on cormorants.

European cormorant trainers preferred adult birds because they were experienced fliers and hunters. But I decided to use eyesses. There was a small island in the lagoon where a number of cormorants were nesting among the mangrove trees. Jule and I set out, with a native fisherman paddling the canoe.

I climbed 30 feet up a tree holding several stick-platform nests, and stuck my head over the edge of one. Instantly a young cormorant inside lunged at me with his daggerlike beak. The blow was as quick as the strike of a rattlesnake and the hooked beak sliced the lobe of my ear as neatly as a razor.

"Look out for your eyes!" Jule shouted from below.

Holding on with one hand, I grabbed the bird with the other. He had a two-and-a-half-foot wingspread, a neck as long as his body, and claws on the ends of his webbed feet. I felt as though I'd tackled a combination eagle, snake and wildcat. The cormorant beat me over the head with his wings, tore at me with his claws, and tried to put out my eyes with his beak. At last both of us fell out of the tree into the mud. Jule grabbed the bird and shoved him into a bag. After another struggle, I managed to secure a second youngster.

That night I put on a diving mask to protect my eyes and tried to get the eyesses to eat. Neither bird would take the fish I offered; they were more interested in trying to maim me. They folded up their necks like lazy tongs and struck at my face so swiftly that I couldn't follow the movement. They evidently regarded the mask as a cowardly device, for after stubbing their beaks on it a few times they gave up and concentrated on the fish. Anything up to a pound or so vanished in a single gulp.

Later I put jesses on them as I would a hawk, and carried them around. The birds tamed fairly quickly, but when I tried getting them to retrieve dead fish from the lagoon with creances tied to the jesses, the birds rebelled. Cormorants have specially hooked beaks designed to hold onto a slippery fish, and the hooks can also hold on to you. Worse yet, the bites always infect.

After several days I decided I was doing more harm than good with the creances. The birds had begun to hate me, and fought whenever I tried to carry them. I abandoned the whole system. Instead, I started training them to fly to my fist like hawks, rewarding them with a small piece of fish for each successful flight. This method worked far better, and we became friends again. They would even follow me around when I went for a walk, paddling along flat-footed like ducks and gobbling eagerly.

One bird was slightly larger than the other, so I considered him to be a male and the other a female, although I don't think there's any real way to distinguish the sexes. The "male" was quick, nervous and unpredictable. One moment he'd be climbing up my knee, and begging for fish. Then without any warning he'd let me have it with his beak. The "female" was slower to approach, but when she finally made up her mind to come over, she made no attempt to bite.

I named them Ichi and Mrs. Ichi. They weighed about seven pounds each and ate four pounds of fish a day. I never saw anything eat the way those birds did.

Our picture with Universal had proved so successful that Jule and I had been able to buy a small farm in Pennsylvania, and when we returned we took Mr. and Mrs. Ichi with us. We had a pond on the farm and I threw in some live bait, expecting the birds to dive after it. They paid no attention to the live fish, not connecting them with the dead fish they had been eating. Like most people, I had the belief that all predators instinctively recognized their natural prey. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Young predators are taught what to kill by their parents, and soon become "wedded" to one particular type of quarry, much as children who are used to one particular type of food find it difficult to switch to another. They simply do not recognize new types of food as edible.

I was luckier with the cormorants, although for a long while it seemed as though neither would even bother to stick his head under water to look for fish. Instead, they swam about gobbling happily and watching me. I had to put the dead fish on the bank, then half in the water, and then just under the surface. It was several days before the birds would dive after them. Because they still refused to catch live fish, I had to throw dead and living fish in together. In their excitement the birds would grab both. By slowly eliminating their dead food, I taught them to fish. Since then I have seen wild cormorants teach their young by dropping first into the water dead fish, and later live fish regurgitated from the parents' throat pouches.

When the birds were used to live prey, I took them to a stream where there were plenty of small brook trout. But here the Ichis showed more adaptability than I'd foreseen. They'd learned that anything which moved was potentially eatable, and along the stream frogs, small snakes, crawfish, and field mice all moved obligingly. For the next few days the couple behaved like setter pups turned loose in a field who'd rather chase rabbits than find a covey of pheasants. Even after that, until the Ichis learned to work together, they never caught anything but small fish and these mainly by luck. A single bird had almost no chance against a trout; the fish doubled too fast for him. But with both birds working together, the odds were with the cormorants.

One afternoon while we were still a hundred feet from a bridge upstream, the birds stopped and regarded it thoughtfully. Ichi, always the more enterprising, took off and flew to the upstream side. An old trout there promptly bolted downstream where it had to dive under Mrs. Ichi. She turned a complete somersault trying to get it, and the trout was driven into the shallow water. Ichi was right behind, but at the last moment the fish gave a sudden jump and landed on a mud flat, flopping desperately. The birds, swimming underwater, didn't know what had happened. I tried to pick up the fish, but it managed to flop back into the water, where Mrs. Ichi promptly grabbed him. After that, the birds would split up when coming to a pool, Ichi going upstream and Mrs. Ichi keeping below.

They learned a number of other tricks as time went on. If there was white sand on the bottom of a pool, a fish would be scared by the shadows of the cormorants below it and often would shoot right up into their beaks. The birds learned to wait for this. If one bird got a fish too big to swallow, the other came to help. Both birds would sink their hooked beaks into the catch and tow it ashore.

Cormorants live to be about 30 years old and keep learning all the time, so my birds were just pups even after six months' fishing. An experienced old bird will often catch four or five small fish out of a school and hold them in his neck and throat pouch before returning to shore, but mine, once they had a fish, would swim to me immediately, letting the rest of the school go. Also, being young, they spent much of their time playing.

The most elaborate hunt the birds ever made was in an old quarry after a large-mouth bass. It lasted 45 minutes. The bass usually stayed near the mouth of a little inlet choked with water lilies, but on this occasion the birds succeeded in driving him from his sanctuary. The bass tried to lose them by dodging in and out between the stalks, but the birds followed every move he made, their long necks outstretched, their webbed feet kicking behind like propellors, their torpedo-shaped bodies cutting through the water like projectiles. As they swept back and forth, they made a cloud of silt rise from the bottom, and the bass whirled and dived into this smoke screen like a fighter pilot taking refuge in a cloud. Ichi plunged in after him while Mrs. Ichi wisely swam around the outside.

The fish exploded out of the cloud, saw Mrs. Ichi and ducked under a log. Not even her long beak could dislodge him, although she must have stayed under water for six or seven minutes probing around. When she finally had to come up for

air, Ichi took her place, standing on the bottom and using his beak as a lever in an attempt to turn the log over. Then Mrs. Ichi came down and spelled him. This went on for 20 minutes until the bass decided it had had enough. While the birds were changing guard, it suddenly shot out, heading for the safety of the deepest hole. In a moment the birds were under the fish, forcing it toward the surface. For an instant, the bass broke water, tail walking like a hooked sailfish, then dived straight down.

Ichi followed. Neither fish nor bird seemed able to swim straight downward. The bass was descending as though on the path of an invisible corkscrew. The cormorant, being larger, could not make such tight turns, so he went down in a series of great circles. The whole business was much like a pigeon's "ringing up" to get above a falcon. As the fish neared the green tangle of plants at the bottom, the bird put on a sudden burst of speed. Although he could not reach his twisting prey, he came down so fast that the suction made by his body threw the fish off balance. Steering with his long tail, Ichi made the water swirl until the fish was spun over on its side. Then the cormorant struck. For an instant the silver belly of the bass flashed deep in the brown water. Then Ichi came shooting upward with a full throat pouch.

The Ichis were natural clowns, and friendly and smart. They'd come waddling to the back door and stand there honking for me to take them fishing. If I wasn't home, they'd go fishing on their own, flying back at sunset.

But finally one day in late autumn Ichi checked off before lighting on my hand and Mrs. Ichi followed him. To my surprise, instead of returning or flying back to their beloved pond, they began to mount in the air like falcons, getting higher and higher until they were lost to sight. They never returned.

War had come, and I was about to enter the Navy's photographic branch, so we freed most of our animals. Of course, we kept Aguila, but she had to go to the Philadelphia Zoo for, we thought, a long stay.

Aguila didn't like the zoo. The first time a keeper entered her cage to clean it, Aguila went for him. After chasing him around, she took off through the open cage door in the direction of Fairmount Park.

When Roger Conant, then curator of the zoo, heard the news, he set out immediately with head keeper Regan to find the bird. After driving around for several hours, they finally located Aguila sitting in a tree. Roger explained that the bird was trained to come to the fist when called. Regan, a keeper of many years' experience, snorted with disgust.

"You mean if I hold out my hand—like this—and shout 'Come, Aguila,' that darned eagle will . . . . Run for your life, Mr. Conant! Here she comes!"

Regan dived for the car just as Aguila swooped down, but Roger knew how much Aguila meant to us and received the bird on his bare arm; something I certainly wouldn't have cared to do myself. He managed to get her back to her cage, but Aguila wasn't happy. Finally Jule had to drive up from Washington, D. C., where I was stationed and get her.

We rented a small house in Georgetown and Aguila moved in with us for the duration. Shortly afterward, Jule had a baby boy, Dan. The first lesson both children had to learn was not to tweak Aguila's tail feathers, because Aguila did not take kindly to having her tail feathers tweaked.

After the war I went back to magazine writing. Then, in 1951, my agent received a bulky manuscript from John A. Hunter, a professional white hunter in Kenya, East Africa, telling of his experiences in a lifetime of big game hunting. The manuscript had already been submitted to a number of publishers without success. After reading it, my agent got the impression that here was a man who knew and loved animals although he had devoted his life to killing them. He suggested that I go to Kenya and spend several months with John Hunter working on the book.

Hunter turned out to be a stocky, soft-spoken, quiet man of 64 who was still the Kenya game department's most trusted "control man" when dangerous big game had to be shot.

In his time Hunter had shot over 600 lions, 350 buffalo, 1,400 elephants and 1,088 rhinos. Such fantastic records are almost beyond the human mind to conceive (can you even picture a herd of 1,400 elephants?), and, of course, they can no more be equaled than can the records Buffalo Bill made killing bison in the last century.

John's favorite animal was the elephant, and he would talk for hours on the intelligence, courage and strength of these noble brutes. He had little use for dogs ("I tell you a dog is a fool compared to an elephant"), and I never heard him speak of any human being, including his own family, with the devotion in his voice that he used when speaking of the huge pachyderms. Yet John had probably killed more elephants than any other man alive.

When I had finished the Hunter manuscript, I met Raymond Hook. Hook was an old-time Kenyan who lived on the slopes of Mt. Kenya completely alone except for his native boys. Hook made a living trapping wild animals for zoos, but his specialty was obtaining cheetahs for Indian rajahs. A cheetah is a big, spotted cat (the word *cheetah* means "spotted" in Hindu) and is often called the "hunting leopard." Physically and psychologically they are almost a perfect blend of dog and cat. They have doglike paws with blunt, non-retractable claws and long, slender, greyhoundlike bodies. They cannot climb, have a poor sense of smell and remarkable eyesight. They rely on running down their quarry and are famous as the fastest of all mammals. They can probably do 70 miles an hour for a short spurt. In spite of their canine qualities, they are definitely members of the cat family, but are the only ones which can be perfectly tamed. Because of this trait and because of their phenomenal speed, they have been used since time immemorial for coursing game, mainly in India and the Middle East.

Cheetahs are comparatively rare animals and Hook told me that the demand for them invariably exceeded the supply. "For some reason or other," he explained, "cheetahs seldom breed in captivity, so they all have to be wild-caught. I get $1,000 for a full-grown male."

Hook had one cheetah kitten, a cheerful little fellow still in his soft, baby fur. When Jule and I saw this kitten, we knew that life wouldn't be complete without a cheetah. Buying him took almost the last of our money.

By the time our baby cheetah got into the United States, he had grown considerably; he was now easily six feet long, including his tail, and weighed about 70 pounds. We named him Rani, meaning "princess," as the testicles hadn't dropped yet and we thought he was a female. Later we learned his sex, but the name stuck.

When I look back, the elaborate precautions I took before letting Rani out of his crate seem ridiculous. He was by far the largest mammal I'd ever tried to tame and I expected the worst. I put on hip boots in case he grabbed me by the leg, brandished a chair and a prod pole in imitation of lion tamers, and wore a heavy leather jacket. I'm glad no one was around to witness what happened. Rani came romping out of the crate, gyrated around the room in delight, and then rolled over on his back with all four feet in the air begging to have his stomach rubbed. In half a minute, instead of disciplining him, I was playing with him.

The same day we got him, we were able to take Rani out for a walk on a lead. He behaved exactly like a big dog being taken out for the first time in months—rolling delightedly on the grass, trying to chase every bird he saw, and stopping at every tree. He began purring like a contented diesel engine. Rani had a tremendously loud purr. Later, when we let him lie on the same bed with us, we couldn't get to sleep until Rani had dozed off because of his purring.

RKO had asked me to make another short film subject with Aguila so we left for California with Wriggles, Aguila and Rani. I was interested to see if Rani had any hunting instincts. Since he was still only a pup, I decided to try him on jack rabbits.

We saw our first live jack rabbit just at dawn while crossing the plains of Nebraska. I stopped the car, and Rani went flashing away after him. Every 50 feet or so the jack gave a high bound so he could look back over the sagebrush and spot what was happening. When he saw Rani he really started running, but compared to the cheetah he seemed to be standing still. Rani almost had him, but at the last instant, the rabbit jumped sideways across a ditch. Rani plunged headfirst into it and landed on the bottom with all the breath knocked out of him, while the smart jack vanished over the flats.

We spent the next 10 days in Nebraska hunting jack rabbits. Soon we found out that the rabbits, like all wild animals, are astonishingly skillful at defending themselves against a natural enemy. The most deadly trick jacks have learned is to dive through a barbed-wire fence. Twice Rani hit the wire so hard he bounced back a foot or more, and once he was nearly knocked out. By a miracle, he missed getting hung up on the barbs, but we finally stopped running him in districts where the wire was strung.

The jacks had another trick. They would let Rani nearly catch them, then suddenly leap straight up in the air. Rani would go rushing past and have to stop and look around to see what had happened to his quarry. Meanwhile the jack would have landed and be running off in another direction. By the time Rani had located the rabbit, the cat would have lost all his momentum and it would take him several yards to build up speed again.

Although the jacks were smart, Rani was no fool either. When a jack bounded into the air, Rani learned to slam on his brakes and slide head up, watching for the rabbit to come down. Sometimes he managed to be there when the rabbit hit the earth. But Rani's most important discovery in rabbit catching was not to try to grab the jack in his mouth; the rabbit could double too quickly for that. Rani learned to reach out with his forepaw when he was almost on top of the rabbit and knock him over. That was all Rani needed.

Rani hated to be chained, so when we were in an isolated area we allowed him to run loose around the camp. In southern Utah we camped in a deserted area beside a narrow dirt road. While we were putting up the tent, we heard the sound of a motorcycle.

I shouted to the cat but he paid no attention. Then I saw him crouch down, preparatory to making a charge. I started running but it was too late. Rani burst from the sage and dashed after the cycle, obviously thinking it was some new sort of animal.

The rider glanced over his shoulder, did a double take, and stepped on the gas. The small cycle shot ahead at 50 mph and the man obviously considered himself safe, but he didn't know cheetahs. Rani easily overtook him and loped alongside the cycle. Rani wasn't being aggressive; he was merely curious, and reached out from time to time toward the man's leg to see what he was made of, while the rider desperately tried to coax a little more speed out of his machine. At last Rani got tired of the game, while the cyclist vanished over a little rise, bent double over the handlebars and going for all he was worth. We immediately broke camp and left Utah.

We also had trouble letting Rani run loose in Wyoming. One evening Rani didn't come to my whistle so I started out to look for him. Topping a little rise, I saw below me a herd of six pronghorn antelope, the fastest animals in this hemisphere. They were about a quarter of a mile away. The herd seemed to be under the command of a beautiful buck, and while I watched he suddenly raised his head and gazed intently in my direction. Following his gaze, I saw Rani crouched at the foot of the rise where I was standing. The cat was as rigid as a statue.

The antelope leader stared at Rani a long time, but he could not see the crouching cat clearly because of the knee-high sage. Suddenly he turned and trotted to the top of a little hill where he could get a better view. There he studied the cat again.

Now that he was discovered, Rani seemed to lose all interest in the hunt. He rolled over and began to play with his tail. The other antelope saw him and became curious. The whole herd came over to investigate.

Suddenly the guardian buck on the hill gave a shrill whistle and trotted off. The other antelope whirled and followed him. Rani was lying on his back, batting at the air with his paws, but as soon as the antelope began to move away he spun over, landing on his feet. Instantly he dashed away after the herd, seeming to reach his top speed in half a dozen bounds.

The antelope leaped over the ground like enormous rabbits. A brown blur of light, Rani came speeding up behind a young buck. The buck zigzagged from side to side, very much as the rabbits had done, and Rani swayed with him in perfect unison. The two animals were going at such tremendous speed that I could not see clearly what happened, but suddenly Rani pulled up beside the antelope. Leaping up, he threw himself against the antelope's flank, striking out stiff-legged with both front paws. The antelope staggered but kept going. Rani jumped again, hitting the buck with his full weight. The buck tripped and fell heavily on his side. At once Rani sprang for the antelope's throat, but the buck's thrashing hoofs kept him away. The cat circled, trying to come in again, but the antelope leaped to his feet and made another dash for freedom. This time Rani let him go.

I was astonished that my terrible "killer cat" had been beaten off. Not until years later did I realize that cheetahs are delicate creatures, built solely for speed, and in the wild state never take anything but gazelles and small antelope, while our pronghorn weighs over 100 pounds.

Much to my surprise, I found that it was comparatively easy to teach Rani to retrieve, a trick almost impossible for most big cats. Rani had no great desire to devour his kills and would carry his quarry around in his mouth, exhibiting it proudly like a house cat with a mouse. However, Rani would never have made a good bird dog, for he had a poor sense of smell and locating game birds by scent was completely beyond him.

But he worked out a system of his own for hunting prairie chickens. At first he simply chased them, and naturally the chickens flew off. Then he tried stalking the coveys. He would take a single, stiff-legged step at a time forward, keeping his body as rigid as a ramrod. As he got nearer his quarry, his tenseness increased until he was as taut as an overdrawn violin string and his motions grew even slower. It took him a full minute to raise one of his rigid legs and put it down again. Meanwhile, the chickens were running around a few yards in front of him, picking up seeds and totally unconscious of his motion. Suddenly, and without the slightest warning, Rani would charge.

For a fatal instant the chickens would hesitate before exploding skyward. In that moment, Rani was among them. As the chickens flushed, Rani would spring into the air, making a quick clutch with his forepaws and snapping with his jaws at the same time.

Later that year, in California, we made the picture for RKO, *The Boy and the Eagle*. Jule and I had taken a house in Malibu, but I was out in the hills a good deal for the filming. Naturally I was working with Aguila in the shooting, but Rani was often along, too. Simply taking him for walks in the hills grew tiresome for both of us, but I was lucky enough to meet B. D. Adkins, a government predator-control hunter, one of whose jobs was to trap coyotes. A big coyote can handle most dogs and it takes a good greyhound to overhaul one, so I was interested to see what Rani could do against such an opponent

Adkins told us that coyotes had been ruining a watermelon field near Victorville in Southern California. We left before dawn in my station wagon, with Rani sitting on the front seat beside us and Adkins acting as guide. We reached the ranch at dawn, and I circled the melon field slowly. Adkins said casually:

"There are two coyotes lying out there watching us. You'd better let the cat out."

Jule opened the car door and Rani sprang into the patch. I hissed to him, my usual signal that game was about, and the cat stiffened. He walked slowly across the plowed land, stretching himself up as high as possible to see across the patch.

Suddenly both coyotes bolted for the brush, going in opposite directions. Rani took after the bigger. The coyote ducked into the greasewood with Rani hard on his tail, the cat bounding high in the air to keep his quarry in sight.

As Rani began to gain on the predator, he stopped his high bounds and went straight through the greasewood. The coyote hit a steep slope and went down it at full speed. Rani was only a few feet behind him now.

At the bottom of the hill was a flooded wash full of floating brush. Some of it had formed a crude dam and the coyote bolted over it like a cat on a fence. Rani's nose was almost rubbing the predator's tail when the coyote flung himself off the dam onto a sand bank and doubled back. Rani tried to follow, but one of his legs went into a hole on the dam and he plunged into the water.

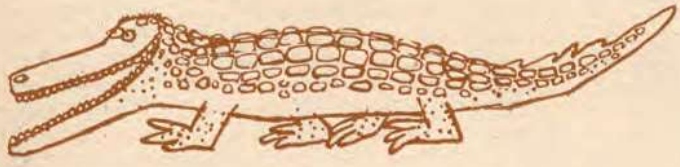
The current swept the cheetah downstream, spinning him around like a canoe out of control. But every time he came around, his big eyes were still fixed on the coyote and he continued to swim doggedly after the predator with complete disregard for his own predicament. The coyote was smart. He had stayed in shallow water. Now, half swimming, half wading, he reached the bank and rushed past us up the hill. Rani hit the shore far downstream and started after him again. By cutting

in at an angle, he managed to catch up as the coyote reached the top of the hill.

Reaching out with one of his long legs, Rani hit the speeding coyote on the flank. The coyote went down and I thought the cat had him, but the coyote, using the force of the fall to gain momentum, rolled completely over and came back on his feet like a circus tumbler. Snarling, he came for the cat—head down, chest raised, and lips curled back.

Rani rose on his high legs like a rearing stallion and struck two swinging blows with his front paws as rapidly as a boxer drumming on a punching bag. The movements were so graceful he looked like an overgrown kitten tapping at a ball of wool, but at each blow a puff of dust leaped from the coyote's tawny fur. The coyote saw he was outmatched and dropped down.

As soon as the coyote stopped fighting, Rani stepped back. He obviously had no wish to kill. We decided to let the coyote go—unquestionably he would never go near that melon patch again.



I am constantly being asked what is the perfect wild animal pet for a child. If "Willie" can stand a few bites and is living where he has plenty of room and a pond or stream, I'd personally recommend an otter. A cheerful, friendly otter is probably more fun for a boy than any other animal.

In 1959 we acquired a baby otter during a trip to Florida. Ottie seemed so little and helpless that it was unthinkable to put him in a cage, so during the drive back to Pennsylvania, Jule held him in her lap. After an hour or so, Ottie started examining the car. Soon the driving became a nightmare. He worked out an uproarious game consisting of taking a wild leap from the rear seat and landing on top of my head. He crawled under the seats, managed to get himself caught, and then cried like a baby until we stopped and extricated him. His hind feet were webbed but his forepaws weren't, and he could use them almost as Wayatcha used hers. He took apart everything he could find.

When we reached our farm, Jule and I reeled out of the wrecked car and collapsed while Ottie tore around at his curious, humpbacked gait, inspecting his new home. When we opened the front door, Ottie dashed through the house like a skyrocket, demolishing vases and lamps right and left. Finally he took a refreshing bath in the toilet and then went to sleep on our bed, first drying himself carefully on the pillow.

Danny, who had stayed at home, was delighted. With my advice and help, he set about training Ottie. Although Ottie didn't weigh more than 10 pounds wringing wet and was no bigger than an undersized dachshund, doing anything with him was far more difficult than training Rani had been. Ottie didn't want to be trained. Not only were his teeth needle sharp, but he could both bite and slash with them. I'll say this for Ottie, though—he never carried a grudge. No matter how badly he'd bitten us, he was always willing to climb up in our laps afterward and sit there happily sucking the end of his tail like a baby sucking his thumb.

Getting Ottie down to our pond was another problem. He preferred the toilet. Then Danny had the happy inspiration of taking Wriggles down and Ottie followed along. We have a little wharf and Ottie confidently walked off the end of it. He had never seen a large body of water before and apparently thought it was solid ground. He vanished with a loud splash. We thought this was uproariously funny until Ottie came to the surface gasping and looking at us imploringly. We dived in and rushed the semi-conscious otter to the house, where Jule poured whisky and warm milk into him and rubbed him with a towel. By evening he had recovered.

But by the end of a week he went swimming daily with Danny, frolicking like a porpoise and wrapping himself around Danny's neck. If Danny tried to dislodge him, he'd scream with indignation.

I hoped to train Ottie to catch fish. But as long as there was other food available, such as frogs, crayfish, or tadpoles, Ottie paid little attention to fish. Eventually, however, when he saw one, he would stalk it.

The biggest fish Ottie ever caught was an eight-pound bass. He had been creeping around the edge of the pool, and paused to stare at a likely spot. He stayed so long that I decided he must have gone to sleep, when suddenly he dived in. An otter makes absolutely no splash. It's like watching a jet of oil squirted into a bucket of syrup. A little chain of bubbles from his nostrils came up, two by two, and there was a sudden swirl. One minute went by, and two.

Then a bass broke the surface with Ottie clinging to his back. The otter's teeth were locked in the fish's head, but the bass was still fighting. Ottie let go long enough to gasp air, and instantly the fish shook him off. Ottie circled the spot. When he sighted his quarry he went down. After another pause, Ottie appeared near the bank, swimming on his side and towing the dead fish along.

Danny regarded Ottie as a sort of reptilian dog. One day Danny tried to restrain him by grabbing the otter by the back of the neck. Ottie, who could turn inside his own hide, twisted around and gave Danny a bad bite. Next time, in the spring, it was Ottie's turn for a lesson.

When the baby ducks arrived, Ottie had to be got out of the pond and locked up in the house while the mother ducks took their broods down for a swim. To retrieve Ottie, Danny would suddenly start running as hard as he could toward the house. Ottie would almost invariably chase him. The trouble was that Ottie could run faster than Danny, and he'd nip at the boy's ankles.

I told Danny he'd have to carry a switch, but Danny was sure this would ruin their relationship. They often took walks of four or five miles together, with Ottie stopping here and there to investigate matters, and then humping along to catch up with Danny. But one afternoon, when Danny was running home from the pond, Ottie caught up with him and gave him such a bad bite that Danny lost his head. He snatched up a stick and struck the otter so hard that Ottie collapsed and lay there for a moment. Then Ottie stood up against Danny's leg and rubbed his chin against his knee. Obviously he was asking forgiveness. Danny made up with him, and for weeks afterward Ottie was perfect. But thereafter about once a month Ottie would make another attack, just to see if he could get away with it. Danny learned always to carry a switch, and if Ottie went for him, to give him a light cut over the back. That was all Ottie needed.

We are still collecting wild animal pets. We have now acquired an ocelot, given us by a marine sergeant after it had clawed a boy scout, and a raven named Grip, who has just wrecked our little English convertible by tearing off the canvas roof. Danny has taken over Tiba, the ocelot, in lieu of Ottie, who unhappily fell while climbing an ice-encrusted wire fence and never recovered. Tiba goes walking and hunting (field mice and an occasional rabbit) with him, but the ocelot will never be what Ottie was to him. Perhaps Danny is now learning the most important and tragic of all lessons with animal pets—they all must die and can never be replaced. It is possible to get another dog or cat but never another Aguila, another Rani or another Ottie. A really responsive wild animal is like a child; if he dies he leaves a permanent scar on your heart. There can be other children but never one like the lost one. Perhaps this is the main reason why most people do not keep wild animals. If so, it is a very excellent reason indeed.

—Daniel P. Mannix

NEXT MONTH'S BOOK CONDENSATION

DIAMOND RIVER

Jungle Adventure for Riches

By Baron Sadio Garavini Di Turno

---

this funny Life

A few years ago our family moved from the city to a dairy farm in central Wisconsin. We had two children of high school age who were always bringing home new friends to try some of "Mom's Danish sandwiches." One evening I discovered that there was not enough bread left for packing the school lunches. My husband informed me that Mike's Tavern in the village carried a line of staples for the convenience of the resort area inhabitants, and that he would enjoy a beer or two while I shopped.

When we entered the tavern, the bartender greeted us warmly. "Well, well—you're the new folks, aren't you? What brings you to town?"

Pleased to be recognized, I said, "Well, my husband came in for a few beers and I came in to get bread."

After a long, long silence, one of the men sitting along the wall got up from his chair and gallantly doffed his hat. "Well, now, Ma'am, you sure have come to the right place!"

L. de Garmeaux
Racine, Wisc.

While typing a manuscript for a local author, my wife came across the word "bract" which means "a leaflike part." Unfortunately our author had spelled it "brach" which means "a bitch of the hound family."

After thanking my wife profusely for correcting the error the author asked, "How is it you know so much about flowers?"

She answered, "I know nothing about flowers. I belong to two bridge clubs and the P.T.A. It's bitches I'm an authority on!"

Harry McNaughton
Kodiak, Alaska

An old-time railroad man I knew was quite a character. One of his favorite habits was eating raw garlic, the way a kid eats candy. For another thing, he chose to wear work clothes which were always dirty with grease and grime.

The bus he rode to and from work traveled through an exclusive section of town and was frequently patronized by some dignified types. One morning, riding to work in his dirty clothes and reeking of garlic, he chanced to sit beside an elderly, haughty-looking woman. Almost immediately she was aware of the strong garlic odor.

In a nasty tone of voice she observed, "It's a wonder they don't run a special bus for people who eat garlic."

Unconcerned he said, "They do, lady. You're on the wrong bus."

P. N. Penton
Winnipeg, Can.

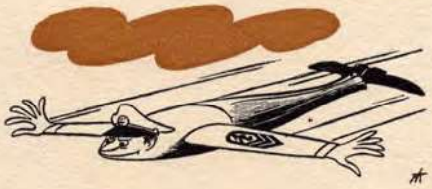
I recently heard three young ladies at a party discussing the type of man they would most prefer as a companion if they were stranded on a desert island.

Said the first, "I'd want a man who was witty, a good conversationalist, and would become neither bored nor a bore."

"Give me a practical man," said number two. "A fellow who could construct a shelter, hunt and fish for food, and who might in time be able to construct a boat."

"Just give me an obstetrician!" said number three. "And a damned *good* one, at that!" She was the most popular gal at the party for the rest of the evening!

Jack Keating
Cincinnati, Ohio



A friend of ours, a Navy Chief, was due to take a plane out from the Naval Air Station. He was a few minutes late getting to the station and as he arrived at Operations he saw the R5D-5 transport plane taxiing down the runway. He ran to Operations and asked them to hold the plane for him, which they did. With arms flailing he began galloping down the runway to the plane which was waiting for him.

As he ran down the runway a loud and clear voice came over the loudspeaker from the tower: "You're cleared to take off, Chief, right after the R5D-5."

Eleanor Stoker
Millington, Tenn.

At the recent meeting of the House of Bishops' of the Episcopal Church, The Most Rev. and Rt. Hon. Arthur Michael Ramsey, Archbishop of Canterbury, led the Quiet Day. There were two long periods of meditation and quiet during the morning and afternoon in the ballroom of the hotel. Following the archbishop's presentation the bishops wandered about the hotel in silence.

At lunch one of the hotel waiters was overheard stating, "They must be having a hell of a fight in there. They won't talk to each other when they come out!"

Rev. Thomas A. Hardaway
Cincinnati, Ohio

It was during the 1962 World Series. We were seated in a cafe one lunch hour watching the game on television when in walked a well-stacked, newly married young girl who ordered a cup of coffee. She was apparently quite interested in the outcome of the game because she would take a sip of coffee and gaze intently at the TV set.

We kept alternating our looks from the series to her then back to the series.

At one point when the Yankees had two men on and no outs, she became excited and spilled her coffee. The waitress immediately hurried over to wipe it up and asked, "What happened?"

"Oh, I don't know," the girl said. "I just get so excited when I look up and see a man in scoring position."

The waitress who was quite busy and oblivious to the game replied, "That's all right, honey, I felt the same way the first three weeks I was married!"

R. D. Ray
Great Falls, Mont.

My 70-year-old uncle, a state assemblyman from a small midwestern state, was approached by the Women's Temperance League during one of his campaigns. The ladies wanted to know how he stood on the liquor question.

"Well, ladies," he told them, "at home in my cupboard is a bottle of Scotch that has been there 40 some odd years. I haven't touched it. I imagine it will set there another 40 years. Does that answer your question?"

The League beamed in satisfaction and left.

My uncle didn't feel it necessary to explain he is strictly a bourbon drinker.

B. Martin
Granada Hills, Calif.

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This is National Tavern Month—as good a reason as any to drop in and see your favorite bartender tonight. You'll have a fine time. He'll see to it.

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